

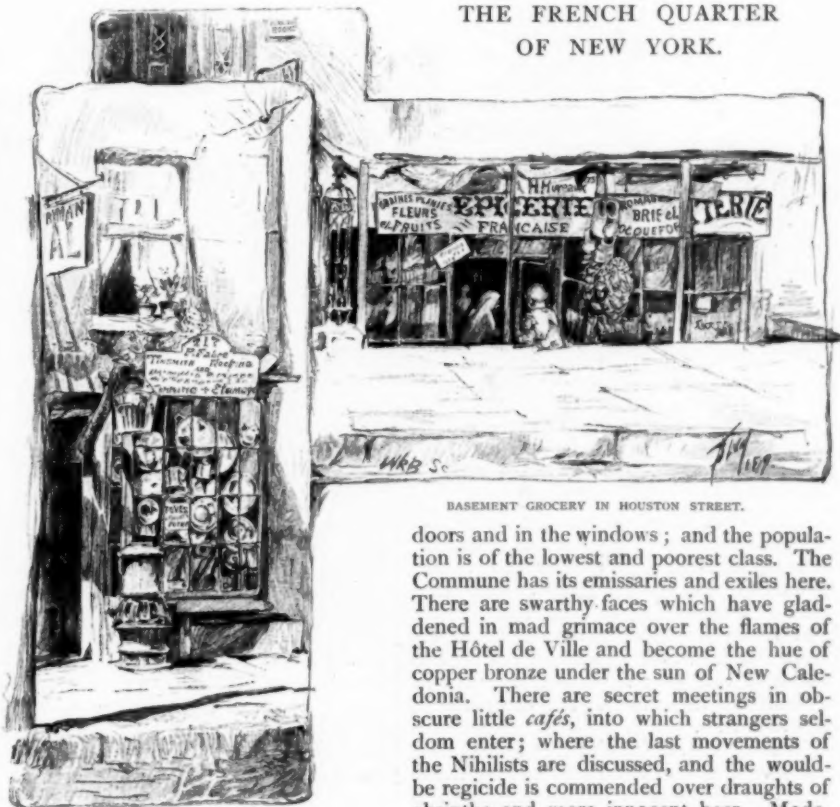
# SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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No. 1.

## THE FRENCH QUARTER OF NEW YORK.



TIN-SHOP IN GREENE STREET.

I CONFESS to finding no little pleasure in lazy explorations of the region that lies west of Broadway, south of Washington Square, and north of Grand street. This is the *Quartier Français* of New York. The commonplace, heterogeneous style of the buildings, and the unswerving rectangular course of the streets are American, but the people are nearly all French. French, too, is the language of the signs over the

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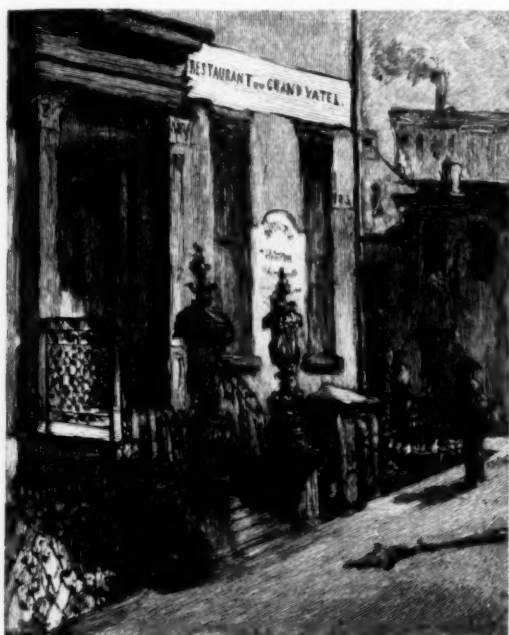
BASEMENT GROCERY IN HOUSTON STREET.

doors and in the windows; and the population is of the lowest and poorest class. The Commune has its emissaries and exiles here. There are swarthy faces which have gladdened in mad grimace over the flames of the Hôtel de Ville and become the hue of copper bronze under the sun of New Caledonia. There are secret meetings in obscure little *cafés*, into which strangers seldom enter; where the last movements of the Nihilists are discussed, and the would-be regicide is commended over draughts of absinthe and more innocent beer. Made-moiselle Berthe, with her little sisters, fabricates roses and violets out of muslin and wax in the high attics of the tenement houses. Madame Lange, with her arms and neck exposed, may be seen ironing snowy linen in front of an open window. Here is Triquet, *le charcutier*; Roux, *le bottier*; Malvaision, *le marchand de vin*; Givac, *le charcutier Alsacien*, and innumerable basement restaurants, where dinner, *vin compris*, may be had for the veriest trifle.

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The brazen faces of idle and vicious women stare out of the half-closed lattices at the passer-by, and there are shady alleys, unsafe to the stranger unattended; but

of the room were partly concealed by the long, loaded shelves. There was a perplexingly mixed quantity of small-wares, kindling wood, herrings, leather, groceries,



RESTAURANT DU GRAND VATEL IN BLEEKER STREET.

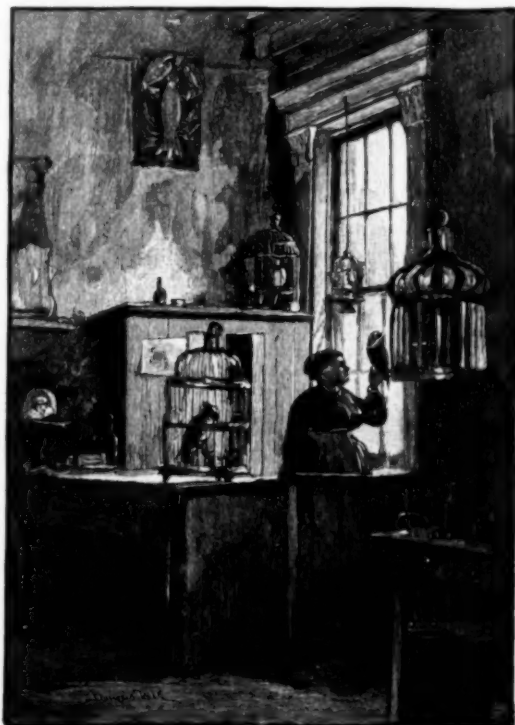
the denizens of the quarter are mostly industrious, thrifty and honest. They earn little and spend less. They talk French, and retain many of the customs of the motherland. It is notable how insular and exclusive they are; for Broadway, with its assimilative influence, is the eastern limit of the district.

Turning down Grand street into Greene one day, with half a dozen steps my friend and I were transported in imagination to France. At No. 95 we descended into a basement, the specialties of which were indicated by the sign over the door: "Sabots et Galoches—Chaussons de Strasbourg," but the specialties were not immediately visible in an abundance of the varied merchandise of a general store. The small panes in the window were not made to admit an abundance of light, and that which would have come in was obstructed by the sample articles displayed along the sashes. The roof was low, the counter wide and the proportions

and other preparations, the wrappers of which bore the marks of French exportation. Probably the neighbors had no alimentary want that could not have been satisfied out of the multiplicitous stock. The delicate drab pots of *pâté de foie gras* were visible among much grosser articles of plebeian diet; but despite the array of wares and the sufficiency, no customer was there when we entered, and none came in while we remained. A bell attached to a spring over the door tinkled violently to announce us and subsided with a nervous quiver. All was so quiet and antique in the little store that we dreamily thought of Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon, and half expected to see her come out of the inner room, which was open to inspection through a windowed door. But instead of the tall, angular, forbidding shop-keeper of Salem, a courtly old lady issued forth in a white Normandy cap, and saluted us with a charmingly dignified courtesy: "*Bon jour, Messieurs.*" She was

old and white-haired, but her manners and face had a lavender-like reminiscence of the queen of a long-ago *rosière*. That was a fancy of my friend's, who asked to see some *sabots*. "Ah, oui!" said Madame, and suspecting that customers so unusual as we were could only want them for private theatricals, or, perhaps, a fancy dress ball, she brought out of a recess a pair with red tops and a garniture of bright-headed nails. My friend shook his head; we wanted the real *sabots des paysans*, and she laughed at the idea as she showed us a pair of the coarse wooden shoes with stiff uppers that may be seen on the feet of the plodders in agricultural France. She told us that there was very little demand for them; that they cost a great deal to import, and that the lowest price at which she could sell them was seventy-five cents! They did not seem dear, and my friend, who is an artist, bought them in expectation of finding a future use for them in one of his pictures. "We make smaller ones to order," Madame told him. He replied he might require a pair, and when she inquired about the size and

he exhibited his hand, she laughed again, and perhaps thought of the *rosière* with whom he had associated her. "Ah, yes," she answered, "but ladies always wear them padded with cotton wool." We then asked her for one of her business cards. "It is quite unnecessary, *messieurs*," she remarked: "I am known all over the *quartier*." This was said with a delicious air of mock dignity and another profound courtesy. Through the glass-door separating it from the shop, we could see into the further room, where by the light of a strong lamp a man was putting together the parts of some delicate machinery; and this was Madame's husband, who adds to the profits of the store his earnings as a watch-maker. The humble scene was so essentially foreign that, having said "*Bon jour*" to Madame, we went into the street with more than three thousand miles of distance imagined between us and our actual situation. Just then, too, while the bell over the door was still audible in dying pulsations, a man brushed past us with a bristling crop of black hair, a coarse black mustache, small black eyes, and a sallow



LANDLADY OF THE "GRAND VATEL" AND HER PARROTS.



FRENCH BAKERY IN GREENE STREET.

complexion; he wore a blue blouse, and carried his hands in his pockets; this surely was Jacques, unalienated from the idle crowds around the wine-shops of Belleville.

While, as we have said, most of the people in the quarter are of the industrial or criminal classes, there is also a scattering of impecunious music-teachers and professors of languages, who maintain themselves with a frosty air of shabby-gentility on a very, very slender income. Literature and art have devotees in a peculiar condition of allied mental exaltation and bodily penury domiciled in the dismal-looking houses, over the doors of which a sign proclaims "Chambres Meublées et Pension,"—men whose lives have no fruition, and whose occupations do not embitter them by their futility, but are held in higher esteem than by much more successful votaries. After his unprofitable labor of the day, the poor professor repairs to a restaurant, where he sits down to a dinner of five or six courses; he bows profoundly to the landlady, who is cordial or severe in her recognition according to the items on the little slate which records her accounts; he waves his hand airily to

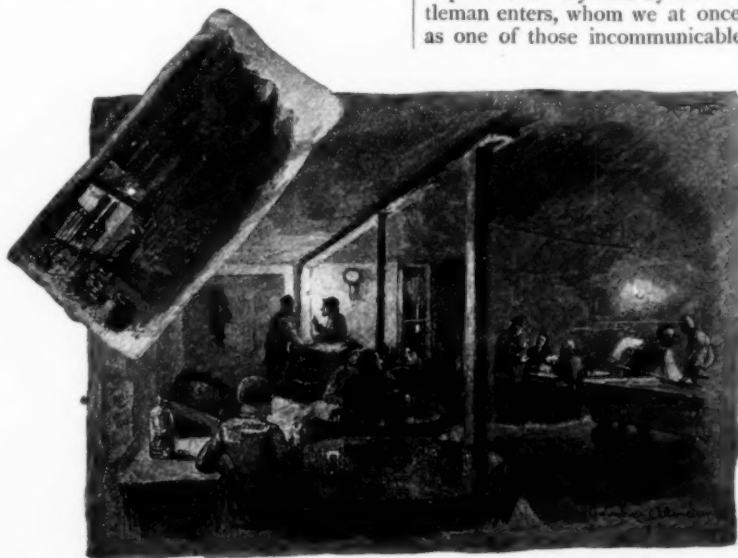
some acquaintance, and leisurely begins his meal. He has *soupe aux croûtons*, *veau à la Marengo*, *pommes frites*, a small portion of *Gruyère* and a bottle of wine. He eats appreciatively after the manner of a *bon vivant*; he uses his napkin gently and frequently; he glances blandly at the surroundings; watching him, you would suppose the viands were the choicest of the season, exquisitely prepared, while in reality they are poor and unsubstantial stuff, the refuse, perhaps, of better restaurants. Having finished the edibles, he calls for a "gloria," that is, black coffee and cognac, and sipping this, he communes with his fancies which come and vanish in the blue waves of cigarette smoke. His aspect bespeaks perfect complacency—"Fate cannot harm me; I have dined to-day." It is the happy knack of his kind and country to extract the fullest enjoyment from the least considerable materials, and he returns to his attic, or seeks some *café* for the rest of the evening, in a mood of blissful contentment.

It is in the restaurants and *cafés* of the region that we learn the frugality of the denizens. Here in Bleecker street, at the

corner of an intersecting thoroughfare, is the "Restaurant du Grand Vatel," named after the celebrated and heroic cook of Louis the Fourteenth, who, utterly chagrined at the failure of a certain fish to arrive in time for one of his dinners, ended his life by running a sword through his body. The sign of this restaurant indicates an exceedingly moderate tariff, thus: *Tous les plats*, eight cents; *plats extra variés*; *café supérieur*, three cents, and *café au lait*, five cents; but the menu is such a marvel that it is worth reproducing. A dish of soup and a plate of beef and bread are ten cents; *soupe aux croustons*, that is, with toasted crusts, costs five cents; *bœuf, légumes*, ten cents; *veau à la Marengo*, twelve cents; *mouton à la Ravigotte*, ten cents; *ragout de moutons aux pommes*, eight cents; *bœuf braisé aux oignons*, ten cents; *macaroni au gratin*, six cents; *celéri salade*, six cents; *compote de pommes*, four cents; *fromage Neufchâtel*, three cents; *Limbourg*, four cents, and *Gruyère* three cents. Bread is one cent extra. Think how far fifty cents will go in so reasonable an establishment! The professor's dinner, wine included, costs him the extravagant sum of forty cents, and with five cents added for a roll and a cup of coffee in the morning, that sum covers his daily expenditure for food.

The floor is sanded, and the little tables are covered with oil-cloth, each having a

pewter cruet in the center. A placard flutters from the wall, announcing a grand festival, banquet, ball and artistic tombola in celebration of the eighth anniversary of the bloody revolution of March 18th, 1871, under the auspices of the "Société des Réfugiés de la Commune,"—"Family tickets, twenty-five cents; hat-room checks, ten cents"—from which we gather that the "Restaurant du Grand Vatel" has some queer patrons. The landlady sits behind a little desk in a corner. She is a woman of enormous girth, with short petticoats which reveal her thick, white woolen socks; her complexion is dark, her eyes are black and deep, and large golden rings dangle from her ears. A little man with red hair, and loose, slovenly slippers, who shuffles untidily about, is Leroy, *le propriétaire*. Two revolutionary parrots are perched over Madame's head, and break the silence by their horrid cries. "*Tranquille!*" cries she, tapping them with a cane, and they remain quiet for a few minutes, to resume their shrieks until she again admonishes them. No customers are present, and the *cuisinier* is staring idly out of the window. His hands and arms are very dirty, but his head is crowned by a *toque* of unsurpassable whiteness. The *garçon* also is unoccupied, and stares wonderingly at my friend and me, who are trying a six-cent dish of *macaroni au gratin*, which proves to be not altogether unpalatable. By and by a faded little gentleman enters, whom we at once recognize as one of those incommunicable acquaint-



TAVERNE ALSACIENNE, INSIDE AND OUT.

ances that become familiar to us in the passing throngs of a great city—we see them day after day and year after year, until every peculiarity of their features is

fitting as exactly as an epidermis; a silk hat with an obsolete flat brim, and a pair of prunellos; conspicuously pinned to the lapel of his coat were the ribbon and silver



MAKING ARTIFICIAL LEAVES.

impressed upon our memory; we see them growing older and grayer, with the fluctuations of fortune manifest in the shabbiness or fashionableness of their attire; but we never *know* them, and always pass with a greeting that is mute. This little gentleman who enters the "Restaurant du Grand Vatel,"—how many years is it since we first saw him? Long as the time is, we do not detect the least change in him. What he was, strolling out of the *quartier* into the leafy quiet of Washington Square one morning in spring six years ago, he is still. There is a degree of imperishability about him. We were struck then by the elasticity of his diminutive but graceful figure, his military bearing, and the superlative neatness of his dress. He wore a suit of dark blue cloth, the double-breasted frock coat

cross of some foreign order; the cloth was thread-bare, the hat no longer glossy, and the boots were by no means water-proof; he walked erect and with a measured tread and his black mustache was fastidiously curled. In every particular he is unaltered to-day; his clothing shows precisely the same degree of wear; his step is as buoyant, his face as fresh, and his mustache as black as ever. If his life had been suspended immediately after our first meeting, and his garments packed in camphor, secure from moth and sunshine, neither animation nor garments being resumed until now, the restoration could not have shown completer immutability. The genteel poverty of his dress and the dignity of his manners are combined with a placid reserve and an automatic precision of movement. "He is

probably an old soldier and adherent of the Empire," said my friend, "and above a soldier a beau: punctilious in points of honor and Quixotically exalted in ideas. Truly, this is a pitiable exile for him. I can see a yearning for Paris and his old-time haunts in his eyes, but mixed with the bitterness of his fate is a sweet resignation."

The door opened, and a half-intoxicated, bleary-eyed fellow entered with a great noise. Leroy tried to put him out, but he became effusively affectionate. "A good fellow," said the proprietor to us, "but he received a fortune from France a month ago and has been drunk ever since." Extremes meet at the "Restaurant du Grand Vatel." The poor professor and the gentlemanly old soldier set their "glorias" on the same benches with sottish artisans to whom labor is a *dernier ressort*.

At the "Taverne Alsacienne" in Greene street, a lower and more vicious class is to be seen. We enter a gloomy basement with an impoverished bar at one side and a much-worn billiard table at the end. It matters not what the hour is, whether it be in the forenoon, afternoon, or past midnight. A circle of men is gathered around the tables absorbed in piquet, écarté or vingt-et-un. Most of them are without coats, and the shabbiness of their other garments is lit up by a brilliant red bandanna kerchief or a crimson overshirt. Keen glances are shot at us; for the tavern has a certain *clientèle* outside of which it has few customers, and suspicion is rife at our invasion. A stranger in the "Taverne Alsacienne" is very likely to be a spy or a detective, and the *habitués* are sensitive under inspection. They are drinking wine, vermouth, and greenish-opaline draughts of absinthe. Staggering in unnerved and stupefied from the previous night's debauch, they show few signs of vitality until four or five glasses of the absinthe have been drunk, and then they awaken; their eyes brighten and their tongues are loosened—the routine of play, smoke and alcohol is resumed.

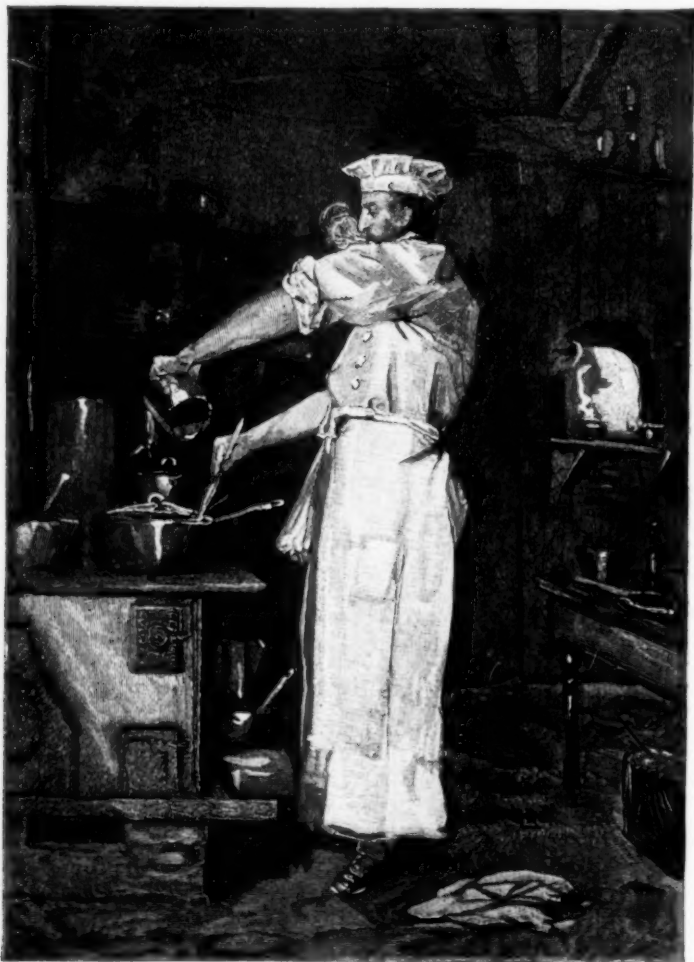
Besides the ordinary trades—the butcher's, the baker's, the grocer's, and the carpenter's—which are supported by all communities, and which in the French quarter have national representatives, the industries of the colony are limited, with a few exceptions, to artificial flower-making, leaf-making and feather-dyeing. In the attics of the tenement houses entire families are found engaged in one of these occupations. The materials are supplied by the large manu-

facturing firms, and out of muslin and wire roses, lilies and daisies grow in cheap profusion for the unfashionable trade. Sometimes one woman hires a number of children, paying each fifty cents a week, and the little hands are employed on the simplest details. Again, Mademoiselle Julie and her sister, Marie, work all alone in their "sky-parlor," and manage to live comfortably and decently on very small earnings, indeed. Embroidery is also largely engaged in, giving employment to both men and women; and sweetmeats are manufactured which rival in appearance the most appetizing imported bon-bons. One little shop is kept by an ingenious person, who devotes himself to repairing damaged bric-à-brac and art treasures; he promises to renew pictures blistered by fire, to put together a broken statuette so that not a trace of the operation can be seen, or to restore a precious meerschauum suffering from an aggravated fracture. All the occupations of the quarter are "light," requiring taste and adroitness rather than physical strength. Among others in the colony are large numbers of skilled artisans, who are brought from France for a term of years by such firms as Tiffany's, and who are handsomely paid.

It is not easy to form an exact estimate of the whole number of French in the city. We had been informed that it was about twenty thousand, and we visited the shabby little consular office in Bowling Green to verify the statement. But the consular agents did not know; the archives of a consular office are usually indeterminate or unavailable. M. Munier, editor of the "Courrier des États Unis," fixed upon twenty-four thousand as the probable number, curiously divided by him as follows: about eight thousand permanent residents of the city, who have made it their final home; about eight thousand who, like the imported workmen of Tiffany's, have come here to stay a period of from five to ten years, and eight thousand who are here "prospecting," and do not usually remain more than two or three years. The names of eight thousand are in the city directory. At least one-half of the whole number do not speak English fluently, or at all among themselves, and about one-third are ignorant of the language. Neither the proprietor of the "Restaurant du Grand Vatel," nor he of the "Taverne Alsacienne," nor the polite old dame who sells *sabots*, can talk except in their native tongue. But a school for teaching English to French adults

has been opened by the Board of Education, the female department in Marion street, and the male department in West Thirteenth street; these are well filled. There are four

homes, and giving money to others or finding employment for them. Two daily newspapers are published in the French language, the largest of which is the "Courier," a



J.P. Davis - Sc.

THE COOK OF THE GRAND VATEL.

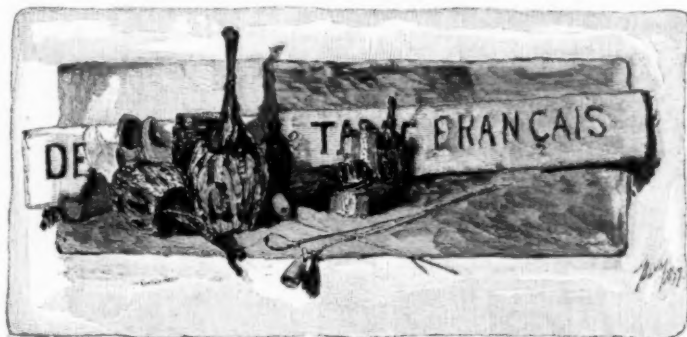
French churches in the city,—one Roman Catholic and three Protestant,—and at least twenty French benevolent societies, one of which, the "Société Culinnaire Philanthropique," is very wealthy. The "Société de Bienfaisance" fills a position of varied usefulness in helping the sick and penniless, sending the old and infirm to their former

member of the Associated Press. Many years ago, the late James Gordon Bennett described its proprietors as "the three starving Frenchmen," but its circulation has so increased that it is now a very valuable property.

There are gaps in the quarter which are filled by Americans, Germans and Italians.

Even the berated Asiatic has opened his laundry next door to that of Madame Lange—he copper-colored, reticent, assiduous; she florid, voluble and coquettish. The lowest element in the quarter is American; and the invasion is continuous, taking

away the national distinctiveness. By and by there will be no French Quarter, and we shall seek in vain for a blue blouse, the "Maison au Carreau Cassé," the "Rendez-vous des Zouaves," or the "Restaurant du Grand Vatel."



# SUCCESS WITH SMALL FRUITS. I.

## STRAWBERRIES FOR HOME AND MARKET.

TO PEOPLE who live in the country, small fruits are like heaven, objects of universal desire and very general neglect. As the warm weather approaches people tire of meats, and many not professed vegetarians long for some substitute for the heavy winter diet. Yet from how many country breakfast tables continues to rise the pungent odor of that meat into which the devils went, and out of which there is no proof

they ever came; when, with but little care and expense, the most tempting and nourishing fruits might be gathered from the garden under the window. The cabbage patch is there, and a few early vegetables perhaps, but the strawberry bed, even if it exists, is too often hidden by weeds, while the later small fruits struggle for bare life in some neglected corner.

The increased cultivation of small fruits



would make farm life more attractive. One of the sad features of our time is the tendency of young people to leave their country homes. Too often one does not need to look far for the reason. Life at the farm-house sinks into deep ruts, and becomes weary plodding. There are too many "one ideaed" farmers and farms. It is corn, potatoes, wheat, butter or milk. The staple production absorbs all thought, and everything else is neglected. Nature demands that young people should have variety, and this she furnishes in abundance. The stolid farmer too often ignores nature and the cravings of youth, and insists on

the stomach have been found nearer together by the metaphysicians than by the physiologists, and if the "house mother," as the Germans say, beamed often at her children over a great dish of berries, flanked by a pitcher of unskimmed milk, not only good blood and good feeling would be developed, but something that the poets call "early ties."

#### ORIGIN AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THE STRAWBERRY.

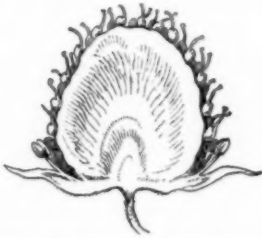
If there were as much doubt about a crop of strawberries, as concerning the origin of the name, the outlook would be dismal



THE HOME SHE MIGHT HAVE HAD.

the heavy monotonous work of his specialty, early and late, the year round, and then wonders why, in his declining years, there are no strong young hands to lighten his toil. The boy who might have lived a sturdy, healthful, independent life among his native hills, is a bleached and fallow youth, measuring ribbons and calico behind a city counter. The girl who might have been the mistress of a tree-shadowed country home, disappears under much darker shadows in town. Had not their early home-life been so meager and devoid of interest they might have breathed pure air all their days. Not the least among the means of making a home attractive, would be a well maintained fruit garden. The heart and

indeed. In old Saxon the word was *Streauberige* or *Streowberrie*, so named, says one authority, "from the straw-like stems of the plant, or from the berries lying strewn upon the ground;" another authority tells us "it is an old English practice" (let us hope a modern one also) "to lay straw between the rows to preserve the fruit from rotting on the wet ground, from which the name has been supposed to be derived; although more probably it is from the wandering habit of the plant, *straw* being a corruption of the Anglo-Saxon *strae*, from which we have the English verb *stray*." Again, tradition asserts that in the olden times children strung the berries on straws for sale, and hence the name. That the



SEEDS AND PULP OF THE STRAWBERRY.

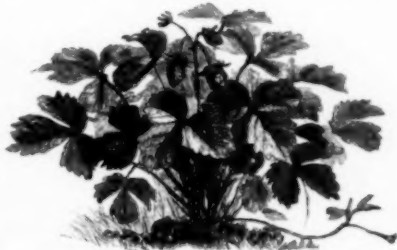
strawberry should belong to the rose family, and that its botanical name should be *fragaria*, from the Latin *fragro* to smell sweetly, will seem very appropriate and familiar. Many intelligent people, however, need to be told that, strictly speaking, the small seeds scattered over the surface of the berry are the fruit, and it is to perfect these seeds that the plants blossom, the stamens scatter and the pistils receive the pollen on the convex receptacle, which, as the seeds ripen, greatly enlarges and becomes the pulpy mass that is popularly regarded as the fruit. So far from being the fruit, it is only "the much altered end of the stem," which sustains the fruit.

The innumerable varieties of strawberries that are now in existence appear, either in their character or origin, to belong to five great and quite distinct species. The first of these, and for a long time the only one of which we have any record, is the *Fragaria Vesca* or the Alpine strawberry. It is one of the most widely spread fruits of the world, for it grows, and for centuries has grown, wild throughout northern and central Europe and Asia; and on this continent, from time immemorial, the Indian children gathered it from the Northern Atlantic to the Pacific. In England this species exhibits some difference from the Alpine type, and was called by our ancestors the wood strawberry. The chief difference between the two is in the form of the fruit; the wood varieties being round and the Alpine conical. They are also subdivided into white and red, annual and monthly varieties, and those that produce no runners, which are now known as bush Alpines. The Alpine as we find it, growing wild, was the strawberry of the ancients. It is to it that the suggestive lines of Virgil refer,

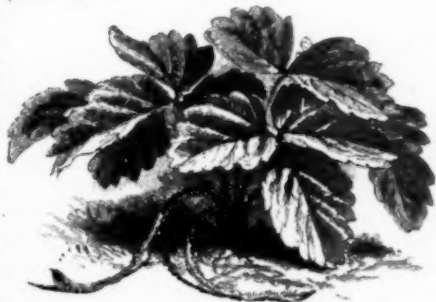
"Ye boys that gather flowers and strawberries,  
Lo! hid within the grass a serpent lies."

There is no proof, I believe, that the strawberry was cultivated during any of the ear-

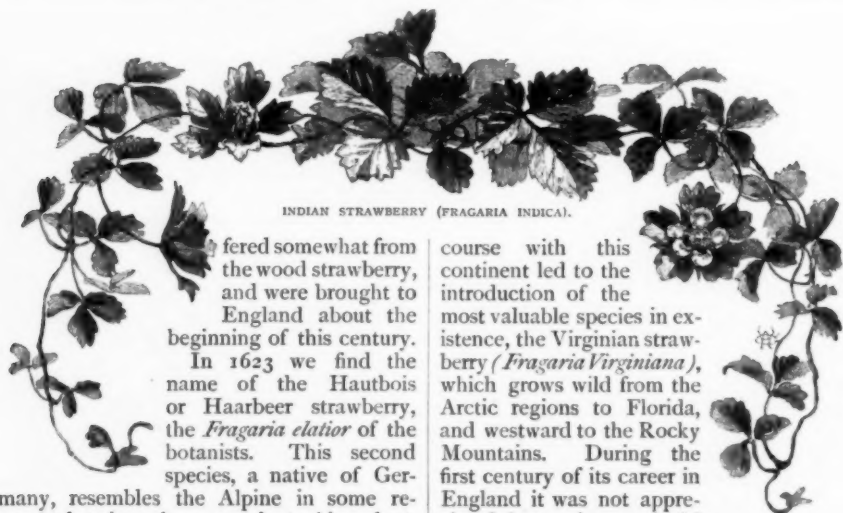
lier civilizations. Some who wrote most explicitly concerning the fruit-culture of their time do not mention it, and Virgil, Ovid and Pliny name it but casually, and with no reference to its cultivation. It may appear a little strange that the luxurious Romans, who fed on nightingales' tongues and peacocks' brains, and scoured earth and air for delicacies, should have given but little attention to this fruit. Possibly they early learned

THE ALPINE STRAWBERRY (*FRAGARIA VESCA*).

the fact that this species is essentially a wildling, and, like the trailing arbutus, thrives best in its natural haunts. The best that grew could be gathered from mountain-slopes and crevices of the rocks. Its congener, the wood strawberry, was the burden of one of the London street cries 400 years ago, and to-day the same cry, in some language or other, echoes around the northern hemisphere as one of the inevitable and welcome sounds of early summer. The Alpine and wood strawberries tend to reproduce themselves with such unvarying exactness that cultivation makes but little difference.

HAUTBOIS OR HAARBEER STRAWBERRY (*FRAGARIA ELATIOR*).

In Europe, slight advance was made in strawberry culture until after the introduction of other species more capable of variation and improvement. Still, attempts were made from time to time. The Alpines dif-



INDIAN STRAWBERRY (FRAGARIA INDICA).

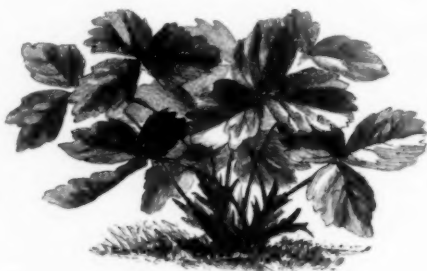
ferred somewhat from the wood strawberry, and were brought to England about the beginning of this century.

In 1623 we find the name of the Hautbois or Haarbeer strawberry, the *Fragaria elatior* of the botanists. This second species, a native of Ger-

many, resembles the Alpine in some respects, but is a larger and stockier plant. Its fruit has a peculiar musky flavor, which has never found much favor in this country. It is therefore a comparatively rare fruit in our gardens, nor do we find much said of it in the past.

There is scarcely any record of progress in strawberry culture, until after the introduction of the two great American species. It is true that in 1660 a fruit grower at Montreuil, France, is "said to have produced a new variety from the seed of the wood strawberry," which was called the "Cappron" and afterward the "Fresant." It was named as a distinct variety one hundred years later, but I doubt whether it differed greatly from its parent. Be this as

course with this continent led to the introduction of the most valuable species in existence, the Virginian strawberry (*Fragaria Virginiana*), which grows wild from the Arctic regions to Florida, and westward to the Rocky Mountains. During the first century of its career in England it was not appreciated, but as its wonderful capacity for variation and improvement—in which it formed so marked a contrast to the wood strawberry—was discovered, it began to receive the attention it deserved. English gardeners learned the fact of which we are making so much to-day, that by simply



FRAGARIA CHILENSIS.



COMMON WILD STRAWBERRY (FRAGARIA VIRGINIANA).

it may, it is said to be the first improved variety of which there is any record.

Early in the seventeenth century, inter-

sowing its seeds, new and possibly better varieties could be produced. From that time the tendency has increased to originate, name and send out innumerable seedlings, the majority of which soon pass into oblivion, while others survive and become popular, and, as a rule, in proportion to their merit.

The *Fragaria Virginiana*, therefore, or common wild strawberry, which is found in all parts of North America, east of the Rocky Mountains, is the parent of nine-tenths of the varieties grown in our gardens; and its improved descendants furnish nearly all the strawberries of our markets. As we

have seen, the *Fragaria Vesca* or the Alpine species of Europe, is substantially the same to-day as it was a thousand years ago. But the capacity of the Virginian strawberry for change and improvement is shown by three great landmarks in the

last great species or subdivision that we now have to consider. Like the *F. Virginiana*, it is a native of the American continent, and yet we have learned to associate it almost wholly with Europe. It grows wild on the Pacific slope from Oregon to



THE NEW YORK FLOWER AND FRUIT MISSION.—A GIFT OF STRAWBERRIES.

American culture of this fruit—1, the production of "Hovey's Seedling," by C. M. Hovey of Cambridge, Massachusetts, forty-five years ago; 2, of the "Wilson's Albany Seedling," originated by John Wilson of Albany, New York, about twenty-five years ago; and, 3, in our own day, of the "Monarch of the West," given to the world by Jesse Brady, of Plano, Illinois.

There are but two more species of the strawberry genius. Of the first of these the *Fragaria Indica* or Indian strawberry, there is but little to say. It is a native of Northern India, and differs so much from the other species that it was formerly named as a distinct genus. It has yellow flowers and is a showy house-plant, especially for window baskets, but the fruit is dry and tasteless. It is said by Professor Gray to have escaped cultivation and become wild in some localities of this country.

*Fragaria Chilensis*, or *Grandiflora*, is the

Chili, creeping higher and higher up the mountain as its habitat approaches the equator. It is a large, robust species with very firm, thick leaflets, soft and silky on the under side. The flowers are larger than in the other species; the fruit in its native condition, also averages much larger, stands erect instead of hanging, ripens late, is rose colored, firm and sweet in flesh, and does not require so much heat to develop its saccharine constituents; but it lacks the peculiar sprightliness and aroma of the Virginia strawberry. It has, however, become the favorite stock of the European gardeners, and seems better adapted to transatlantic climate and soil than ours. As a species it requires the high and careful culture that they are able and willing to give it in Europe. The majority of imported varieties have failed in the United States, but a few have become justly popular in regions where they can be grown. The

"Triomphe de Gand" may be given as an example, and were I restricted to one variety, I would take this. The "Jocunda" also is one of the most superb berries in existence, and can be grown with great profit in many localities.

Thus the two great species which to-day are furnishing ninety-nine hundredths of the strawberries of commerce and of the garden both in this country and abroad, came from America, the *Fragaria Chilensis* reaching our eastern states by the way of Europe and in the form of the improved and cultivated varieties that have won a name abroad. We are now crossing the importations with our own native stock. President Wilder's superb seedling, which has received his name, is an example of this blending process: it is a child of the "La Constante" and "Hovey's Seedling," and thus unites the characteristics of the two great strawberry species of the world, the *F. Virginiana* and *F. Chilensis*.

It will be seen that the great law of race extends down even to strawberry plants. As in the most refined and cultivated peoples there is a strain of the old native stock which ever remains a source of weakness or strength and will surely show itself in certain emergencies, so the superb new varieties of strawberries, the latest products of horticultural skill, speedily show in the rough and tumble of ordinary culture whether they have derived their life from the hardy *F. Virginiana* or the tender and fastidious *F. Chilensis*. The "Monarch of the West" and the "Jocunda" are the patri-cians of the garden, and on the heavy portions of my land at Cornwall I can scarcely say to which I give the preference. But the "Monarch" is Anglo-Saxon and the "Jocunda" is of a Latin race, or to drop metaphor, the former comes of a species that can adapt itself to conditions extremely varied and even very unfavorable, and the latter cannot.

There are strawberries that will grow almost anywhere and under any circumstances, and there is another class that demands the best soil and culture, but from the soil of a good garden with a little pains one can obtain the finest fruit in existence. There is no occasion to plant only those kinds which are grown for market solely because they are productive and hard enough to endure carriage for a long distance. The only transportation to be considered is from the garden to the table, and therefore table qualities can be made our

chief concern. If the soil is light and sandy, one class of choice high flavored varieties can be raised; if heavy, another class. Many worry over a forlorn weedy bed of some inferior variety that scarcely gives a week's supply, when with no more trouble than is required to raise a crop of celery, large and delicious berries might be enjoyed daily at home for five weeks from twenty different kinds, and plenty be left for the table of a friend or for the equally gracious gifts one may make through such charitable societies as the "Flower and Fruit Mission," of New York. In the garden, especially if there can be irrigation, the best of the foreign blooded varieties can be grown with entire success.

The strawberry of commerce is a much more difficult problem. The present unsatisfactory condition of affairs was admirably expressed in the following editorial in the *Evening Post*, June 12th, 1876, from the pen of the late William Cullen Bryant:

"In general an improvement has been observed of late in the quality of fruit. We have more and finer varieties of the apple; the pear is much better in general than it was ten years since; of the grape there are many new and excellent varieties which the market knew nothing of a few years ago, and there are some excellent varieties of the raspberry lately introduced. But the strawberry has decidedly deteriorated, and the result is generally owing to the general culture of Wilson's Albany for the market. Wilson's Albany is a sour, crude berry, which is not fully ripe when it is perfectly red, and even when perfectly ripe is still too acid. When it first makes its appearance in the market it has an exceedingly harsh flavor and very little of the agreeable aroma which distinguishes the finer kinds of the berry. If not eaten very sparingly, it disagrees with the stomach, and you wake with a colic the next morning. Before Wilson's strawberry came into vogue there were many other kinds which were sweeter and of a more agreeable flavor. But the Wilson is a hardy berry, which bears transportation well; it is exceedingly prolific and altogether hardy—qualities which give it great favor with the cultivator, but for which the consumer suffers. The proper way of dealing in strawberries is to fix the prices according to the quality of the sort. This is the way they do in the markets of Paris. A poor sort, although the berry may be large, is sold cheap; the more delicate kinds—the sweet, juicy and high-flavored—are disposed of at a higher price. Here the Wilson should be sold the cheapest of all, while such as the Jocunda and the President Wilder should bear a price according to their excellence. We hope for our part that the Wilsons will, as soon as their place can be supplied by a better berry, be banished from the market. It can surely be no difficult thing to obtain a sort by crossing which shall bear transportation equally well, and shall not deceive the purchaser with the appearance of ripeness."

In spite of all that is annually said and

written against the "Wilson" it still maintains its supremacy as *the* market berry. Those who live near the city, and to some extent can make special arrangements with enlightened customers, find other varieties more profitable, even though the yield from them is less and some are lost from lack of keeping qualities. Those who send from a distance, however, and must take their chances in the general market, persist in raising this "sour, crude berry," which is red before it is ripe, and hard enough to stand the rough usage which it is certain to receive from the hands through which it passes. I do not expect to see the day when "Wilson's," or some berry like it, is not the staple supply of the market, although I hope and think it will be improved upon. But let it be understood they are "Wilsons"—the cheap *vin ordinaire* of strawberries. If genuine strawberries are wanted the purchaser must demand them, pay for them and refuse "sour, crude" berries. The remedy is solely in the hands of the consumers. If people would pay no more for Seckel than for Choke pears the latter would be the only ones in market, for they can be furnished with the least cost and trouble. It is the lack of discrimination that leaves our markets so bare of fine flavored fruit. What the grower and the grocer are seeking is a hard berry which if not sold speedily will "keep over." Let citizens clearly recognize the truth,—that there are superb, delicious berries, like the "Triomphe," the "Monarch," the "Charles Downing," and many others, and insist on being supplied with them, just as they insist on good butter and good meats, and the problem is solved. The demand will create the supply; the fruit merchant will write to his country correspondents: "You must send fine flavored berries. My trade will not take any others, and I can return you more money for half the quantity of fruit, if it is good." The most stolid of growers would soon take such a hint. Moreover, let the patrons of high-priced hotels and restaurants indignantly order away "sour, crude berries," as they would any other inferior viand, and caterers would then cease to palm off "Wilsons" for first-class strawberries. If these suggestions were carried out generally, the character of the New York strawberry market would speedily be changed. It is my impression that within a few years only those who are able to raise large, fine fruit will secure profitable returns. Moreover, we are in a transition state in respect to varieties, and there

are scores of new kinds just coming before the public for which wonderful things are claimed. I shall test nearly a hundred varieties myself the coming season; but I am satisfied in advance that nine-tenths of them will be discarded within a few years. Indeed, I doubt whether the ideal strawberry, that shall concentrate every excellence within its one juicy sphere, ever will be discovered or originated. We shall always have to make a choice, as we do in friends, for their several good qualities and their power to please our own peculiar tastes.

There is, however, one perfect strawberry in existence,—the strawberry of memory,—the little wildlings that we gathered, perhaps, with those over whom the wild strawberry is now growing. We will admit no fault in it, and, although we may no longer seek for this favorite fruit of our childhood, with the finest specimens of the garden before us, we sigh for those berries that grew on some far-off hill-side, in years still farther away.

#### CHOICE OF SOIL AND LOCATION.

THE choice that Tobias Hobson imposed on his patrons when he compelled them to take "the horse nearest the stable door," or none at all, is one that often must be made in selecting strawberry ground. We must use such as we have or raise no berries. It has been said that "with no other fruit do soil and locality make so great a difference;" and I am inclined to think that while this is truer of the raspberry, it is also thoroughly established that location and native qualities of soil are among the first and chief considerations in working out the problem of success with strawberries.

It is a generally admitted fact that the very best soil and the one adapted to the largest number of varieties is a deep sandy loam, moist, but not wet in its natural state. All the varieties with which I am acquainted will do well on such land if it is properly deepened and enriched. Shall the fact that we have no such soil and cannot obtain it discourage us? Not at all. There are choice varieties of strawberries that will grow in the extremes of sand or clay. More effort will be required, but skill and information can still secure success; and advantages of location, climate, and nearness to good markets may more than counterbalance natural deficiencies in the land. Therefore, if one finds himself in an unfavorable climate, and shut up to the choice of land the reverse of

a deep, moist, sandy loam, let him pit his brain and muscle against all obstacles.

Let it be well understood that strawberries cannot be made to do well on ground exhausted by the roots and covered by the shade of trees. On many farms, and even in some gardens, there are several varieties of soil and location, and by placing early kinds on warm, sunny slopes, and giving late varieties moist, heavy land and cool northern exposures, the season of this fruit can be greatly prolonged. The advantage of this long-continued supply for the family is obvious, but it is often even more important to those whose income is dependent on this industry. It quite often occurs that the market is "glutted" with berries for a brief time in the height of the season. If one's crop matures in the main at such a time, the one chance of the year passes, leaving but a small margin of profit, whereas, if the grower prolongs his season

by a careful selection of soils as well as of varieties, he may sell a large portion of his fruit when it is scarce and high.

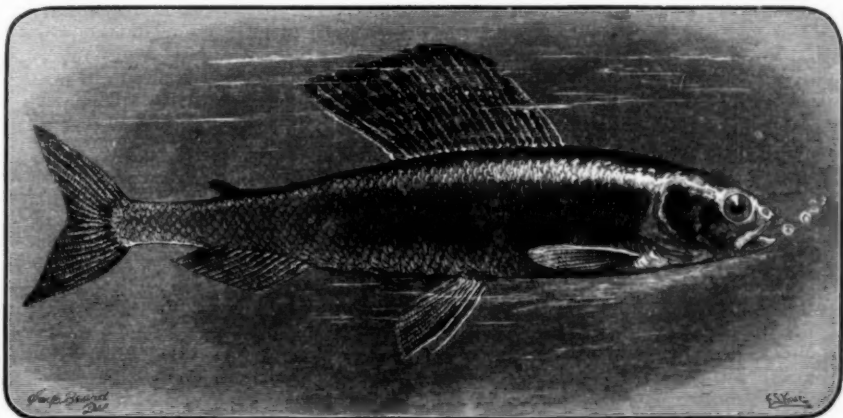
Climate, also, is a very important consideration. In the far north, sheltered situations and light warm land should be chosen for the main crop, but in our latitude and southward, it should always be our aim to avoid that hardness and dryness of soil that cut short the crops and hopes of so many cultivators.

It is also of vital importance that the fruit farm should be near good shipping facilities, and that there be sufficient population in the immediate vicinity to furnish pickers in abundance. It will be far better to pay a much higher price for land—even inferior land—near a village and a railroad depot than to attempt to grow these perishable fruits in remoter regions. A water communication with the market is, of course, preferable to any other.



THE STRAWBERRY OF MEMORY.

## THE MICHIGAN GRAYLING.



THE MICHIGAN GRAYLING (THYMALLUS TRICOLOR).

UNTIL within a few years that portion of Michigan extending from the forty-fourth parallel to the Straits of Mackinaw, dotted with beautiful lakes and traversed by many a clear winding river was *terra incognita* to the fly-fisher; and although we were told years ago by explorers and adventurous anglers that trout in great numbers and of large size were taken in the waters of the northern portion of the peninsula, the grayling by its true name was unknown, and does not now form a subject for any of our angling authors. It was supposed that, except in the Arctic regions, it did not exist on our continent. About ten years ago, however, hunters and those who were looking up timber lands began to talk of a white-meated fish with all the game qualities of the trout, which they captured in streams of both water-sheds—east and west—as an addition to their venison and “hard tack.” It was known to them as the “white trout,” the “Crawford County trout,” and under other local names until a specimen in alcohol was sent to Professor E. D. Cope, of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, who described it in the proceedings of that institution in the year 1865, and gave it the scientific name of *Thymallus tricolor*, the generic name arising from the fresh thyme-y smell of the fish when first taken from the water, the specific appellation having reference to its beautiful dorsal fin. And yet its discovery as a true grayling escaped the notice of nearly all of our fly-fishers;

and to the few who might have meditated an expedition in search of it, its habitat was far off and then almost inaccessible. The following passage, however, from “American Fish Culture” (p. 196), by the present writer and published by Porter & Coates, in 1867, soon after Professor Cope described the fish, attracted the notice of Mr. J. V. Le Moyne, of Chicago.

“While on a trout-fishing excursion lately in the northern part of Pennsylvania, I met a very intelligent, though not a scientific person, who informed me that in exploring some timber lands on the Au Sable, in Michigan, he came across a new kind of trout which he had never seen before. From his description it was doubtless this new species of *Thymallus*. He said it readily took a bait of a piece of one of its fellows, a piece of meat being used to capture the first fish; and that it was very beautiful and of delicious flavor.”

The following summer, after consulting persons interested in timber lands, Mr. Le Moyne packed his “kit” and found his way by steamer to Little Traverse Bay, and thence by canoe through a series of lakes to the River Jordan, where he had great sport, not only with grayling, but with trout of good size, taking both from the same pool, and not unfrequently one of each on the same cast. I may here mention that the Jordan is one of the few streams of Michigan in which both are found. Trout are unknown in the Manistee and Au Sable.

My friend, Mr. D. H. Fitzhugh, jr., of Bay City, the year following took them in the Rifle and went by a new railroad then being built to the Hersey and Muskegon, walking twenty miles of the distance. He had been waiting with much interest the extension of the Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw Railroad northward, and in 1873, when it crossed the Au Sable, he launched his boat high up on that lovely river. Since then the fame of the rare sporting qualities of this fish has spread among anglers, and they now come from many of our large towns and cities (especially those of the West) to camp on the banks of the Michigan rivers and enjoy the sport.

The European species (*T. vexillifer*) is mentioned by all English authors on angling from the time of Dame Juliana Berners to the present. The opinion is advanced by some of them that it was introduced into England when under the religious sway of the see of Rome, as it is generally found in rivers near the ruins of old monasteries. Sir Humphrey Davy, in his "Salmonia" (1828), wrote of it as inhabiting the Avon, the Ure, the Nye and the Dee; and Hofland (1839) in addition to those mentions the Trent, the Dove, the Derwent, the Wharfe, and a few other rivers. Sir Humphrey Davy also tells us that it is found in some of the streams of the Alpine valleys, and he intimates in some of the rivers of Sweden and Norway. A friend of the writer, who of late years has been in the habit of spending his summers in Bavaria, has had fair sport with grayling in the Isar and Traun, near Munich and Traunstein, as also in the Inn and Salza, and mentions the names of a few quiet English anglers who come annually in September to fish these rivers.

European waters, however, were probably never as prolific of grayling as those of Michigan; for trout, which feed largely on the young of all fish, are there found in the same streams. In Michigan rivers, where grayling most abound there are no trout, and the fry of their own and other species are never found in their stomachs. The various orders of flies which lay their eggs in running water and the larvæ of such flies appear to be their only food.

Writers in sporting papers have recently claimed that grayling have also been found in the older states of the Union. If this be the fact, they are now extinct. They are said to exist in some few of the rivers of Wisconsin, which is quite probable, and

also in Montana and Dakota. Dr. Richardson, in his "Fauna Boreali-Americana," gives not only a glowing description of the exquisite beauty of Back's grayling (*T. signifer*), but speaks with all the ardor of a true angler of its game qualities. The Esquimaux title, *Hevlook powak*, denoting wing-like fin, he says, alludes to its magnificent dorsal, which, as in the Michigan grayling, exceeds in size and beauty that of the European species.

Grayling, wherever found, are spring spawners, as also are the smelt and the capelin or spearling. All other genera of the salmon family spawn in autumn. The usual time with grayling, both here and in Europe, is the latter part of April and early in May. They do not push for the very sources of rivers, leaping falls and flapping sideways over shallows to find some little rivulet as trout do, but deposit their ova in the parts of the stream where they are taken, or if such portions are not of the proper temperature, they will sometimes seek the mouths of smaller and cooler affluents. The time of their spawning is limited to a few days, or a week or so. Of the experts who have gone to the Au Sable to express the ova, fertilize it, and bring it East to introduce this fish into the Atlantic states, one found that they were not ready to spawn, and the next season, another, who went a week or so later, found that they had spawned. I have taken fry as long as my little finger on the first of September, which were the produce of eggs spawned in April. Those that came from ova of the preceding year were six inches long; at two years old, they are ten or twelve inches long; at three years old, they are thirteen to fifteen inches long, and at four years, sixteen or seventeen inches, and weigh from three-quarters of a pound to a pound and a quarter; each succeeding year adding proportionately less to their length and more to their girth. An abundance or deficiency of food, however, has much influence on their growth, while some are naturally more thrifty than others. Sir Humphrey Davy says: "Grayling hatched in June become in the same year, in September or October, nine or ten inches long, and weigh from half a pound to ten ounces, and the next year are from twelve to fifteen inches." On this point, as will be seen from the foregoing, I differ with him. I think he must have written from hearsay.

In Michigan, in a day's fishing, the true-hearted angler returns to the water a great

many more than he puts in his live-box. He will keep none under a half pound, and where the streams are so abundantly stocked, he will not begrudge their liberty to all under that weight. Our grayling are much more slender than the European species, but, if we credit English authors, do not attain as large a size. Three-fourths of a pound with us is a good average size, and one of a pound and a quarter is considered a large fish. I have *heard*, however, of their being taken in the Jordan over three pounds. The grayling is a fish of more symmetrical proportions than the trout, although it has not the vermilion spots and bright colors over its body, but its head and mouth are much smaller, and with handsome, prominent eyes. Its habits also differ materially from those of the trout. It is never found in the strong turbulent water at the head of a rift, but in the deeper portions of the smoothly gliding stream. It avoids a bottom of clay or the mosses so common to the beds of Michigan rivers, but is always found on gravel or sand. Its rise is straight up—sharp and sudden, and when its attention is once drawn to the artificial line, it does not turn back as a trout does, on getting a sight of the angler, but in its eagerness disregards him entirely, and in running a river with the speed of the current, or even if the boat is poled along down stream, it frequently takes the fly within a few feet of the pole or the boat. Its play is quite as vigorous as that of the trout, and it leaps frequently above the surface of the water before it is sufficiently exhausted to be drawn in. There is this difference, however, between the two. The trout, like a certain denomination of Christians, seems to believe in "final perseverance," and will kick and struggle to the last, even as it is lifted in, while the grayling, after you have sufficiently overcome its obstinate pluck to get its head above water, is taken in with pendent tail, as much as to say, "It's all up;" but as soon as it touches the floor of the boat, its flapping and floundering begin. If it takes a sheer across the current, with its large dorsal fin, it offers greater resistance than the trout. Where they are so numerous, one seldom uses the landing net, for few escape by breaking away, and if they do there are more to take hold at the next cast.

If in fishing with a whip of three flies the angler hooks a fish on either of his droppers, the stretcher fly as it sails around beneath is pretty sure of enticing another, and not

unfrequently the disengaged dropper hooks a third fish. Sometimes, as I have sat on the cover of the live-box, I have looked down to see three of these bright fish, after I had exhausted them, all in a row, their dorsal fins erect and waving in the clear water like so many beautiful leaves of the coleus. Nor is the grayling in taking the fly as chary a fish as the trout. On a perfectly still water you may see the latter rising and taking in the minute natural flies, when the veriest artificial midge will not tempt it; but let even a light breeze spring up and a ripple appear on the surface, and then it cannot distinguish the natural from the artificial, and will take hold. The grayling, on the contrary, is the most eager, unsophisticated fish imaginable. When it sees anything bearing the most remote semblance of life, it "goes for it," even if the water is as smooth as a mirror.

The whole of Michigan, south of the Straits of Mackinaw, may certainly be called flat country. The only rising grounds to be found are a few sandy eminences—they can scarcely be called hills—the formation of which we leave the geologist to account for. And yet the rivers abraded against these sand-hills occasionally cause precipitous bluffs (few of which exceed a hundred feet) or such an elevation as is known in a lumberman's parlance as a "roll-way."

There is a gradual but almost imperceptible elevation from Bay City or Grand Rapids to the region where grayling are found. From the former to Grayling, where the railroad crosses the Au Sable, a distance of nearly a hundred miles, there is a rise of seven hundred feet, which gives the rivers an average current of about two and a half miles an hour. Wherever there is a contraction in the width of the stream, however, especially around a bend, its velocity may be three, four, or even five miles, but on account of the absence of rocks in the bottom, it almost invariably flows smoothly. The strength of the current can only be seen where the ends of half-sunken logs or "sweepers" project above the surface, or when the canoeman turns his prow up stream.

The grayling region, on the Lake Huron water-shed, has a top stratum of coarse white sand. On the streams flowing toward Lake Michigan, the sand is yellow, with more or less admixture of vegetable loam. The rains falling on these sandy plains and percolating through, meet with a lower stratum of impervious clay, and thus

form underground courses which crop out at the margin or in the beds of the streams, and keep them at the temperature of spring water.

The eighth longitudinal line west from Washington may be considered the apex of the water-sheds, declining East and West; although the head-waters of streams occasionally interlock. By a short "carry" one can pass from the head-waters of the Manistee to those of the Au Sable. I have seen marks on both of these streams that gave evidence that surveyors did so forty years ago, and have no doubt that it was a route used by the Indians in crossing from Lake Michigan to Lake Huron.

The country, except on the barrens, furnishes a fine growth of white and yellow pine, as well as oak, beech, maple, and other hard woods. White cedars,—the *arbor vitæ* of the East,—invariably fringe the banks of rivers a few miles below their sources, which are generally in ponds or lakes. These trees appear to love spring water, and do not appear until the stream has acquired that temperature. Growing on the banks of the streams, the current washes away the loose soil from their roots, which causes them to incline over and at last to fall into the water; and these are called "sweepers." These rivers, from the constant influx of

spring water, never freeze, and owing to the slight water-shed and sandy top-soil are not subject to freshets, a spring rise of two feet being considered excessive. Nor are they discolored by high water, a brown tinge only being imparted. Such streams, here and in Europe, are the home of the grayling, for it loves water of a low, even temperature and a smooth, steady current.

The game-laws of Michigan recently enacted forbid the spearing and netting of grayling at all times, and do not admit of them being taken even with hook and line from January until June. These fish acquire condition soon after spawning, but are better in autumn, and in season nearly all winter. So after the first of September the sportsman can unite shooting with fishing. Several summers ago in August, while running the Au Sable we counted twelve deer and two bears. As they were out of season and my friend Fitzhugh was a stickler for the observance of the game-laws in every instance, we resisted the temptation to shoot them.

The country I have described has, of course, none of that awe-inspiring scenery we find on the shores of Lake Superior, but with its clear, ever-flowing, ever-winding rivers over white and yellow sands, with graceful cedars projecting at a sharp angle from the banks, and every bend of the stream opening a new view, it is novel and pleasing to one who has been shut up all winter in a crowded city. In running a grayling stream, the feeling is one of peace and quietude. There are no song-birds in those deep woods. One only hears the far-off falling of some old forest tree, or that weird sound caused by the rubbing of the branch of one tree against that of another, as they are swayed to and fro by the wind, and in the distance one can almost fancy that it is a human voice. Otherwise all is as silent as death.

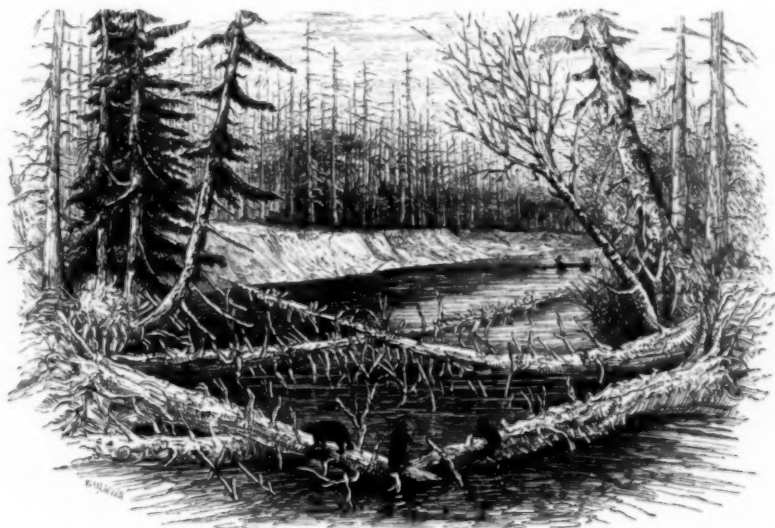
My first raid upon the grayling was in August, 1874, with Mr. Fitzhugh, of Bay City, on the Au Sable. We ran this river from Grayling, on the northern branch of the Jackson, Saginaw and Lansing Railroad to Thompson's, a distance



VIEW ON THE MANISTEE.

of a hundred and sixty miles. From Thompson's, after loading our two boats on a stout two-horse wagon and occupying another with springs, we drove twenty-five miles to Tawas City, and then after a few hours on a steamer back to Bay City. There is no

leave Bay City by railroad in the morning and arrive at Grayling early enough in the afternoon to embark and drop down stream seven or eight miles the same night. He should, however, engage boats and pushers beforehand.\*



SWEEPERS IN THE AU SABLE.

grayling fishing at the station called Grayling, nor until one gets four or five miles down the stream where the cedars appear. From this as far as we ran it—and there was yet sixty miles of it below Thompson's—it is a beautiful stream, much prettier, I think, more rapid, and less obstructed with sweepers than the Manistee. The distance by land is about seventy miles. On our second day we killed and salted down—heads and tails off—a hundred and twenty pounds of fish, besides eating all we wanted. In one hanging rift close by the bank, as Len Iswel, my pusher, held on to the cedar boughs, I took at five casts fifteen fish, averaging three-quarters of a pound each. The following day we fished along leisurely until we had our live-boxes, containing each sixty pounds, so full that the fish began to die. Then we passed over splendid pools in which we could see large schools of grayling on the bottom without casting a fly; for we would not destroy them in mere wantonness. In a few days, however, we came across occasional timber camps, when we commenced fishing again, and supplied all hands with fresh fish. One can

There are two large branches, flowing almost as much as the main stream, that enter the Au Sable. The south-west comes in about forty-five miles below Grayling, and the north branch sixty miles below. On this last stream there is a sluice dam, and when it is let off to float logs during the summer and autumn, the water is discolored somewhat, and the fish do not rise as well. One can get all the fishing he wants by running as far down as the south-west branch, which as already stated, is forty-five miles by water, and is only twelve miles back to Grayling by land. He can engage a wagon at Grayling to come with ice on a stated day and haul back his boats, his luggage, and his fish, thus saving the labor of pushing back up stream, which would occupy two days of incessant toil.

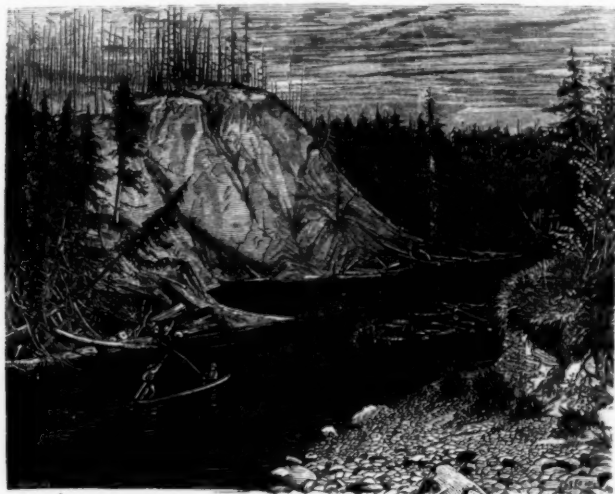
When I fished the Manistee the latter part of August, 1875, I went from Grayling with Mr. Fitzhugh and another friend, accompanied by our pushers, over "the

\* I would here say that sportsmen wishing to secure good men for fishing or hunting can do so by addressing L. P. Ramsdell or I. F. Babbit at Grayling, Crawford County, Michigan.

barrens," a distance of eight miles, to a camp established by I. F. Babbitt, to fish with hook and line for the Bay City and Detroit markets. We made a permanent camp four miles below Babbitt's and fished five days, giving him three-fourths of our fish, which he came for every day, and which (keeping none under a half pound) amounted to over five hundred pounds.

One of my most pleasant trips, however, was that of the latter part of August, and early in September, 1876, when in company with two young friends, I spent two weeks on the Manistee. We went by the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad to Mancelona, well up toward the Straits of Mackinaw. Here we loaded boats, stores, and camp equipage on a wagon drawn by a pair of stout horses, and journeyed eleven miles east to the head-waters of the main branch. Our trip was dashed with a spice of adventure and a good deal of hard work. We had struck the stream higher up than we expected. It was small, scarcely sufficient to float our boats, and still had the temperature it had acquired in the little lake which was its source. There were no cedars, which

which have been undermined by the current and have fallen in the water, and always across the stream. We had three days and a half of hard chopping, and hauling our boats over huge cedar logs, some of which had probably lain there for a century—for a cedar log if it remains in the water, never rots. On coming to some of these logs we had to make a "carry," placing our luggage on their mossy covered trunks and pulling our empty boats over. We would then load up and go on to cut more sweepers and make more carries. At last the stream widened and was free of sweepers, and we had magnificent fishing. The grayling were perfectly reckless, and would take one's flies within ten feet of the boats. It was virgin water; no fly had heretofore been cast on it. After a day's sport we came to the sweepers again, and had a day and a half more with them and half-sunken logs and a few carries. At two or three of these carries, the logs were over two feet through. Mosses had grown and spread on them until, as we saw by certain signs, bears used them as a highway. On one we found thrifty cedars growing at regular intervals from the parent trunk that



ON THE MANISTEE: CLEAR OF THE SWEEPERS AND INTO GOOD FISHING.

only appear when the streams have flown far enough from the ponds to feel the influence of spring water. On the morning of the second day we came to the cedars and cold water; and with them the sweepers, which are cedars, as already described,

were more than half a century old. Soon the stream increased so much in volume and was so wide that a tree falling across could not obstruct the passage of our boats; and finally we came to open water again. And so we ran the stream down to Walton

junction, a hundred and fifty miles by water, while it was scarce fifty on a bee-line.

Notwithstanding the difficulties we encountered on this last trip, those who follow us over the same route will find it quite easy on account of the passage we opened, and in a day will make as much way down stream from the small bridge at its head as we made in four. On looking back I hardly begrudge the hard work it cost us; for the subsequent running of a hundred and fifty miles of beautiful river was much more enjoyable than camping for nearly a week, as we did in the summer of 1875, lower down the river.

The boat used on my first trip is worth description. It was built of white pine; bottom, 1 inch thick; sides,  $\frac{5}{8}$ ; 16 feet long; 2.10 wide on top, 2.4 at bottom, and with a sheer of three inches on each side. The bottom was nearly level for eight feet in the center, with a sheer of five inches to the bow and seven inches to stern. The live-box was six feet from bow, extending back two feet. The sides were nailed to the bottom. Its weight was eighty pounds, and it carried two men—the angler and the pusher—with 200 pounds of luggage. With two coats of paint it cost about fifteen dollars. The angler sits on the movable cover of the live-box, which is water-tight from other portions of the boat, and has holes bored in sides and bottom to admit of the circulation of the water to keep the fish alive, and as he captures his fish he slips them into holes on the right and left sides. An ax was always taken along to clear the river of fallen logs and sweepers.

My customary tackle on these excursions is a twelve-foot rod of about eight and a half ounces; leaders eight feet long, and flies on hooks ranging from No. 7 to No. 10

(O'Shaughnessy). I have found most of the flies used on Pennsylvania streams effective, and one can scarcely go amiss in his selection. One summer, I used for two weeks the same whip, viz.: "Professor" for the stretcher, "Silver Widow" for first, and "White-winged Coachman" for second-dropper. The first is tied with Guinea-fowl feather for wings, an amber or yellow dyed hackle for legs, a yellow floss body wound with gold tinsel, and three sprigs of scarlet ibis for tail. The second has black wings, black hackle, and black body wound with silver tinsel. The third has white wings, red hackle, undyed, and body of peacock hurl.

As to stores. Last summer we found that for five men, including pushers, the following were about the right quantities for a two weeks' supply: 50 lbs. flour, 1 bushel potatoes, 25 lbs. of breakfast bacon, 12 lbs. butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  peck of onions, with corn meal, tea, coffee, sugar, condensed milk, a jar of pickles, and a few cans of corn and tomatoes. Bread is a difficult thing to take or to keep in good condition. I would advise, therefore, the taking of a portable sheet-iron stove, which with a baker and all other appliances and conveniences, does not weigh over thirty-five pounds. With a box of yeast powder, hot rolls can be had at every meal.

The Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad goes to considerable pains to accommodate anglers. Nearly every station above Reed City is in close vicinity to some lake stocked with bass, muskallonge and pickerel, or some river teeming with trout or grayling. At such stations, boats, wagons, horses and men can be found to accompany parties of anglers. This road has also cabin cars, with stove, bunks, etc., which it will switch off at any station.

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### IN CONFIDENCE.

The sea heard; and the deep, sad sea  
Throbb'd with one bitter secret more,  
But set no murmuring rumor free  
By wind or bird, to cave or shore.

The stars saw; but no trembling star  
Of all the wide, bewildering train  
Has ever whispered from afar  
The story of this hopeless pain.

The night knew; but the tender night  
Unveils no tears, betrays no sighs;  
She wraps away from sound and sight  
Despairing hearts and watching eyes.

What if the night, and stars, and sea  
Should, but for once, their pledge forget,  
And softly breathe, alone to thee:  
"She loved thee then, she loves thee yet?"

## MR. MORRIS MOORE AND HIS OLD MASTERS.



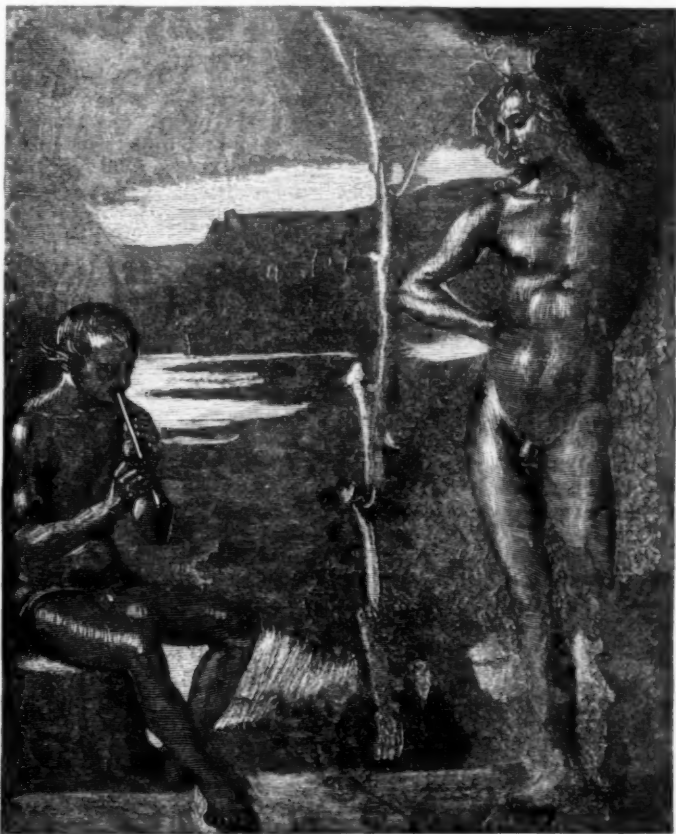
RAPHAEL'S "APOLLO AND MARSYAS," OWNED BY MR. MORRIS MOORE OF ROME.

MANY times during the last ten years, Americans interested in matters pertaining to culture must have had their curiosity stirred by allusions to the "Raphael" of Mr. Morris Moore. Information on all such subjects—theoretically interesting to the world at large, but found to be actually of interest to a circle sorrowfully small—

reaches the public, as a rule, in a halting and fragmentary shape; and thus, while, here and there, allusions have appeared in the newspapers to Mr. Morris Moore as the owner of one very beautiful picture by Raphael, the "Apollo and Marsyas," little has been said of his other Raphael, the "Portrait of Dante," or of his Michelangelo,

"The Virgin of the Lectern." But these three pictures are of equal authenticity; and such is their beauty, so great is the interest that intrinsically attaches to them, no wonder if their presence in one private chamber in Rome has of late years made that room able to dispute with illustrious galleries, private and public, the suffrages

this room our attention is not too much distracted; although it is still true that any one of the three pictures owned by Mr. Moore is more than enough food for delighted contemplation for a single day. But what a relief to the weary visitor to Roman galleries to come upon one tranquil room where there are only three pictures,



ORIGINAL SKETCH FOR THE "APOLLO AND MARSYAS," IN THE PRINT-ROOM OF THE ACCADEMIA DELLE BELLE ARTE, VENICE.

of the art-loving pilgrims to the Eternal City. One reason why this room of Mr. Moore's has been so much in vogue of late may perhaps be found in the pleasant company of Mr. Moore himself, who knows so well how to play the host, and to talk about his pictures, or not to talk about them, but to listen to his visitor, as the occasion may demand. Another reason may be found in the fact that one is not put to the troublesome labor of sifting, as in a gallery. In

even if every one of these is a masterpiece that must be studied.

The wish has been often expressed by Americans who have seen these pictures, that they might become the property of some one of the art institutions of our own country; and the editor of SCRIBNER, thinking he might strengthen the hands of these friends of a good cause, has taken pains to have two of Mr. Moore's pictures engraved for the magazine. The two chosen are

the "Apollo and Marsyas" by Raphael, and the "Virgin of the Lectern," by Michelangelo. The original drawing by Raphael for his picture, which has long been prized as one of the chief treasures of the Print Room of the Accademia delle Belle Arte in Venice, is also given. Before attempting to describe these pictures to our readers, it seems expedient to tell them something about Mr. Moore himself, to whose knowledge and perception we owe the discovery of these works, as we owe their preservation to his spirit of enthusiasm and self-sacrifice.

Mr. Moore is of English birth, and received his name of Morris (his full name is Morris John James Cole Moore) from a son of our Robert Morris, the well-known financier, who was visiting at his father's house when he was born and stood as godfather to the child. The elder Moore was, like many an Englishman at that time, a fervent admirer of America, which he dressed up in imagination to suit his own *a priori* theories; and his house was much frequented by Americans visiting London, who found there hospitality and a sympathetic society. No doubt it is to this early influence that Morris Moore owes his strong predilection for America and Americans. To have come from this side the water is a sure passport to his favor, and many an art-loving American has found in Mr. Moore's companionship a new pleasure in the life of Florence and Rome. He was taken in early youth to Italy, where his natural love of art was fostered and trained, "not with blinded eye-sight poring over miserable books," but by living studies, laboriously, enthusiastically pursued in the presence of the masterworks of the greatest artists. With small means, but knowing well how to use opportunity, Mr. Moore has visited every part of Italy, and has made himself familiar with her art in the only way in which familiarity can be acquired with any art, by a long-continued, minute study of the works themselves. It is only by such studies that a first-rate critic can be formed, but, it is almost superfluous to add, this practical education must be built up on a foundation of natural perception and an inborn love of the subject. It is in the very remarkable union of these essential elements that Mr. Moore's strength as an authority on Italian art consists. To make a man a critical authority, a knowledge of the literary side of the subject, no matter how extensive or minute, will not suffice; nor the having seen a great many works of art; nor even the possession

of good natural powers of perception. The first of these, indeed, a man may do without, but, while the others are essential, the wide experience must be analyzed and reduced to order by scientific observation, and judgment must restrain the eagerness of perception before a man can feel an honest confidence in his own power as a critic, or can, without misgiving, ask the world to trust him in that capacity.

With an eye fresh from the galleries of Italy, Mr. Moore, on his return to England, visited the National Gallery; and his indignation was roused by the condition in which he found the most valuable pictures of the collection,—pictures by Claude, Rubens, Paul Veronese, Valasquez,—on which "restorers," "cleaners," and "preservers" of all sorts were ruthlessly at work, with the permission if not with the active co-operation of the director, Sir Charles Eastlake. It was already too late with regard to some of the most important works to do more than protest, but the few works as yet untouched might be saved, and the utter ruin of some of those still in the hands of the "restorers" and "preservers" might be prevented by vigorous remonstrance. Mr. Moore at once sounded the alarm, and in a series of letters to the London "Times," under the signature of "Verax," made such a commotion that, as a first result, Director Eastlake, in 1847, resigned his position. It is difficult at the present day to understand how this gentleman ever came to be made director at all. It is probable that social influences had the shaping of the matter; certainly he was not appointed either because he was a good painter or because he was an authority in matters of art. He was one of the weakest painters of the namby-pamby school, his name as an artist hardly known even at home in his own time; while, for his knowledge of art, it is sufficient that he not only stood by and saw the finest pictures belonging to the nation and committed to his charge ruined, but also spent a large sum of the nation's money in most injudicious purchases, paying, for one item, £600 for a spurious Holbein, called, by himself, "The Portrait of a Medical Gentleman," which almost immediately afterward was withdrawn from the public view.

But Sir Charles Eastlake was protected by Prince Albert, to whom he owed his appointment, and he was upheld at this time not only by the Prince, but by the many German amateurs, dilettanti, and so-called "professors," that surrounded the

court in those unhappy days for English art and English culture. He was soon appointed to the presidency of the Royal Academy, fitly succeeding Sir Martin Archer Shee, who only lives, like a fly in amber, in Charles Lamb's merry pun.\* It was Shee who said before a Parliamentary Commission that he considered the Royal Academy a much more important establishment than the National Gallery, which he looked upon as a mere *hortus siccus*. He said, before the same body, that it would be difficult to find modern works so badly drawn as the cartoons of Raphael at Hampton Court. And, again, in trying to prevent the purchase by the nation of the so-called "Manchester" Madonna, then ascribed to Ghirlandajo, but now known to be by Michelangelo, he said he should be ashamed of any pupil of the Royal Academy who could not draw better than that. Sir Charles Eastlake, who succeeded in the presidency to this Boeotian *pur sang*, may be said to have handed in his credentials with this answer to a question of the committee: "I would *not* recommend the issuing of engravings from the drawings of the great masters, such as those of Michelangelo and Raphael in the collection at Oxford. I approve of the system of issuing outlines after the manner of Retzsch. Outlines after the manner of Retzsch would promote the higher class of art."

It happened that by an agreement entered into some years before between the two Institutions, the President of the Royal Academy is *ex officio* a trustee of the National Gallery. On his appointment to the presidency therefore, after the death of Shee, Sir Charles Eastlake, although he had resigned the directorship in 1847, became entitled, by virtue of his new position, to meddle again in the affairs of the National Gallery as a trustee. The "cleaning," "restoring," and "preserving" went on as before. But Mr. Morris Moore was not to be circumvented. He opened fire again, and this time, backed by men of eminence and position, the Earl of Onslow, Lord Elcho, Mr. Coningham, Walter Savage Landor, Mr. Seymour Kirkup and others, and most efficiently supported by the newspapers, he succeeded in forcing the question upon the attention of Parliament. In April, 1853, the House of Commons appointed a committee of seventeen members

to look into the management of the National Gallery, and to take evidence. Nothing came of the investigation, for, though the committee was not wholly what is called here at home "a whitewashing committee," yet it was of that nature, and the actual result arrived at can only appear from the reading of the testimony. If Sir Charles Eastlake had run away with the Channel Fleet or had allowed the army to be ingloriously gobbled up by the Cetewayo of the period, or had embezzled the Funds, he might have been made to feel in some mild way that he had not fulfilled the expectations of those who employed him, and he might have been retired on a pension or received a sinecure. But, so great was the indifference to art in England, and so few, even among the educated class, were capable of appreciating the situation we have described, that there was really no obstacle in the way of Prince Albert and his Germans standing by the court appointee and rewarding him for the loss of one office by giving him another and another.

The result of the investigation by the committee of the House of Commons into the condition of the National Gallery was such as to raise very sensibly, with that portion of the public really interested in the matter, the estimate of Mr. Moore's services and of his knowledge of art.\* Only quotation, for which we hardly have room, would suffice to do justice to the extraordinary state of things laid open by the examination of the witnesses. It is only in England, surely, that servility could be carried to such an extent as it was on this occasion. Nothing could have been more damaging to his own professional reputation than the testimony that was wrung from Eastlake himself on this examination. He admitted that Claude's "Queen of Sheba" had been ill and tastelessly cleaned—too much cleaned; and that the "cleaned pictures do now very much want some of that *dirt* which they had before." He said that "one of the injured Claudes, an 'Annunciation,' No. 61, called by some, 'The Angel appearing to Hagar,' would be much improved if you were to take a little dust and rub that over it; that

\* A friend pointed to one of the president's pictures, saying: "This is by Shee." "My dear fellow," said Lamb, "you mean 'by her.'"

\* The Earl of Onslow in his will leaves Mr. Morris Moore "200 guineas in token of the high opinion I entertain of him as a consummate judge of pictorial art in all its various branches, and of that manly bearing which so strikingly marked his conduct throughout the tedious labors of the Committee of the House of Commons (1853) on the National Gallery Question."

that would do great good," and he recommended that it should be left without its glass for at least a twelvemonth, so that it might have the benefit of dirt; for "dirt," said he, "has the effect of glazing," etc., etc. And to conclude, he made the following confession: "I wish to state, as plainly as possible, that I might have prevented the purchase of the Holbein. I can hardly assume that such a director as I think fit for the National Gallery would make such a mistake."\*

It was while this half-political, half-artistic conflict was raging over the affairs of the National Gallery, that an event occurred which was destined, in the end, to turn the whole current of Mr. Moore's life into another channel. This was his purchase at auction, at Christie's well known rooms, of a small picture by Raphael, the now famous "Apollo and Marsyas." Another man might have bought this same picture, and nothing particular would have come of it. If he had been a rich man, he would have carried it home and hung it up in his dining room, where, for the rest of his life it would have added a delicious zest to "the after-dinner chat across the walnuts and the wine." Or, if he had been an ordinary frequenter of sales, who had, at last, after years of waiting, secured a prize, he would have marched off to the National Gallery with it, and sold it to the Trustees at a bargain. But not thus did Mr. Morris Moore trifle with the gifts of the gods. In his hands the picture was destined to play a more important part: it was to become, for nearly thirty years, a touch-stone for the connoisseurship of Europe.

The singular chain of circumstances by which so remarkable a picture as this came into the hands of its present owner may interest our readers. The last owner of the "Apollo and Marsyas" before Mr. Moore bought it was a Mr. Duroveray, a person known to a small circle as a collector,

and who had valued it extremely, keeping it always in sight, but never, I believe, attributing it to any master in particular. The only other person to whom it is known to have belonged is John Barnard, one of the celebrated collectors of the last century, and a friend of Reynolds. His initials are to be seen on the back of the panel. I do not know whether Mr. Moore had seen the picture at the house of Mr. Duroveray, or whether he saw it for the first time at the auction room where that gentleman's pictures were sent to be sold after his death. The auction-room was Christie's, which is to the great metropolis of the world what the Hôtel Druot is to Paris, the place where the world of connoisseurs, amateurs, art-loving idlers and curiosity-hunters most do congregate, there to watch the wrecks of noble houses and private fortunes, and the madness of collectors, change hands and be dispersed. At these sales it is the old custom to allow the articles to remain "on view" for three days previous to the sale; but on this occasion the sale was postponed until the seventh day. This delay was, I believe accidental, nor have I ever heard any reason given for it. It is a fact, however, not without significance, that one of the most beautiful pictures in the world hung in a public room in London for seven days, where it was seen by many people whose business or pleasure made them constant visitors at Christie's, and yet, as the sequel will show, Mr. Moore carried off his prize almost without the show of opposition. Among the visitors was Sir Charles Eastlake himself, who passed the pictures in review, and, as he came to this one, dismissed it lightly with a "Very pretty picture, that," to the friend at his elbow.

This was, of course, excusable. How is a president of the Royal Academy, a director of the National Gallery, and an editor, with learned notes, of a German "History of Painting," to say nothing of the author of contributions to the History of Oil-Painting, to recognize a work by Raphael, unless it is attributed to that artist in the catalogue of the sale? What are sale-catalogues and museum-catalogues for, unless it be to tell people who do not know, just what articles it is safe to buy, and just what things it is safe to admire? And the bother of it was that, in the sale-catalogue, the "Apollo and Marsyas" was not attributed to Raphael at all. Consequently, the President of the Royal Academy had no clue at all to guide him in judging of this picture. When he

\* Notwithstanding these facts, all matters of official record, it still remains that Sir Charles Eastlake bears for the world at large, and will always bear a respectable name. This is largely owing to his titles of Knight, President of the Royal Academy, and Director of the National Gallery, but also to his name being linked with certain dry-as-dust pieces of book-making which nobody ever reads, or needs to read, but which,—one of them at least,—are considered to add a certain weight to the conventional gentleman's library. He edited, with notes, his wife's translation of that portion of Kugler's "History of Painting" which relates to painting in Italy, he collected some essays toward a history of oil painting, and he edited a translation of Goethe's "Theory of Colors."

bought the "Portrait of a Medical Gentleman" by Holbein, for his National Gallery, he was not without a clue of some kind. He knew that it was by Holbein because it was signed by that master, though it did, unfortunately, turn out that the initials were, not only wrong, but forged, into the bargain.

Mr. Moore, however, carried his clue in his brain, and did not worry himself about the catalogue's sins of omission or commission. He knew as well then as every true connoisseur knows now, that the only proofs of authenticity worth having are contained in the work of art itself; that the only signature to be trusted is that of the master's hand, written in every stroke of the brush. He knew then, as a great many people know now, that "documents," "pedigrees," "certificates," no matter how much sealed and signed, can never be of the least value to a man who has learned to study pictures from the inside. Marshal all your documents; bring forward your real, circumstantial certificates; and then, if you can, supply the link that connects irrefragably your picture with your documents. It cannot be done. And, in any case, what has the real connoisseur to do with documents? If the picture says to his conscience, "I was never painted by that master," will he believe the papers? And, if the picture says to his conscience, "You know I was painted by that master," of what use to him is written testimony?

Mr. Moore has told me that, during the whole of the six days the picture was on view, he did not hear the name of Raphael—nor, indeed, for that matter, the name of any master—mentioned in connection with it. One day, however, he had a fright. There was a well-known picture-dealer in London in those days,—a coarse, uneducated man, but with some skill in his business,—whom Mr. Moore met one day at the foot of the stairs coming down from Christie's "big room," as he himself was going up. "Good day, Moore," said the picture-dealer. "Going up to see the pictures? They say there's a Raffle among 'em." For a moment, Mr. Moore's heart sank to his heels; but, on reaching the room and making the rounds, he could find no confirmation of the dealer's remark. When the day of the sale arrived, Mr. Moore did not judge it prudent to bid on the picture for himself, and he therefore asked a friend to bid for him. But, to his disappointment, his friend excused himself with many regrets, having already promised to bid for another person. The two sat

side by side as the bidding went on. "Tell me when you have reached your limit," said Mr. Moore, and when the word came, "I have gone as far as I can," "Then bid for me till I tell you to stop," said Mr. Moore. And, in the end, he became the possessor of the picture. When he had it safely lodged in his own house, Mr. Moore quietly informed his friends that he was the owner of a masterpiece of Raphael, painted in his best time, and in the most perfect condition.

The picture of which Mr. Moore now found himself the happy owner is painted in oils on a panel of poplar-wood 15 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches high by 11 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches broad. A dark band running from top to bottom on each of the sides diminishes the breadth of the actual painting by a considerable part of an inch, and covers the space that would naturally be lost in the shadow of the frame. The subject of the picture is the legend of the contest between Apollo and Marsyas for the victory in music, and the point chosen is where the god is calmly listening while his antagonist plays upon the pipe. Both the painting and the panel are in perfect condition: the panel has neither warped nor cracked, and the painting has never been so much as touched by the hand of "restorer," "cleaner," or "preserver." The work is executed in every part with the utmost care, and is elaborately finished throughout. The highest lights on the hair of the god, on his lyre and bow, and even some portions of the foliage, are lightly touched with gold. Raphael has, with his usual taste, chosen for the point of time, not the cruel end of the story, where Marsyas, suspended from a pine-tree, is flayed alive for his presumption, but the prelude to the tragedy, where, as in the antique drama, the victim, whose fate we all foresee, sits for the moment happy in fancied security. The story ran that Marsyas, coming to the plain of Nysa, met Apollo, who had made himself famous by his playing upon the lyre. Marsyas challenged him to a contest; the Nysians were chosen as judges, and the conquered was to be at the disposal of the conqueror. The result of the contest is differently narrated. According to Diodorus, Apollo began upon his lyre, then Marsyas played upon his flute, and the Nysians, never having heard that instrument, were so taken with it and with the skill of Marsyas that they had almost cried out for him. Then Apollo took up his lyre again, and this time accompanied it with his voice. Marsyas appealed to the judges to know if

this were fair, since the question lay between the flute and the lyre alone, and that Apollo was employing two arts against one. Apollo defended himself by the plea that he was doing no more than Marsyas himself, who, in playing on the flute, used both his breath and his fingers. The logic of the gods was fatal, Marsyas and the Nysians gave way, and a third trial was ordered, which proved fatal to Marsyas. Another writer tells us that in this third trial Apollo turned his lyre upside down, and having played wonderfully well upon it thus reversed, challenged Marsyas to do the same with his flute. And when he declared it was impossible, the Nysians, who saw with whom they had to deal, gave the victory to Apollo.

On page 25 will be found an engraving of the original drawing by Raphael for this composition, which has long been admired in the Collection of the Academy of Fine Art in Venice, where it is described in the catalogue as "a work of rare perfection, in which Raphael displays all his elegance." It is interesting to note the differences between the first intentions of the artist and his final conclusions. It is to be remarked that the figures in the drawing are precisely the same size as those in the picture, and here, as in the case of other drawings by Raphael, there is still visible the line of punctured dots about the figures which show that they were transferred directly to the panel. The difference in size between the picture and the drawing is made up by differences in the background. For the first time the two are now engraved in such a way as to show their precise relations.

In the drawing the composition is divided into two parts by a tree, as in Raphael's "Dream of a Knight" in the National Gallery. In the picture the tree is diminished to a stump upon which the god has suspended his lyre, while the bow, with its belt and quiver, lies at its foot. In the drawing Marsyas is given the ears of the satyr which he was described as being, in some of the earlier forms of the legend; in the finished picture, this trait has disappeared, and by giving Marsyas the compact vigorous frame of a young rustic, Raphael has made the issue between him and the god appear less unequal. In the beautiful coloring of the picture,—and the coloring is more harmoniously beautiful than anything I know in early Italian art,—the figure of Marsyas suggests an antique bronze of the best period. And to note one other essential difference between the picture and the

drawing, we find in the drawing the head of Apollo wreathed with victorious bays, whereas, in the picture the head of the god is crowned only with his luxuriant, lightly waving golden hair. Raphael saw that the contest not being yet over, the wreath would be out of place on the head of Apollo. Differences such as these are for the pleasure of the layman; artists will enjoy studying the entire change in the composition of the landscape by which light and air and space are given, and each of the figures is set in the relief that belongs to him.

Even by the aid of Mr. Cole's exquisite engraving, it is impossible for one who has not seen the picture to get an adequate notion of the perfection of the paintings, which unites with the most elaborate, minute, and painstaking conception and finish in the detail, a superb breadth and luminousness in the treatment of the whole. No wonder that an Italian, Professor Tommaso Minardi, wrote, after returning again to this most ripe and lovely creation: "Oh, Raphael, happy soul at home in Paradise, many times as I see thy picture, I find in it each time beauties never seen before." Walter Savage Landor wrote to Mr. Moore, on receiving from him a copy of the "Leader" of September 7, 1850, containing an engraving of the "Apollo and Marsyas," by John Linton, with a description and criticism of the picture by Thornton Hunt, "Many thanks for your present of the 'Leader,' containing a print of your inestimable Raphael. The picture is incomparably the most beautiful I have ever seen."

It was not to be expected that Sir Charles Eastlake and his friends would accept Mr. Moore's ascription of his picture or acknowledge its beauties. They had good reasons for feeling very hostile to Mr. Moore, and with all due recognition of their ill deserts, it must in truth be acknowledged that Mr. Moore had left no stone unturned to earn their hostility. He went into the fight with a good will, and he laid about him with youthful earnestness and vigor, and a hearty, honest English hatred of shams and lies. Something has been said about his temper, and it is true that in reading his deliverances on the subject, one is not struck with their going too far on the side of amiability. But something of the roughness of Mr. Moore's handling of his opponent is due to that "customary attitude" of the Englishman of which we have lately heard so much; something, too, is due to the fashion of the time.

Here is a pamphlet with extracts (they are the same that were presented by Mr. Otway in Parliament), relating to this subject, taken from thirty of the principal newspapers, weekly journals, magazines and reviews in England, and the general style of rebuke and denunciation of Eastlake, Nevins, Passavant, Waagen, and the rest is not different in kind from Mr. Moore's. No doubt, the English are more moderate now. Whatever Mr. Moore's roughness may have been, this must be remembered: he was never so much as accused, in the hottest of the conflict, of a false statement, he was never once caught tripping, he wielded a manly logic, and he showed a thorough preparation for the work he had in hand. And as for his "Apollo and Marsyas," there are no apologies or explanations to make. His enemies might hold their tongues about it, but in only one case did any person with even the shadow of authority about his name, venture to deny its authorship. The reason is plain. It having once been admitted by the Eastlake party, people with reputations to lose as critics, amateurs, or connoisseurs, were cautious in their denial of the conclusions of such an authority as Mr. Moore, because, if they distinctly denied the picture to be by Raphael, the question would at once be asked, "If not by Raphael, then by whom? No one was ever able to name this other man. And so far as I know, only one person attempted the dangerous feat. A German named Passavant, a *protégé* of Prince Albert, the guest in London of Sir Charles Eastlake, and the author of certain books, which are as inaccurate as they are dull, did, on first glancing at the picture, perceive, clever man that he was, that it could not be by Raphael, and declared, on a certain Thursday, his unalterable belief that it was painted by Francia. At this absurd announcement (for the picture bears not any resemblance to the manner of Francia), consternation must have filled the Anglo-German camp, and measures were taken so actively, that on the very next Monday Mr. Passavant declared that when, on the previous Friday, he had said it was his unalterable opinion that the picture must be by Francia, he wasn't thinking. It was now his belief that it might have been painted by Timoteo della Vite. This attribution was sillier than the other. Timoteo was a name almost unknown even on the continent at that time, and still less known in England; no picture of his is in the National Gallery:

and he was a painter of so little value,—as anybody may know who will study his works where they may best be seen, at the Brevia, in Milan—that those who did know anything about him, could only account for his being named on one hypothesis: Mr. Passavant had selected an artist of whom it was pretty certain no one in England knew anything, in order to make refutation of his theory difficult if not impossible. Mr. Moore might well be proud of the long list of names of men and women, distinguished for their rank, their learning, their accomplishment—Italians, Germans, English, French, Americans—bearing testimony to the beauty of his picture, and all without a dissenting voice declaring their belief that only Raphael could have painted it. But, I suppose, the owner of the "Apollo and Marsyas," like the owner of any priceless jewel, cannot feel the value of his possession greatly enhanced by the admiration it extorts. He knows very well, that whoever sees his Raphael cannot choose, but must admire, and has so exalted an idea of the perfection of his favorite painter, it is impossible he should think that anything said in praise of him, no matter by whom, can add one cubit to his stature. Yet there stands the testimony, and it may well be doubted whether any other picture in the world can show such an array of names so unanimous in the enthusiastic expression of their admiration. It is pleasant to record that some of the most forcible expressions of opinion come from Germans whose names carry weight everywhere—Friedrich Overbeck, Peter von Cornelius, Schnorr von Carolsfeld, Julius Hübner, Moritz von Schwind, L. Gruner, Jos. Böhm, Dr. G. Carus, Ernst Förster, and the engravers, Mandel and Edward Steinla. Overbeck, all his life a devoted student of Raphael, writes, in 1860, in a strain of almost lyric enthusiasm:

"There is no need of certificates, monograms, sketches or studies of any sort, to prove that this precious picture, the Apollo and Marsyas, is from the hand of Raphael himself. In this work the young master cries with a loud voice to all the world, in accents not to be mistaken: 'As here Apollo shows himself already sure of victory over Marsyas, so by my genius shall I surpass everything that has thus far been created in art.'"

And Cornelius, more tersely but with no less meaning:

"It would have been the highest good fortune for art if there could have existed another artist beside Raphael capable of having painted such a work."

The Italian names are many and important; but I need only mention the invitation to Mr. Moore from the Academy in Florence to exhibit his two Raphaels, "The Apollo and Marsyas" and the "Portrait of Dante" in their galleries; the request of the Pontifical government that he would permit his picture to be engraved under its authority in the government establishment; and lastly, the action of the government of the city of Urbino in setting apart a room in the house where Raphael was born, for Mr. Moore's use whenever he should visit Urbino, as a token of respect for one who had done Raphael so much honor. More important is the testimony of French talent and learning,—for with the connoisseur, the verdict of French criticism cannot be heard without respect, nor, were that adverse, would he greatly care what that of others might be. The best French critics accepted the "Apollo and Marsyas" at once, nor was there ever any opposition in Paris to its taking its proper place as a masterpiece of Raphael. Count Henri Delaborde wrote in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" for July, 1858, an article on the subject, in which the picture was most skillfully analyzed; and in the "*Gazette des Beaux Arts*" for July, 1859, the reader will find an etching of the picture accompanied by an article by M. Gruyer in which the cause of the picture and that of Mr. Moore are vigorously and skillfully defended. Articles appeared in all the leading Paris journals, the "*Débats*," "*Siccle*," "*Constitutionnel*," "*Indépendance Belge*," written by Décluzé, Tardieu and other well-known writers, while among the French artists Ingres, Flandrin, Delacroix, Robert Fleury and the engraver Henriquel-Dupont expressed their admiration of the picture in the strongest terms.

Nor have American artists been less outspoken. A recent expression of opinion on our side the water has been the earnest letters from Mr. Eugene Benson to the editor of the New York "*Evening Post*" (see that journal for June 20 and 26, 1879), thus fitly closing the list of American testimonials to the beauty and authenticity of the picture which was opened just ten years ago by Mr. James Jackson Jarves in his "*Art Thoughts*." Mr. Jarves gave an excellent description of the picture, and spoke in eloquent terms of its precious qualities. And Mr. Jarves' opinion is upheld by such excellent judges as Mr. George Inness, Mr. Elihu Vedder, Mr. G. P. A. Healy, and Mr. W. W. Story. Mr. Vedder writes to Mr. Moore, May 1, 1870:

"I have now seen this perfect picture, Raphael's 'Apollo and Marsyas,' several times, and each time with renewed enthusiasm. Like the 'Vision of Ezekiel'\* I always remember it as a large picture, and am surprised at its actual size. In its perfect preservation it should be a lesson to modern painters. I regard it as simply one of the glories of the world."

One object in writing this article will have been accomplished if it should give to the many Americans who have seen the picture in Rome a fresh impulse to do something practical toward the purchase of it, for some one of our home Museums. Every American who has ever seen it has expressed more or less strongly the wish that it might belong to Americans, but as yet nothing has been done to make that consummation possible. I am myself convinced, and I have some reason for my belief, that nothing will come of appeals in its behalf to the "rich men" of our community.† If instead of being a consummate work by the greatest artist who ever lived, it were a picture by Gérôme, Meissonier, or some one of the notables of the hour, their coöperation might be looked for. But the purchase of the "Apollo and Marsyas," if it be accomplished at all, must be the result of a subscription among the not-rich lovers of art for its own sake, backed by the artists, who, besides the pleasure they would have in the possession, would find their profession strengthened in the affection and respect of the public by the presence of such a standard.

We cannot have an art museum without art, and art, properly speaking, means pictures and statues. Porcelain, pottery and majolica, carved ivories, fans, snuff-boxes, and lace are, or may be, artistic things, but they are subordinate, and ought to be kept subordinate to the main thing. Even if the improvement of the industrial arts be the chief thing looked to in the establishment of a

\* The "Apollo and Marsyas" is of the same size as "The Vision of Ezekiel."

† Not because they cannot judge for themselves, but because they will not. As a rule they are in the hands of the dealers, and buy almost exclusively as they see their way to a good speculation. Mr. John Taylor Johnston is a black swan among our rich men, in that he has the good sense to take advice from those whom he knows to be good judges and disinterested. It is to his wisdom and liberality combined, that this community owes the Cesnola Collection, Turner's "Slave Ship" and the King Collection of gems.

museum, it is beginning at the wrong end to set first before the public and before our mechanics and artisans the subordinate forms of art. It is the Louvre, that glorious collection by the free gift of which to the people France proves her essential democracy—it is the Louvre, and not the Museum at Sèvres, that keeps up

whole public, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, will do more in a year to educate us in the enjoyment of art for its own sake than all the present contents of the Museum, valuable as they are, could do in a century—for the simple reason that, not being art, they could of course do next to nothing toward making us love it.



MICHELANGELO'S "VIRGIN OF THE LECTERN," OWNED BY MR. MORRIS MOORE, OF ROME.  
(AFTER A DRAWING BY FRANCIS LATHROP.)

in France the race of potters who do her so much honor and increase her revenues; and it is because England has no Louvre, but only a South Kensington, that her potters and her "art" manufacturers generally are merely imitators and copyists, however clever or clumsy. It is only the highest art that has the power to create, and if we want to raise artists we must feed them on celestial food. The possession of one such picture as the "Apollo and Marsyas" of Raphael, by our Metropolitan Museum, free as that museum is henceforth to be at all times to the

Only a little room is left for speaking of Mr. Moore's Michelangelo, here engraved for the first time, "The Virgin of the Lectern." From a certain point of view a new easel-picture by Michelangelo is of almost greater value and interest than one by Raphael, because so few are known to exist. The best known is the "Holy Family," in the Tribune of the Uffizi at Florence, and the National Gallery of London has two others, both unfinished, "The Madonna and Infant Christ, St. John the Baptist and Angels," and the "Entombment

of our Lord." Of these the former is the more celebrated; it formed one of the principal features of the Manchester Fine Arts Exhibition in 1857, up to which time it had been attributed to Domenico Ghirlandajo. Mr. Moore was the first to accredit it to Michelangelo, to whom it is now without dispute ascribed. The present picture, which Mr. Moore has owned for many years, but which I never had the good fortune to see, since it was not in Italy at the time I was in that country, is, so far as I can judge from the photograph, a more interesting and characteristic picture than any of the others, certainly it is far more pleasing than the Florentine example, or than either of the unfinished pictures in the National Gallery. I take it to be a very youthful work, and find in the attenuated and writhing figure of the Christ child with his aged face, a reminiscence of the early Germans, as if it might have been inspired by Michelangelo's youthful study of Schongauer. It is, however, in this very figure that the student of Michelangelo will find the seal of the master, the type of much

that we meet afterward in the Sistine Chapel. The Virgin herself recalls the Delphic Sybil in the ceiling of the Vatican, and the St. John reminds us of the figure of Duke Lorenzo, "Il Pensiero," in the Chapel of the Medici. He holds in his hand the same little cup that he has in the bass-relief of the Holy Family in the National Gallery. The lectern at the left hand of the picture is of the same type as the candelabrum designed and executed by Michelangelo, which is one of two on the altar of the Chapel of the Medici. The picture is painted in tempera on panel, and has a diameter of 2 feet 2 inches.

Here are three pictures that would make any gallery that should contain them a formidable rival of the best collection in Europe. With the "Apollo and Marsyas," and the "Portrait of Dante," by Raphael, and the "Virgin of the Lectern," by Michelangelo, on its walls, the Metropolitan Museum of New York need not veil its head to the National Gallery; nor does any one gallery in Europe possess three such specimens as these of the skill of the two great Princes of the Kingdom of Painting.

#### GALATEA.

THEN thrilled with sharp remorse, he held her off,  
So that the moonlight bathed the wondrous form  
That quivered still with his last fond caress.

"And have I wakened thee to life and love,—  
Life with its burden, love with thorny crown,  
And death that puts an end to all fair things,—  
Who might'st have stood in calm and stony grace  
And perfect beauty all the ages through?  
Forgive me, sweet!"

But while the first sad tears  
Sprang to her eyes, and while her heart beat quick  
For dread of all the untried years might bring,  
She, woman-like, laid her warm lips to his,  
And whispered soft:

"Be comforted, my own;  
Could I have spoken, this had been my choice,  
Since love atoneth both for life and death."

#### RARE LAWN-TREES.

We have noticed in another place,\* the existence of certain distinctions among plants that suggest in a certain way the differences between the aristocrat, the bourgeois and the peasant. Such distinctions may be fanciful,

\* SCRIBNER for June, 1879.

but we think those who have lived among plants and have loved them will acknowledge the truth of the comparison. It expresses something which must needs be kept in view if lawn-planting is to be made effective. We desire now, therefore, to call attention

briefly to some noteworthy distinguished, aristocratic trees, specimens that any one would hesitate to obscure in a mass. For, essential as effective grouping may be, it can never rival in importance the graceful, majestic, or otherwise charming bearing of isolated specimens. The number of choice and peculiar trees is so great that we shall present only such as combine in the highest degree remarkable qualities of color and

Fruit-trees, as we all know, are usually and properly planted in regular orchards, and though often fine from an ornamental point of view, do not seem generally suited for the lawn. They may, indeed, be intermingled with lawn-trees by intelligent planters, who manage them with skill, but we feel, nevertheless, they are out of place.

The first of our illustrations, however, shows a highly ornamental example of the



THE DOUBLE FLOWERING CHERRY.

form. It is easy to find among plants either remarkable color or remarkable form, but to obtain hardy plants notably uniting these qualities in excellent proportions is a more difficult task. We have, moreover, thought it best to exhibit here specimens of these harmoniously developed lawn-trees in full maturity and great perfection. The illustrations here given are, in short, faithful studies of superior specimens of their kind. Indeed, we question whether it would be possible to find in America a dozen—no, half a dozen—specimens of either variety mentioned, equaling, not to say excelling, the trees illustrated. But what shall we consider first? Each is so fine in its own peculiar way, that we confess to a difficulty in establishing any claim to singular pre-eminence. Perhaps, however, it may not be amiss to look first at trees that are familiar under other and allied forms—not because we expect to find in them old friends, but because a new interest for lawn-planting may thus come to us, when we discover that such trees may be so grown as to deserve prominent positions on the lawn.

cherry. It will be noticed that it presents little of the appearance of ordinary cherry-trees, other qualities having become prominent as well as permanent in its character. It is a double flowering cherry doubtless derived long ago from some common cherry-tree that had acquired an abnormal habit of producing sterile and double flowers. Some twig or bud evincing this tendency has been grafted or budded on the ordinary cherry stock, and thus has been perpetuated a double flowering cherry that bears no fruit. There are many varieties that have arisen from these "sporting" proclivities of various cherry-trees, and we have chosen for our illustration a grand specimen of one of the most common, if not the best of these varieties. It is 50 feet high and 50 feet in diameter of foliage, and the trunk is 4 feet through as many feet from the ground. At least 35 years old, it has all the picturesque contours of trunk and branches that characterize the common fruit-bearing cherry-tree of that age, with none of the decrepitude apt to appear at the same time,

especially in America. Spreading abroad great branches with bark ridged and furrowed, and possessing an outline both bold and picturesque, it would be a fine tree even if these were its only good qualities. But one more, at least, it has in full measure, for truly the innumerable flowers covering its entire exterior surface make a crowning glory for several weeks in the spring. These flowers are, moreover, larger and purer in color, and inclined to remain longer on the tree than those of the common fruit-bearing cherry.

brought to America from Japan. Indeed, we are not aware of the existence of any good specimen except the one to which we refer. We would not, of course, intimate that this tree may not have existed in America years ago, for it is surprising how plants creep into a country and remain undistinguished for years. Yet, practically, they do not exist because their merits are not recognized and employed. The specimen in question is moreover remarkable, not because there are no other weeping



THE ENGLISH HAWTHORN.

Another cherry-tree to which we are constrained to refer in connection with the flowering variety has, in its peculiar weeping form, an equally ornamental habit. To secure the recognition of the special habit of weeping trees, they should stand apart from others, if not in distinguished positions. We know little of the character of this weeping tree farther than its general appearance and behavior for the three or four years since it was

cherries, but because it is entirely different from any other weeping form of that tree. Barring this tendency, it is a common, hardy cherry, only with the branches reversed in growth and the leaves somewhat elongated. Other weeping varieties are either small and round-headed or in some way differ completely from the common fruit-bearing cherry-tree. Here, however, we have apparently the common cherry with

grotesque and vigorous branches sweeping down to the ground and closely enfolding the stem. The specimen referred to is, indeed, only a young tree eight or ten feet high, but if it is thus picturesque when young, it must certainly possess greater attractions when older. Its vigor, moreover, as a weeping tree gives it still further value, for save certain willows and poplars,—trees of short-lived beauty at best,—we hardly know of a rapid-growing weeping tree. Fortunately, this new cherry can be readily budded or grafted on the common cherry stock; we may, therefore, soon expect to see it generally propagated and employed. The Japanese are said to consider it their choicest weeping tree, and when in full bloom it certainly presents a lovely appearance. The flowers are smaller and not so white as those of the common flowering cherry.

Our next illustration shows the hawthorn, —*Crataegus oxycantha*,—one of the common trees that may be found on almost any lawn either in proper person, or represented by some closely allied variety. Why then does this picture seem extraordinary to us? Simply because in America a vigorous, healthy thorn is an uncommon sight. It is a pity that blight should strike the hawthorn in this country, for every one knows that one of the most pleasing features of rural England lies in its charming hawthorn hedges, trees and flowers. Sweet at spring-time and rich in summer, they are associated with perhaps the loveliest country walks in the world. We should like to be able to tell how to grow a good hawthorn in any sure fashion. A dry, light soil should be avoided. The pruning must be decided and thorough, though not too severe. But after all you must take your chances to a certain degree and thank your stars if you get a really good specimen. In point of fact, the hawthorn thus healthy and thus developed is a choice and rare tree in America. Englishmen that know well the hawthorn of their own country have stood before the specimen here pictured and declared that it would be even in England a very noteworthy tree of its kind. Its history, doubtless, dates back many generations, and the wonder is how it has lived and thrived so long. It must have been veritable British land in which it was planted along the old king's highway. Indeed, the old road, on the border of which it stands, was in early colonial times the main road in Flushing going east-

ward. The fact that this tree is one of the oldest features in the neighborhood, its peculiar habit and the rare occurrence of any choice specimens of its kind, all contribute to lend it a special interest among even the rarest trees. In itself, moreover, it is a curious and picturesque tree. The general effect produced by its form is that of enduring, firm, compact vigor. Trunks and branches are all ridged and furrowed, gnarled and twisted, but not seemingly stunted. On the other hand, they seem to enjoy a hale and rugged old age, pleasant to behold. The white flowers still put forth every year as profusely and as charmingly as they probably did a century ago, and are certainly as sweet-scented and delightful. But the practical question is, Can the hawthorn be made to live and thrive on our lawns? Unquestionably, if you give it rich, loamy soil, and prune systematically while young without cutting away too much wood and thus weakening and exposing it to the attacks of blight, etc. Besides, supposing you should lose, for one reason or another, three out of four plants,—an unnecessarily extreme supposition,—is not the enjoyment of the beauties of the fourth well worth the sacrifice?

The next illustration represents the picturesque and remarkably effective masses of the



CEDAR OF LEBANON.

cedar of Lebanon. The association of the cedar of Lebanon with Biblical scenes and history would alone secure for it the deepest interest. Possibly no tree grown in America surpasses it for the breadth and picturesque character of its dark masses. We refer, of course, to a tree in full maturity, like the specimen represented. When younger, the branches frequently stand more upright, and the forms are less massive. The original of this picture is in Flushing, near the old homestead of Hon. L. B. Prince, where it has stood at least fifty years. In other parts of the country, equally fine and possibly better specimens can be found, but this one is very noteworthy and well fitted to illustrate the peculiar appearance of the tree. Good specimens in this country are rare. It is not that the plant is tender, when well established, but that want of protection while young exposes it to occasional injury, if not death, from cold and from peculiar changes in early spring. We have often noticed with much interest and regret how the choicest specimens seem to fare the worst in the character of the positions selected for their occupation. What the cedar of Lebanon needs is complete protection on all sides with trees and shrubbery which are yet far enough away to afford light and room for growth of roots and branches. When it has reached a height of eight or ten feet, it will, in all probability, take care of itself and present a picturesque beauty that will fully repay the necessity for cutting away the shrubbery about it.

Thus far we have dwelt on trees that in some of their forms are tolerably familiar to tree lovers, but we come now to a group, the individual members of which present in every case a choice, unfamiliar and strikingly distinct form. Let us look at the illustration on page 39, which represents an existing group. Were ever trees of such diverse appearance gathered together? Note the grotesque spreading branches of the ginkgo, with its triangular, light-colored leaves, resembling some great maiden-hair fern. Then, on one side, as if endeavoring to present the utmost contrast, appears the weeping sophora, dark, green, symmetrical, assuming forms that, when clothed with foliage, are anything but grotesque. This plant constitutes the central and most interesting part of the picture; and close by are arranged erect, pyramidal dark green, Irish yews and the round-headed, light-colored cephalotaxus. These trees are

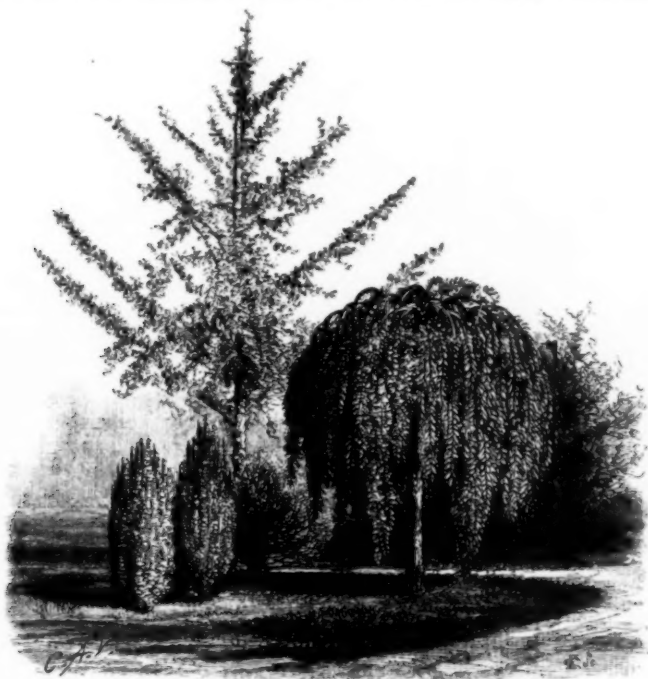
valuable in other ways than that of the capacity for grouping well together. Two members of the group, viz: the ginkgo and the weeping sophora, are from Japan, the country which sends us so many of our best hardy ornamental trees. The ginkgo is perhaps one of the most anomalous and curious of all ornamental trees. It is a true deciduous tree, and yet a conifer. With leaves resembling fronds of maiden-hair fern, the branches are invariably strong, massive and vigorous. The leaves remind one somewhat of small, awkwardly shaped palm-leaf fans. The color, too, as well as the form, is distinct, being a light shade of green of a peculiar type. Indeed, in making up this tree, nature seems to have brought together an assemblage of unexpected qualities, which not only produce an interesting plant, but a bold, picturesque feature on the lawn. To obtain the full effect of its large and striking outline, you must view it relieved against an open blue sky. The illustration shows it in this manner, and if such arrangement be impossible, pains should be taken to give its great form abundant room to develop. The wood, or rather bark, is of a light, yellowish green. But we must not linger too long over the ginkgo, extraordinary as its qualities are, for in the essential beauty and attraction of the best type of lawn-trees, it cannot equal the weeping sophora. This we say, knowing that the ginkgo is hardier and more easily grown from cuttings and seed than the weeping sophora. One seldom sees a good specimen of this tree in America; it is more common in Europe. In fact, the specimen illustrated is one of the few well-developed weeping sophoras now existing in America; all, or almost all, high grafted specimens are imported. Our summer suns and sudden changes of weather seem to crack, blacken and destroy the stem of the stock *Sophora Japonica* before it attains the desired height for grafting, which is about seven feet. Importing, however, is hazardous, for the roots are destitute of fiber and peculiarly susceptible of injury on the voyage. It may readily be conceived that such plants are difficult to transplant successfully, and take long to recover their original beauty. The stems of many specimens of the weeping sophora are so crooked that the percentage of well-developed plants is still further reduced. In America, on account of the same hot suns and sudden changes, a system of low grafting for such trees will doubtless become more and more popular

every year. But the specimen we are considering is grafted on a stem at least seven feet high, straight and well developed. Indeed, it is well known that crooked stems of all trees straighten as they grow older.

Setting aside these difficulties of transplanting and establishing the weeping sophora, nothing can surpass it for symmetry, fine coloring and the other good qualities that pertain to the best umbrella form of weeping trees. The leaves, suggesting somewhat those of a pea vine, small and of perfect outline, are numerous disposed in regular garlands that droop in graceful curves to the ground. In the older wood, the short, sharp, vigorous curves are very remarkable. For roundness of general habit and a beautiful regularity

shown in the picture on page 40 of a dead specimen of what was probably the largest tree of its kind in America. Although, at least, 35 years old, its height was not over 10 feet. It died from transplanting; but the rugged and remarkably curious forms still attest the extraordinary development it had already assumed.

The remaining members of the group are perhaps less striking than the sophora and the ginkgo, but each in its peculiar way is valuable as an ornament on the lawn. Of the two, the more remarkable is the Irish yew, a valuable member of a genus of conifers that offers many richly colored and strangely diverse forms. In England they are hardy and very generally employed; but

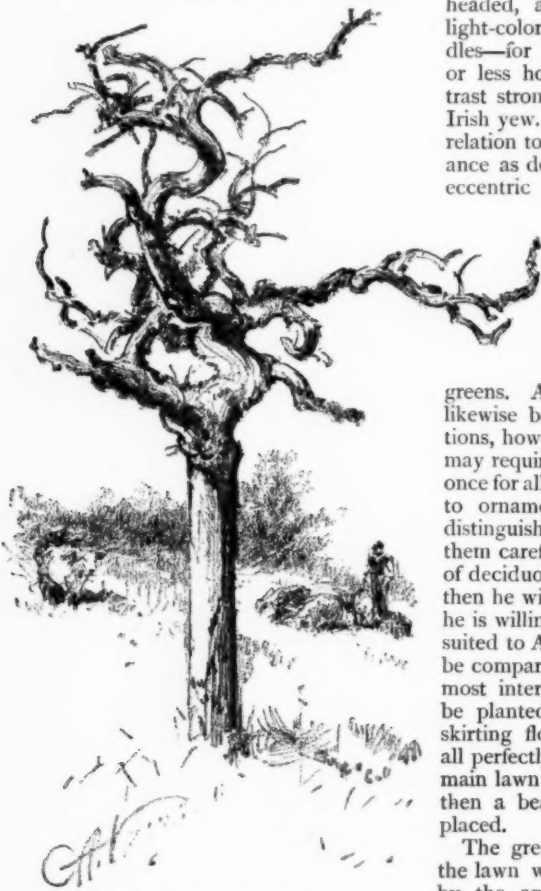


GINGKO TREE, IRISH YEW, AND WEEPING SOPHORA.

in the arrangement of the foliage, no tree on the lawn is more admirable. The space underneath the foliage and adjoining the trunk also makes an agreeable bower where the sunlight filters through in minute quantities. In this bower, too, you may note with wonder the curiously gnarled and twisted forms of its peculiar anatomy which is outwardly covered with rich foliage. These picturesque and grotesque forms are

in America, like the sophora, they suffer more or less from the cold while young. Large specimens all over the country seem to stand well. They must therefore be planted in protected positions after the manner suggested for the sophora. The Irish yew is the darkest-colored evergreen we can call to mind. Glossy green in reality, it appears at a short distance almost black, an effect which is probably increased by the solid

fashion in which the foliage is massed. Its outline is erect, pyramidal, columnar, we had almost said square, in certain parts of the contour. It would be difficult to conceive a more intensely concentrated and individual tree, and the contrast it affords to all other trees is very noteworthy. The three yews as they stand in the illustration, though small, immediately arrest and impress the eye. It



DEAD TRUNK OF WEeping SOPHORA.

is not often that winter even browns the foliage of these particular specimens, and yet we know of very few other large ones about the country. We wish Irish yews could be employed more generally. Methods to secure their safety could surely be devised. The slowness of growth of Irish yews, and indeed of all yews, specially fits them for certain peculiar and characteristic kinds of

lawn-planting. As an illustration of this, we may cite the specimens here presented, which are probably 25 years old though not four feet high.

The cephalotaxus, a form allied in appearance to that of the yew, constitutes another element of the picture, and completes and perfects by contrast the charming qualities of the other trees. It is round headed, a hemisphere almost, and with light-colored foliage. The leaves or needles—for it is an evergreen—lie in more or less horizontal positions and thus contrast strongly with the erect forms of the Irish yew. Indeed it bears much the same relation to the Irish yew in general appearance as do the curves of the sophora to the eccentric lines of the ginkgo. The rela-

tions of the two pairs are farther perfected by the fact that the first two are evergreen and the second deciduous. Color, as well as form, is also remarkable in the cephalotaxus, which is entirely distinct in general appearance from all other evergreens. A little protection while young is likewise beneficial to this tree. Its attractions, however, will amply repay any care it may require. In short, we might as well say once for all, that the lawn-planter who desires to ornament the lawn with really choice distinguished specimens must expect to nurse them carefully by planting near by groups of deciduous or evergreen shrubbery. Even then he will lose a plant now and then. If he is willing to take no risk his list of plants suited to American changes of climate must be comparatively small and devoid of some most interesting trees. Indeed, if a lawn be planted well and liberally at first with skirting flowering shrubs and choice trees, all perfectly hardy, the general effect on the main lawn will be little injured if now and then a beautiful specimen dies and is replaced.

The great value of Japanese plants for the lawn we have already seen exemplified by the appearance of two extraordinary plants in the last-named group. It may not therefore be amiss to look at two or three equally attractive specimens which come from the same or nearly the same quarter of the globe. In many ways, the Japanese maple is perhaps the most extraordinary of these plants. We have scarcely known it in America until very recently; but already many recognize its great charms and special qualities for some peculiar

offices of the lawn-tree. The illustration hardly does it justice, for it is impossible to delineate with only white and black anything like its delicacy of coloring. We may admire in the picture the distinct and attractive forms of the small indented leaves and the fine effect of their masses and outline; but we gain in this way no conception of the beautiful coloring of the eccentric growths which show on many individual leaves purple, pink, and even white, richly and delicately combined with green. The heat of midsummer dulls these beautiful tints; but in June or October,—in the one case on the fresh young growth, in the other on the decaying leaf, the variations of color are subtle and wonderful. It is, moreover, a slow grower, having attained its height of eight or ten feet during a space of not less than 20 years. This particular species of Japanese maple is termed *polymorphum*, "many-formed," and is a special favorite with the Japanese under the myriad guises it assumes. The plant in the illustration is a specimen of *Acer polymorphum* simple and pure, but at least twenty varieties of this parent are cultivated in America to-day. So diverse are these many-colored and many-formed varieties that one can scarcely believe that all come from the species before us. Yet you may see any day on the specimen figured, particularly in June during the freshest growth, a score of "sports" or leaves varied from the original type in a very marked degree, so strong is the inherent tendency of the plant to diverge. We wish we could show you some of these marvelous varieties. The variation of form extends from the extreme of dwarfness, two feet high at twenty years old, to the larger type of the parent, and the leaves are cut and divided into every conceivable shape, in some cases until they are mere shreds of tissue. But color lends the highest charm to the Japanese maple, and its variation on the leaves seems infinite. Pure white, bright red and green mingle on the one surface and shade off into each other with delicate and exquisite gradations. Especially on the small-leaved kinds do these variations continue, and a plant with lace-like foliage may have one part pure white and another entirely green. And the strange fact about these tropic-hued plants is that they are perfectly hardy, as hardy as any of the American maples. For miniature lawn-planting nothing can be better adapted than these exquisite qualities of the Japanese maples,

and their general employment will help to lend a brightness to the appearance of the lawn now almost entirely accomplished by the occasionally crude colors of bedding plants. As yet the Japanese maples are

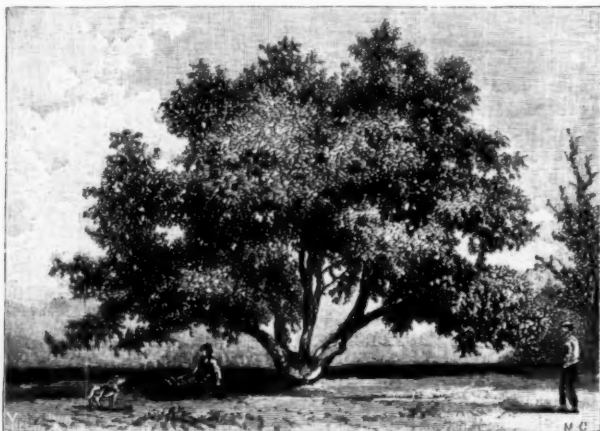


JAPANESE MAPLE.

extremely rare, but good judges have not hesitated to assert that they will exert considerable influence eventually in changing the imperfect methods of lawn-planting now in vogue. The next illustration, also representing a tree originally derived from the East, gives one of the most remarkable specimens of *Magnolia Soulangeana* in the world, and doubtless the best in America. It is twenty-five to thirty feet high, and as much if not more in diameter, with four distinct trunks or branches starting from the low-set graft, which are each at least one foot through. To one accustomed to see only young magnolias five to six feet high, the leaves seem somewhat strange in form, and the firm, enduring vigor of the native wood is very different from the soft and somewhat spongy nature of earlier growths. Indeed the rich gleaming glossiness of the large foliage and the unusually rounded smooth forms evident everywhere, make it a very remarkable tree. It looks more like some tropical product than a choice hardy tree of the north. *M. Soulangeana* does

not, perhaps, equal *M. conspicua* in beauty of flowers, but it is more vigorous always, and often in its maturity more picturesque. It was originally derived some 60 years ago from seed which was produced by the proximity of a specimen of *M. conspicua* to another of *M. purpurea* on the ground of Mr. Soulange at Fromont, near Paris. Although a hybrid, it does not, however, inherit the tender nature of *M. purpurea*,

pyramidal softened down. Its form, torch-like in contour, stands out sharply against the sky. But no pencil can portray the wonderful charm of the coloring and texture of the foliage. We know of nothing so perfect in its way. The color is a light tender drab or pea green, so delicate and soft that it tones down sensibly the decided outline of the tree. This mistiness and seeming unreality of interior composition is increased



SOULANGE'S MAGNOLIA.

but is at least as hardy as *M. conspicua*. Both *conspicua* and *Soulangeana* are indeed perfectly hardy in America when once thoroughly established. But it is always well to give them a little protection with evergreen boughs during at least one winter after transplanting. Magnolias are among our choicest and rarest plants, ranking with rhododendrons, azaleas, and Japanese maples. To transplant them is somewhat difficult, especially if they have been standing long on the same spot. With oft-transplanted magnolias, most difficulties vanish, and removal becomes much like that of any ordinary tree. The original of our illustration stands in a prominent place on the lawn of Mrs. Leavitt, in Flushing, L. I., and in the spring is covered with thousands of large purple flowers.

In the weeping Chinese cypress, we meet still another native of the East, although it is also hardy in America and well worthy of general employment. Like many other choice plants, however, it is difficult to propagate, and partly on that account seldom seen. The picture indicates well its elegant pyramidal outline with all angles of the

by the peculiar formation of the leaves. They are like Southern cypress leaves, rolled each within itself until they have become delicate green cords swaying in the lightest breeze.

The effect of this peculiar foliage is very charming, especially as relieved by the reddish bark of the trunk, which is arrow-like in straightness. Although Chinese, it is evidently closely allied to our Southern cypress. The seed of this tree fails to come true to its kind, and grafting must therefore be practiced. It transplants well, and is hardy, but on account of its light wood may be moved more safely in spring than in fall. It loves moist spots, and does not thrive well in dry, sandy land. Many of its qualities as a street tree are excellent, but unfortunately road-sides are generally dry and unfitted for its growth. Except for this, and the fact that it leaves out late in the spring, being deciduous, we scarcely know of a tree so valuable and charming in every way. Our specimen in the illustration is forty feet high and about thirty years old, hence its vigor must be considerable,—sufficient for the most prominent lawn-tree.

The weeping larch of the next group of choice trees brings us back once more to familiar forms—familiar and yet how strange! The well-known larch leaves are evidently there, yet borne on what grotesque and uncouth branches! Great arms extend laterally until one looks to see them break down beneath the weight of the first heavy fall of snow. Most plants grow in some systematic or settled manner, but the weeping larch is a law unto itself. One would think the immense linden, near at hand, growing ninety feet high, would tend to diminish the vigor of such parts of the larch as are immediately under the influence of its dense shade. But no, it pushes out as decidedly and strongly in this direction as in any other. It has evidently been grafted high, some six feet, but whence its eccentric nature is derived, who shall say? It does not certainly suggest the growth of the European larch as we generally see it. Some strange abnormal form must have been perpetuated in a very complete manner by grafting. This particular specimen is the largest we have ever seen. The trunk is of moderate size, scarcely one foot in diameter, but it is nevertheless at least thirty years old.

We come now to an evergreen, which the larch is not, though it looks like one. *Picea Parsonsi*, *lasiocarpa*, *Lowii*, and possibly some other synonym, is a Rocky Mountain silver fir, a variety of *P. grandis*, one of the noblest evergreens of that region of noble trees. The specimen delineated stands in Flushing, on the grounds of Mrs. Leavitt, and is the finest in every way, as we believe, in America. No comparison should, of course, be made between it and native specimens. Their development and habits are utterly different. If native trees are sometimes more picturesque, they have never that perfection of detail exhibited by the cultivated plant. Different seedlings from the same Parsons' silver fir present different colors and forms, but the best forms are marked by a strong upward curling of the leaf. The blue, silvery lining of the lower surface thus exposed gives a beautiful variety to the general coloring. It will be noted also that the symmetry of this tree is perfect, the branches extending regularly out almost at right angles to the trunk. Nearly all the beautiful Rocky Mountain evergreens have been introduced within forty or fifty years. This specimen was obtained from about the first lot of *Picea Parsonsi* seed that produced any plants worth mentioning.

The date of its birth was nearly thirty years ago. Yet, for the kind, it has grown well, and is probably twenty-five feet high. Everything about its appearance is solid, rich and picturesque, the masses being peculiarly interesting and attractive; but the finer forms are extremely rare, and can only be secured satisfactorily and with certainty by grafting with cions taken from the best trees. Seedlings are very unreliable, and often run into far less beautiful forms than that of the illustration. Grafting, however, the only practical method of propagating it, is difficult, chiefly because little wood fit to produce fine trees can be found on any plant, and the plants from which to cut are themselves scarce.

To the right of the Parsons' silver fir, in



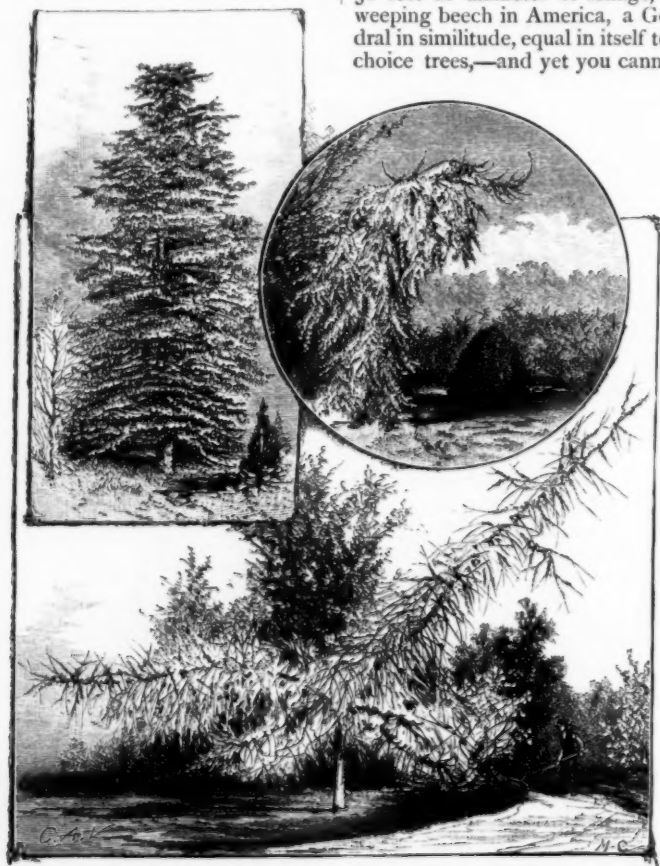
CHINESE CYPRESS.

the clustered studies of specimens, is a unique plant of the weeping Norway spruce, *Abies excelsa inverta*, one of our best weeping evergreens. It represents, perhaps, the extreme form of the graceful that a tree can

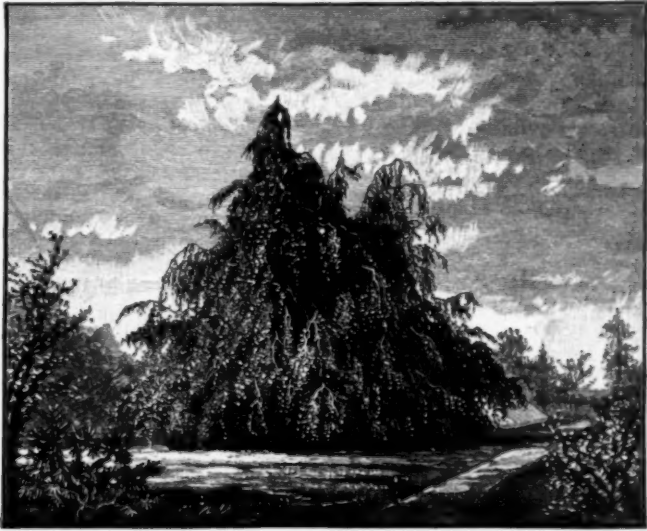
attain without lapsing into the grotesque. The larch just noticed is unquestionably grotesque, but, on the other hand, the thoroughly pendent grace of the weeping Norway spruce has a method in its *abandon* which is simply beautiful. Suggesting the general habit of the Norway spruce, the branches droop in picturesque folds, closely enveloping the stem, and now and then bursting forth in upward eccentric curves, as if overflowing with vitality. This peculiar and picturesque growth confines itself in this case rather more to the younger and upper part of the tree, for the reason that it has been left without pruning and training during its younger days. The graceful formation of the weeping spruce is made still more valuable by its perfect hardiness, fine transplanting qualities and moderate growth. Our illustration presents a specimen about

twenty-four years old, and nine feet high. During early life the weeping Norway spruce is much aided in attaining its finest habit and a definite symmetry, if it be carefully and systematically trained to a stout stake, and also pruned with judgment. For want of such training many weeping evergreens, and deciduous trees for that matter, fail to attain the symmetry and picturesque beauty they might otherwise have. The narrow columnar beauty of the weeping Norway spruce, as well as its moderate growth, specially fits it for the ornamentation of cemetery lots.

We pass on to the last and perhaps best member of our somewhat heterogeneous collection of distinguished lawn-trees. Yet how can we do justice to this specimen of a weeping beech! The picture expresses much, and we may tell you it is 50 feet high and 50 feet in diameter of foliage, the largest weeping beech in America, a Gothic cathedral in similitude, equal in itself to a grove of choice trees,—and yet you cannot conceive



PARSONS' SILVER FIR, WEEPING NORWAY SPRUCE, AND WEEPING LARCH.



WEEPING BEECH.

its beauty in any adequate degree. The only way this can be done is to stand before it at sunset, when the noble outline cuts itself sharply against the evening sky, and the lights and shadows are clearly defined.

Our sense of its great size, charming as well as imposing, increases as we gaze. Its recesses and brighter parts become more picturesque, and we are impressed more and more by the beautiful eccentricity of



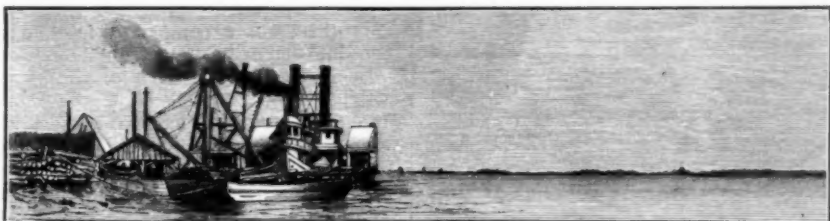
WEEPING BEECH IN WINTER.



Square. Every cubic foot of this vast volume of water contains nearly two cubic inches of sand and mud. Enough earth matter, it is estimated, is annually thrown in the Gulf to build a prism one mile square and 268 feet thick. The comparative volumes of water flowing through the three passes are approximately as follows: South-west Pass carries fifty per cent.

each pass) about 1,200 or 1,500 feet wide in the two large passes, and 600 feet wide in the South Pass, and the depths are about fifty feet in the large passes and thirty-five feet in the South Pass.

The banks, although composed of the deposits of the pass itself,—sand and clay,—are sufficiently tenacious to confine the water, and thus give it the requisite scouring



WORK-SHOPS, DERRICK, DREDGE AND JETTY TUG, PORT EADS, LOOKING DOWN THE PASS.



LOOKING OUT TO JETTIES FROM PORT EADS.



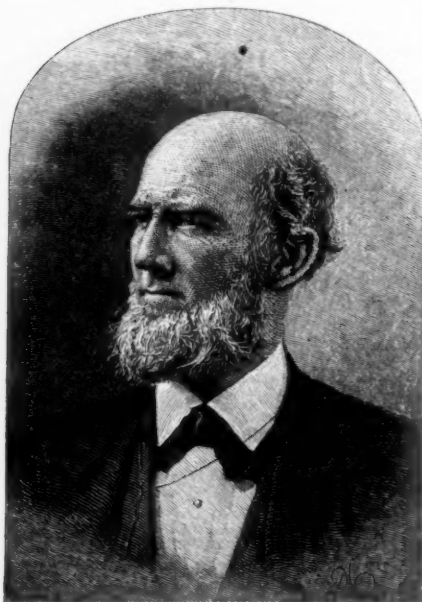
PORT EADS FROM WEST JETTY CONCRETE WHARF.

of the whole river, Pass à l'Outre forty per cent., and South Pass ten per cent. The accompanying map of the delta will give a clearer idea than any verbal description can do of the relative positions and lengths of the three passes. At the mouth of each pass is a bar over which there is more or less depth of water. At South-west Pass the depth of water on the bar is about thirteen feet, at Pass à l'Outre it is ten feet, at South Pass, before the construction of the jetties, it was eight feet. The crests of these bars are not immediately at the end of the land, but from two and a half to five miles out in the Gulf. Through the whole length of the passes there is a deep channel (uniform for

power to excavate and maintain a deep channel, but as soon as this confined volume reaches the land's end of the passes, it spreads out instantly to the right and left, and, losing a portion of its velocity by this diffusion, is no longer able to carry all its sediment, but drops it upon the submerged banks.

The central thread of the current, however, maintains its velocity for some distance into the Gulf, but, gradually losing it, scatters its load of sand and clay over a wide plateau. New floods coming down bring more sediment, which is deposited further out than that of the preceding flood, and thus the bars for all time are advancing

with more or less rapidity into the Gulf. At the South Pass, this advance was at the rate of about 100 feet per annum; at the South-west Pass over 300 feet per annum.



CAPTAIN JAMES B. EADS.

Within the conditions of the difficulty to navigation at the mouth of the Mississippi has been found the clue to its solution; for just as fast as the pass builds the bar out into the Gulf, just so fast it excavates a channel behind it. So that at the South Pass, for instance, while one hundred feet was each year added to its bar,—located two and one-quarter miles from land's end,—it at the same time added one hundred feet to its banks, and thus confined the water sufficiently to deepen the new channel during the year to the same depth found elsewhere in the pass. Captain Eads, catching this suggestion from nature, reasoned that if he could extend the banks of the pass, not gradually at the rate of 100 feet per annum, as nature was doing, but immediately two and one-quarter miles out over this bar into the deep water of the Gulf, he would produce sufficient power to excavate not only the 100 linear feet per annum, which nature was doing, but the whole length of the bar from thirty feet depth at the land's end to thirty feet in the Gulf of Mexico.

Although the bar extended out from the end of the land two and a quarter miles, yet the depths of water found at different points varied greatly. At half a mile from the land's end, it was about twenty feet; at one mile distance, it was fifteen feet; at one and three-quarter miles, it was ten feet; and from this point to nearly the outer edge of the bar, it varied from eight to ten feet, with a somewhat slighter depth at the crest of the bar. From this point there was a comparatively rapid descent into the deep water of the Gulf.

Lying in front of each of the passes, especially those which carry the largest amount of sediment to the Gulf, is found a peculiar formation called "mud lumps." Various theories as to their origin have been advanced. One is, that the decomposition of organic matter brought down in the sediment of the river generates gases which cause an upheaval, throwing the overlying strata in some cases out of the water, to a height of ten or fifteen feet. Another theory is, that the pressure of the superincumbent mass of the deposits on the landward side of the crest of the bar, forces up these ridges and lumps which lie in the softer material outside, and in the line of the least resistance.

There are some phenomena connected with the tides and the Gulf which deserve mention, for they exert a very important influence, not only upon the channel between the jetties, but upon the Gulf bottom beyond. For about 250 miles along this coast, the tides are diurnal—a phenomenon to be found nowhere else. Their average rise and fall is only about fourteen inches, though, of course, extraordinary storms and unusual conditions of other kinds will produce a greater range. The winds, which during the fall of the year have very much the character of trade winds, blowing from the north-east, affect the currents of the Gulf so that there is at times a current of from one to two miles an hour flowing to the westward. At other seasons of the year, when the wind is from the westward, there is a decided current setting to the east. During seasons of calm weather, however, no perceptible current exists. It has been suggested with some reason, that the water along the shore of the delta is influenced more or less by an eddy of the Gulf stream. The in-coming and out-going tides which, according to the investigations of the United States Coast Survey, approach the delta from the south-east, are

also another cause of a current sweeping past the mouth of the river. The storms of the Gulf, especially in the fall of the year, at times cause extraordinary currents. It will be noticed by an examination of any map of the United States, that the mouths of the river are thrown out about 100 miles from the main shore line of the Gulf. They are themselves huge dykes built out into the currents and counter-currents of the Gulf.

Having thus briefly described the mouth of the river and its bars, let us see how great an obstacle they have hitherto been to the development of the Mississippi valley.

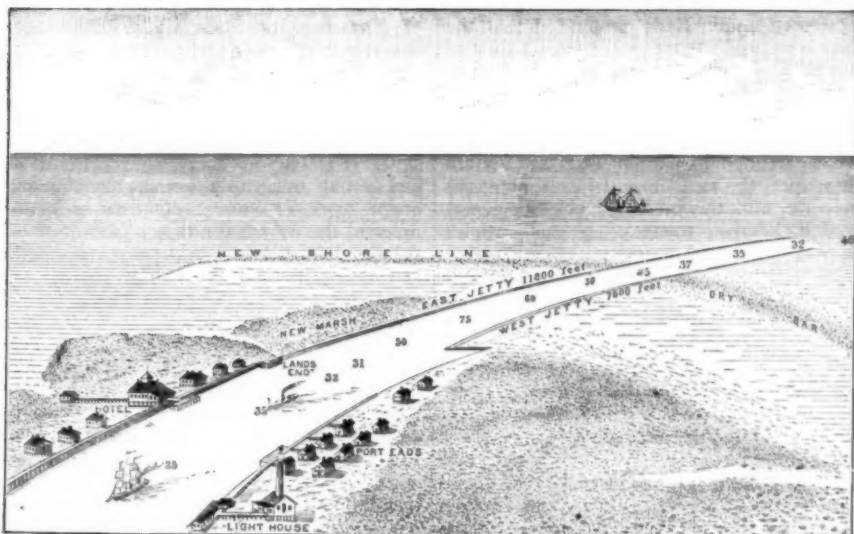
The Mississippi River may be justly considered as the trade outlet of a vast empire. The tributary region, having an area of one and a quarter millions of square miles, is more than equal to the whole extent of Europe, leaving out Russia, Norway and Sweden. This area has a population of at least twenty millions, and produces yearly about one billion bushels of cereals, two million bales of cotton, and two hundred thousand hogsheads of sugar. A large part of this agricultural district is so far distant from the markets of the eastern sea-board, that its products do not prove profitable if transported by rail.

The development of the valley resulted

l'Outre. At one time provisional jetties were attempted, but the project was abandoned for want of means. Expensive dredge-boats were constructed by the government to work on the bar, at an annual cost of about \$250,000, and according to the report of a board of United States engineers, there was in 1872 and 1873 a depth of from thirteen to twenty feet on the South-west Pass bar, but the hope was not encouraged that a channel could be maintained of more than eighteen feet depth.

Meanwhile, the tonnage of vessels importing and exporting between the eastern sea-board of this country and foreign ports, had largely increased, so that a ship of from 1,200 to 1,800 tons burden was the ordinary size; yet the average size of vessels entering the port of New Orleans, prior to the opening of the mouth of the river by jetties, was not over 700 tons. During all the previous years, both before and after the attempts to open it by dredging and other means, it was the exception rather than the rule, for a loaded vessel to pass over the bar without detention.

This was the condition of the bar, and such were the obstructions to commerce, when, in the winter of 1874, Captain James B. Eads appeared before Congress and offered



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE JETTIES. (THE NUMBERS REFER TO THE DEPTH OF FEET IN THE NEW CHANNEL.)

from time to time in the improvement of the river and its tributaries. Since 1839, efforts have been made to deepen the channel at the bars of South-west Pass and Pass à

to open the mouth of the river by jetties, stipulating that he should take no remuneration for his work until a channel from the deep water of the pass to the deep water of the

Gulf had been secured. The maximum depth to be obtained was thirty feet; and neither that nor the intermediate depths was to be paid for until the work was complete. Although offering to do this work at his own risk and expense, he met with a most determined opposition, both from government engineers and from the very section of the country which would be most largely benefited by a deep channel to the Gulf. The people seemed to have become indoctrinated with the belief that an expensive canal, and not an open river mouth was the best solution of the problem.

Captain Eads and his opponents before Congress held views diametrically opposed to each other. General Humphreys, the chief of engineers, in published pamphlets, and, moreover, in statements before the Congressional committees, contended that it would not only be impossible to build jetties and maintain them, for various reasons, on account of the unstable nature of the foundation on which they would rest, the undermining action of the river currents and the violence of the storm waves; but that, even if these were constructed and maintained, the bar would advance so much more rapidly than before, that the jetties would need to be extended 600 feet every year to keep pace with this accelerated advance. Captain Eads contended that the river is a transporter of solid matter to the sea; that the amount transported depends upon its velocity modified by the depth of the water; that this principle determines the channel and the bars; that, if the banks of the pass were extended in parallel lines as they are by nature, the result would be an increased velocity, and this increased velocity would enable the river to pick up the particles of which the bar is composed, and carry them far out to sea, where under the influence of the Gulf currents they would be swept away; that as the crest of the bar was two and a quarter miles from the land's end, the crest of the new bar when formed could not possibly be nearer than two and a quarter miles from the end of the jetties, and that probably under the new conditions the formation of another bar would not take place for a century or two.

These views were so clearly and forcibly explained to members of Congress, that, in March, 1875, a bill was passed by which Captain Eads and his associates were authorized to construct and maintain jetties and auxiliary works for deepening the bar at the mouth of South Pass between the pass and

the Gulf of Mexico. It was the earnest wish of Captain Eads,—a wish which he urged in vain to the last hour of the session of Congress,—to improve the bar at the mouth of South-west Pass, because the greater depth and width of that pass afforded an entirely unobstructed outlet for the commerce of the valley, and one able to meet its increasing necessities. The width of the channel here through the jetties would have been 1,500 feet, while that of the South Pass is but 700 feet.

Immediately after the passage of the act, preparations were made for beginning the works. A contract was entered into with Colonel James Andrews, of Alleghany, Pa., the successful builder of the foundations of the St. Louis bridge. He arrived at the mouth of South Pass about the middle of June, 1875, bringing with him the necessary plant and force, and began work in earnest. By his indomitable will and untiring energy Colonel Andrews has proved himself equal to the task of carrying through to complete success this great and difficult undertaking.

Let me describe the surroundings here, as they appeared at the time of our arrival. Climb with me seventy-five feet to the top of the light-house: there is no other elevation or building within ten miles; you cast your eye over not exactly a landscape or a waterscape but an amphibio-scape of water, mud, reeds and alligators,—not an elevation as far as the eye or glass can reach that one could not easily leap over, except a solitary mud-lump lying off to the westward; an unbroken horizon of sky and water on every side. Fourteen and a half miles to the east lies the low green bank of Pass à l'Outre; as many miles to the west is the dim horizon line of the South-west Pass. A light-house stands at the mouth of each of these passes, and ten miles away to the north-west is barely distinguishable another, which marks the head of the passes. Half-way up the South Pass we see Bayou Grande diverging and flowing to the westward, carrying off about twenty-seven per cent. of its waters; while everywhere from the north-east to the south-west the rolling waters of the Gulf of Mexico stretch to the horizon. This beautiful ship-canal, South Pass, though small when compared with the other outlets, is large enough to meet any present or future need.

The jetties, let it be understood, are intended simply as a nucleus around and upon which Nature can build her banks, and so, some of the work, since it was to be solid-

ified by the processes of nature, has been of a comparatively imperfect character. A glance at the sketch giving a "bird's-eye view of the jetties" will show their general position in reference to the shore lines. Several objects were sought in their location:

1st. To lay them out in such a direction that they should be both parallel with the river currents, and, where they project into the Gulf, at right angles to the currents that sweep along the shore.

2d. To place them as far apart as was possible consistently with the necessary concentration of the volume of water, and at the same time to remove the jetties themselves from the undermining action of the river currents.

The jetty lines were marked out first on paper, and then at times with considerable difficulty on the bar. It will be seen that there were no landmarks near the line of the jetties from which measurements could be taken to locate the guide-piling. Here and there, perhaps a mile or more apart, were temporary stations or tripods marking triangulated points, which had been established during the preceding winter by the United States Coast Survey. From these, by careful calculations and instrumental work, the jetty lines were laid out in an easy curve, extending from land's end on the east to a point two and a quarter miles out in the Gulf.

The piling which marked the jetty lines was driven in various depths of water from four to thirty feet, and the foundation, which it had been prophesied would prove so unstable, was found to be so solid that a hammer weighing 3,000 pounds and falling nineteen feet could not with eighty blows force the pile more than seventeen feet into the bottom.

The jetties are constructed principally of willows. These trees grow in great abundance about twenty-five miles up the river, and vary in size from one to two and a half inches at the butt, and from fifteen to thirty feet in length. They are, however, not as pliable and easily twisted and tied as the osier willow, used on similar works in Europe. A peculiar construction was adopted by which these willows could be used most economically and at the same time suit the existing conditions, expecting that, in whatever manner they might be put into the water, they would soon fill with sediment. It was not necessary to make as firm and compact a

construction as would have been required if the whole jetty had been thrown out on some stormy coast into the clear salt water of the ocean. The construction most closely resembling that employed here was that used at the mouth of the Maas in Holland. There they constructed "zink-stukken," or mattresses of willow fascines, or bundles of willows compactly tied together. These fascines were laid close together and then others placed over them at right angles and all intermediate spaces filled with willows packed in closely. The several courses of fascines were then tied together tightly with cords or ropes, and the raft thus built was floated out to its place and sunk with gravel and stone.

The plan adopted by Captain Eads is much more simple in construction and is more economical. As this is the most important part of the construction of the jetties we will describe it in detail.

Along the bank of the pass near the land's end were built inclined ways at right angles to the shore line and extending back from the river bank about fifty feet. On these ways the mattresses were to be made. The inclines are so constructed that while the ends of the timbers are under water at the river they are about six feet above the level of the water at the other, or shore, end. These timbers are spaced about six feet apart, and are parallel with each other; a ribbon is spiked lengthwise on top of each one, the upper edge of which is rounded off; underneath the timbers are nailed inch boards, so that the men in working on the ways will not fall through. The ways are now ready for the mattress, which is built in the following manner:

The strips for the frames of the mattresses are piled up just above the ends of the ways. These strips are two and one-half by six inches and from twenty-five to forty-five feet long; the mattresses being usually one hundred feet long, the strips are cut to make that length when joined. They are placed on trucks and wheeled to that part of the ways where the mattress is to be built. After being lifted upon the ways the joints are fastened by a lap of the same material about six feet long, which is spiked to the strips. If the mattress is to be forty feet wide, nine strips are prepared. Holes are now bored through these strips one and one-eighth inches in diameter and spaced five feet apart. Hickory pins, whose ends have been turned to fit the holes tightly, are driven into them and oak wedges

driven into the lower ends of the pins, with twenty-penny nails to keep the pins steady. The strips, with the pins standing upright, are moved down the ways and spaced four feet and six inches apart. If the mattress is to be two feet thick,—the usual size,—the pins are cut thirty inches long, except the outer row on either side which is thirty-two inches. A part of the mattress-gang now climb upon the willow-barge and pass the willows down to other workmen standing on the frame, who place them carefully side by side on the strips across the frame. After a course about six inches thick is placed, another is laid lengthwise with the frame, then another at right angles to the last, and so on till the willows stand above the tops of the pins. In placing the willows the brushy tops are laid so as to project three or four feet outside the frame. The men then bore holes in other strips about forty feet long, place them across the mattress and insert the pins into the holes—pressing down the cross strips with levers. Wedges and nails are driven into the ends of the pins and the mattress is ready for launching. The mattress is easily pulled off the ways by a steam tug which tows it to its place along the jetty piling. A barge loaded with rock is then placed alongside the floating mattress and the stone distributed evenly over it until it sinks to the bottom. The foundation mattress is usually from forty to fifty feet wide, according to the depth of the water. The courses placed above it become narrower and narrower until they reach the surface of the water, where the average width is twenty-five feet. The last mattress is either built in place on the jetty at low tide, or built on the ways and pulled into place at high tide by a steam pile-driver, or built on tilting ways which rest on a barge from which the mattress is launched upon the jetty. When the mattresses are sunk at flood river, all the interstices fill very quickly with sediment which serves not only to hold it more securely in place but makes it much more impervious to water.

When the jetties were nearly constructed it was decided to build temporary spurs or wing dams at right angles to the jetties, extending into the channel about 150 feet. These wing dams narrowed the channel from 1,000 feet to about 700 feet. The objects in constructing these wing dams were: first, to locate the deep water channel midway between the jetties; second, to hasten the channel development; third, to

induce a deposit of sediment and an incipient bank formation along the channel side of the jetties. These wing dams were spaced about 600 feet apart. They were built by driving a row of piles out from the jetty line and resting the mattress against them, placing it on its edge.

In tracing the channel development, it may be stated that every obstruction placed in the river, every pile, mattress and rock, has made its influence felt somewhere in the excavation of the channel. From the very first mattress that was placed, an effect could be observed, and for the last two years, since the jetties were comparatively finished, there has been a constant channel development which can be shown quite forcibly by the following statement: In May, 1875, the distance between twelve feet depth inside the bar and twelve feet outside was 4,300 feet; in February, 1876, it was extinguished. In reference to the fifteen feet depth, the distance was 5,900 feet in May, 1875, and nothing in April, 1876. In May, 1875, it was 9,600 feet between the twenty feet curves, and nothing in August, 1876. In May, 1875, it was 11,700 feet between the twenty-six feet curves, and on March 27, 1879, it was nothing. In 1875, the whole length between the thirty feet curves from the land's end to the Gulf was two and a quarter miles or more exactly 12,000 feet in 1875, and on the completion of the work, July 9th, 1879, there was a channel thirty feet deep with a minimum width of forty-five feet from deep water in the pass to deep water in the Gulf. This channel at average tide exceeds in depth that of the ports of New York and Boston at high tide. Its navigability is incomparably better, being straight and wide. It is 700 feet in width at the surface of the water, and 200 feet wide at the bottom—at its narrowest point. Thirty and a half feet is the least depth of the channel, and this occurs at only one or two points. Elsewhere the channel varies in depth from thirty-one feet to seventy-five feet.

To form this channel through the bar has required the removal of about 5,500,000 cubic yards of material, which has been washed out by the current into the Gulf, whence a large part of it has then been driven back by the waves into the space behind the jetties and banked up against them. On the sea side of the east jetty the land has been extended out about a mile and is now thickly covered with reeds and grass. On the sea side of the west jetty several million cubic yards of material have been de-

posited, raising the whole area between the jetty and west shore nearly to the height of average flood tide. On the sea side of the jetties, nearly two miles from the old land's end, a new shore line has formed, composed of a hard, compact reef, and this is a secure and permanent protection to the jetties lying landward of it.

Before describing further the jetties and their effects, let us give our attention for a time to some of the auxiliary works.

The true theory of deepening the mouth of the river having once been found and nature's law understood, all the rest was comparatively simple. Success then depended more upon energy, persistence and money on the part of the contractor than skill on the part of the engineer. With the exception of fighting against storms and buffeting the waves, the construction of the jetties has encountered no great difficulties, but at the head of the passes was presented a problem in hydraulic engineering which was abstruse and difficult to understand, and was to be worked out on a larger scale and greater quantities than any ever before presented to the practical engineer. The engineering question from the first was not how to get the water *out* of, but how to get it *into* the pass, and while getting it in, to deepen the shoal that stretched across its inlet, from fifteen feet to twenty-six feet.

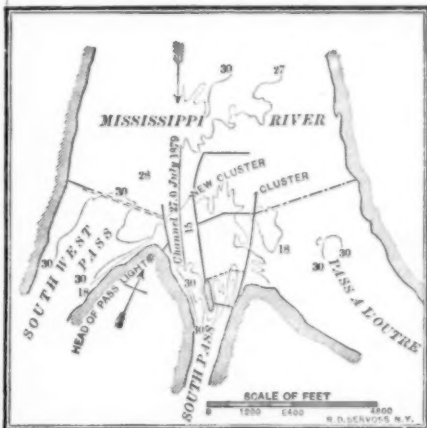
A glance at the sketch of the head of the passes will show any one at all familiar with such subjects, or any intelligent reader, that in order to produce a greater depth through the shoal at the head of South Pass, by inducing a greater volume to flow into it, would be very much like trying to make water run up hill.

Let it be impressed upon the mind that the bed of the river and of the passes is composed of alluvial deposits. They are what is left finally of the clays, gravel and quartz, that have lodged themselves in the beds and along the banks near the sources of the innumerable tributaries of the river. The particles of sedimentary matter that reach us have been ground to an almost infinitesimal size by the currents and eddies of the great river in its journey of thousands of miles. This material is almost as easily moved as the waters of the river itself.

The first work constructed extended from the east shore of the pass up stream to the point marked "Cluster" on the sketch. It is built of solid mattress work, and was expected to accomplish the whole result required; but instead of acting as a deflect-

ing dyke to draw into South Pass a portion of the waters of Pass à l'Outre, into whose currents it extended about 600 feet, it performed the office of a submerged dam and induced such a deposit in front of it on the South Pass side that the depth of the deposit kept pace with the height of the dyke.

At times it seemed as though the current would break through this dyke in spite of all opposing influences; it would work itself



HEAD OF PASSES WITH CONTOUR LINES OF MAY, 1875, AND LOCATION OF DYKES. (THE FIGURES REFER TO THE DEPTHS OF THAT DATE.)

down into the recent deposit in deep holes and bays; but the very next day perhaps, examination would show that the depositing action had overcome all the resistance of the opposing current.

We found out too late that we must work on the same plan as that by which we were obtaining such success at the jetties. Nature taught us by practical experience and repeated failures that volumes must have contraction rather than expansion to attain scouring power. This law having become understood, the works hereafter were constructed on entirely different principles, which were briefly these: that in order to obtain scouring power sufficient to remove this extraordinary obstruction, half a mile long and ten feet deep, we must give the current greater velocity; to obtain this velocity, the volume of water remaining the same, we must give it a greater slope or fall, or in other words it must run down a steeper incline. To obtain this slope, we must raise the surface level of the water above the shoal and lower the surface below it. It may be well to state that with the river at half flood the fall per mile from Quarantine

to the head of the passes, a distance of 37 miles, is only about three-eighths of an inch to the mile. At the same stage of the river, the fall in South Pass from below the shoal to the mouth of the pass at Port Eads is about one and one-eighth inches per mile.

The works now to be described and constructed on the principles just mentioned produced a fall of five and a half inches per mile over the three-fourths of a mile covered by this shoal, which, by a curious coincidence, was the same fall per mile which was found at the same time to exist through the jetties at the mouth of the pass.

Starting as a base from the original dyke already described, a dam of tilted mattresses, like those used in the construction of the wing-dams, was thrown out across the new-forming shoal to the western inlet channel. Another dam was thrown out about 350 feet from the west shore near the light-house. Connecting with the ends of these dams two parallel dykes were constructed about 800 feet apart. The dyke on the east was really the working dyke, but was extended at that time only to the point marked "New Cluster." This dyke and the dam with which it was connected raised a head of water as soon as the river rose. The result was the extraordinary fall which has been spoken of and a consequent scour, producing a depth of about forty feet through the shoal all the way from New-Cluster to the deep water of the pass; but with this gratifying result came another not so encouraging. It was found that the head of water raised above these works produced not only the necessary fall into South Pass, but produced a fall into the larger passes, and that a part of the volume rightfully belonging to South Pass flowed off on these side slopes into Pass à l'Outre and South-west Pass. The result was a deepening of these two larger passes and a loss in the volume of South Pass, accompanied with a shoaling in the whole length of it, including the jettied channel. To counteract these influences a sill or carpeting of mattresses was laid from the works at the head of South Pass entirely across South-west Pass and Pass à l'Outre, connecting with the western and eastern banks of the river. These sills were built of mattresses two feet thick, thirty feet wide, and seventy feet long. They were laid side by side on the bed of the passes, with their length in a line with the current, so that they formed a carpeting seventy feet wide. By these sills

and the works at the head of South Pass we were enabled to control the river.

Although the dykes mentioned produced a channel from New Cluster through the shoal, the deepening did not extend any further up stream. During the past winter and spring, this dyke has been extended 1,200 feet up the river, and a cross dam 1,600 feet long built from its terminus eastward into the waters of Pass à l'Outre. Two more courses of mattresses have been laid over the western half of the mattress sill laid across South-west Pass and the dyke on the west side of the inlet channel has been extended up stream, and the dyke on the east side of the inlet channel extended down stream to connect with the island. A substantial dam had previously been constructed between the island and the east bank of the pass. The channel on the west side of the island is enlarging very rapidly by caving in and washing away the western bank. Its capacity will soon be sufficiently large to carry with ease the whole volume of the waters of the pass.

The channel through the shoal is twenty-seven feet deep, and the twenty-six feet channel is 165 feet wide, as ascertained from the survey on July 10th, 1879, made by Captain M. R. Brown, the government inspecting officer. This channel has been obtained by the extension of the works previously mentioned, assisted by dredging.

The contract with the government, as we have said, makes it necessary to obtain certain depths and widths before payment is made. It has often been found that there was a much greater depth of channel than that required, but with a width somewhat less. Again, it has happened that in some portion of the channel a very wide section has been found whose depth was a few inches less than that required. To meet such cases, and also to assist the current in scouring away points that obstinately resisted its action, Captain Eads constructed a powerful hydraulic dredge-boat, capable of working in almost any weather and in any depth of water required here. The pump is on the Andrews patent. It is the largest ever constructed in the United States, and is similar to the two "Caratact" pumps shown at the Philadelphia Exhibition, but is twice the capacity of both. The fan is six feet long and three feet wide, and the suction pipe which supplies it with the sand and water is thirty inches in diameter, with the end resting on the bottom and furnished with a scraper, which drags over

the bed of the river. The material is pumped into iron tanks, built in the boat, whose total capacity is about 500 cubic yards. The boat is constructed of iron throughout, and is supplied with all the appliances necessary to do the work. Its capacity under favorable circumstances is about 3,000 cubic yards of solid earth per day of ten hours.

The channel at the jetties has also been assisted somewhat in its development by an Osgood dipper dredge, but the whole amount removed by dredging is not more than one per cent. of the volume removed by the river itself.

The only other auxiliary work worthy of mention here is the mattress dam across Grand Bayou. This bayou was about 300 feet wide and thirty feet deep. Since the construction of the dam it is about four feet deep and the volume formerly passing through it to the Gulf now passes through the jetties.

As the permanency of the jetties and other works is a matter of great importance, a description of the natural and artificial means for securing this end may be of interest. At the head of the passes, some of the works, though of a provisional and temporary character, have been rendered thoroughly permanent by the extensive deposits of sediment that have formed around them and in some cases entirely covered them. The first mile of both jetties has been rendered permanent by the same means, and all that will be required above the new shore line, previously spoken of, will be the incorporation of gravel into the top mattresses to prevent leakage through them at high tide. Beyond this shore line, a most substantial and permanent work has been applied. This consists of massive blocks of concrete composed of sand, gravel, broken stone and Portland cement. These ingredients are mixed together thoroughly by a cubical concrete steam mixer, about six feet square, constructed on an improved plan after a design by Captain Eads. Each block is formed in a mold *in situ*. The charge of concrete, about two cubic yards, on being discharged from the mixer into an iron dumping car drawn by a small locomotive, is taken on a railroad track, which is laid upon a trestle about eight feet above the jetty, to a point immediately over the mold and dumped into it. Seventy-five cubic yards have been laid in one day at a point 1,000 feet from the mixer. The foundation is prepared by incorporating

gravel and broken stone into the mattresses. The blocks are protected from undermining by abundant slopes of riprap. These concrete blocks increase in size as they approach the end of the jetties. There they weigh about sixty-five tons each. The substantial character of the foundation on which they rest may be understood from the fact that although they have been in place four months they have not settled more than two inches. Where these blocks are constructed, the water was fifteen feet deep before the jetties were commenced. There are at least eight courses of mattresses under them. These mattresses, although built with a vertical wall against the prevailing winds, have stood intact against the tremendous wave force that has been brought to bear upon them. They are built in a locality where, if anywhere, the foundation on which they rest would be unstable.

At distances of every fifty feet near the outer end of the work are built spur cribs about twenty feet square filled with rock on which a concrete block is built connected with the main blocks of the jetty. Flanking the work at the extreme sea end are massive cribs of palmetto logs filled with riprap and surmounted with larger rock.

We may confidently expect from the experience that the jetties have passed through during their unprotected state while under construction, that with the substantial protection recently applied to them they will stand undisturbed against the most severe storms of the Gulf.

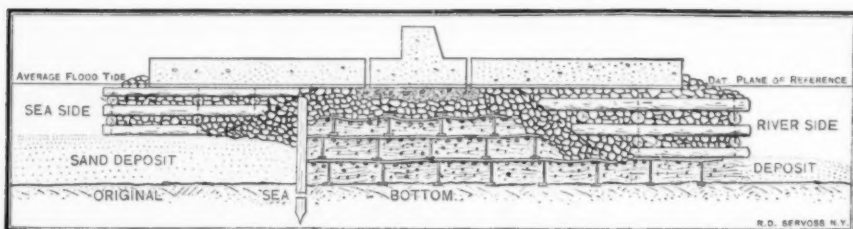
The materials used in all works or on hand at Port Eads are in round numbers as follows: Willows, 592,000 cubic yards; stone, 100,000 cubic yards; gravel, 10,000 cubic yards; concrete in place, 4,300 cubic yards or 9,000 tons; piling and lumber, 12,000,000 feet, board-measure.

The difficulty and expense incurred in procuring these materials, will be appreciated by giving the places from which they were obtained and their distances from Port Eads. The willows were brought from an extensive swamp or miniature delta called the Jump, about twenty-five miles above the jetties, and from the banks of the river as far up as the mouth of Red River, a distance of 315 miles. The greater portion of the stone came from Rose Clare, Indiana, on the Ohio River, 1,320 miles distant; much of the remainder from Vicksburg, Mississippi, and some from all parts of the world, brought here as ballast in vessels, and discharged either at Port Eads

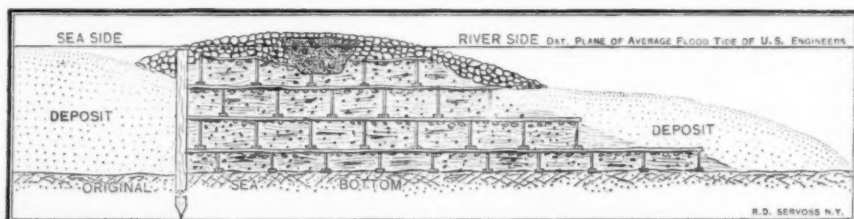
or New Orleans. The gravel came from an island in the Mississippi River, 260 miles above; the sand for the concrete, from the shores of the Mississippi Sound, 110 miles away; Saylor's Portland cement, from Pennsylvania, *via* New York, by steamers and sailing vessels; the lumber, from Pearl River, Mississippi, 130 miles; the palmetto logs for the crib work from Appalachicola, Florida, 300 miles to the eastward; and

also found that it was not necessary to build the jetties as far into the Gulf as was originally planned, and they now stand as completed 300 feet nearer the land's end than the farthest guide-piling was driven in 1875.

It is not too broad an assertion to make, that every theory advanced by Captain Eads, every statement made by him in reference to the channel which he should secure, and in reference to the advance of



SECTION OF JETTY, 11,100 FEET FROM LAND'S END, SHOWING MATTRESSES, SPUR CRIBS, AND CONCRETE BLOCKS. SCALE, TEN FEET TO ONE INCH.



SECTION OF JETTY, 7,500 FEET SEAWARD FROM LAND'S END. SCALE, TEN FEET TO ONE INCH.

finally, 11,000 cubic yards of dirt ballast was received in vessels from foreign ports, and placed on the banks at Port Eads for raising them above the highest tides.

Another very important subject to be considered is the probability of the jetties being extended on account of the advance of the bar seaward. Surveys during the four years of jetty construction, both by the Jetty Engineer Corps and by Captain Brown show clearly and decisively that there has been no advance of the bar, and that there is consequently no probability of any need for an extension of the jetties in the immediate future. These surveys reveal another fact, that there is no bar forming in the Gulf beyond the jetties. They show still further that, instead of the Gulf filling up in advance of the jetties, it has deepened; instead of the bar advancing, it has receded landward; and that there is more water at the end of the jetties and immediately in front of them, than there was in June, 1875, when the work was commenced. We have

the bar in front of his works, has been fully verified by actual results. These results are all that the most sanguine anticipated, but the objects for which the jetties were built are of far greater importance, for they affect the welfare of millions and are destined finally to exert an influence on the whole country.

These objects will be realized in a development, and in an increasing prosperity of the Mississippi valley. The work which has been accomplished will stretch its relieving and assisting hand to the remotest frontiersman, who, knowing that an open river-mouth will make it profitable for him to raise cereals, will cut down new forests and cultivate a larger farm. It will induce greater production everywhere in the Mississippi valley, and with it an increasing immigration.

Already the grain export of the valley is turning into this, its natural channel. The following table, compiled from official sources, will show the tendency to increas-

ing shipments of cereals by way of the jetties:

## SHIPMENTS OF CORN IN BULK:

1874-'75	.....	199,997 bushels.
1875-'76	.....	1,257,089 "
1876-'77	.....	2,490,300 "
1877-'78	.....	5,249,457 "

## WHEAT IN BULK:

1875-'76	.....	38,301 bushels.
1876-'77	.....	172,218 "
1877-'78	.....	843,058 "

It is estimated that the jetties, by partially improving the channel at the mouth of the river, saved the country \$1,600,000.00 during the year ending Sept. 1st, 1878, by a reduction in freights on cotton alone.

It must be borne in mind that the channel through the jetties is only just obtained. The changes that will take place in the production and shipments of cereals and cotton will come slowly; but in a few years we will see one of the greatest revolutions of the century in agriculture and commerce.

Other and more immediate benefits to commerce resulting from an improved channel can be seen from the following table, which compares the detentions at the bars of Pass à l'Outre and South-west Pass with the detentions at the mouth of South Pass.

	Number of vessels crossing the bar.		Number of vessels detained.	Number hours detention.	Maximum draft during the year.
Pass à l'Outre and South-west Pass.	1874	2633	55	2302	19' 6"
	1875	2177	76	2516	19' 6"
South Pass	1878	1869	18	499	22' 11"
	1879 to July 1	1113	0	0	23' 6"

It must be remembered that at the former places the channel was improved by the government dredge boats; at the latter the jetties were under construction and the channel was but partially developed.

The extraordinary results of the jetties and the far-reaching commercial and agricultural results flowing from them have been obtained by four years and a half of most severe exertion and struggle, in a contest not so much with the river currents and wave action as with moral forces. Here was a contract involving the immediate outlay of two or three millions of private capital before any return could be reasonably expected from government payments. The project was declared chimerical by the experts of the government itself in published pamphlets, in written statements, in verbal testimony before Congressional committees and in newspaper articles. These ideas were repeated in daily journals and in scientific and engineering periodicals. Not only before the act was passed by Congress, but subsequent to its passage and during the construction of the work these opposing views were kept persistently before the public, hampering, delaying, jeopardizing the enterprise and making it necessary in order to carry it on to borrow money at ruinous rates of interest. Still the mind that conceived this great project and fought it through Congress and into the good opinion of the American people, was willing to admit no such word as fail. He was never discouraged, never faltered or wavered, never lost for an instant a sublime faith in the correctness of his theories and in the justice and complete success of his cause. To him is the Mississippi valley and the whole country indebted for one of the greatest internal improvements the world has ever seen.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF HENRY J. RAYMOND.

EDITED BY HIS SON.

A PRIVATE record kept by one who was in public life for nearly thirty years is necessarily filled with comments, conversations, thoughts, and criticisms noted down at odd moments and never intended in any manner for publication. And although such off-hand comments or memoranda possess peculiar attractions on account

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of their freedom from restraint, and their revelations of the inner life of the writer, yet respect for the feelings of persons who may still be living, or the danger of placing one who is without the power of defense in the position of an accuser, renders the task of selection from such materials peculiarly delicate and difficult. Pages most

precious to those whom the writer has left behind—as they recall the traits and the peculiarities so prized in life—may after all have but little interest to a public to whom the author was but a name or a thought. I have therefore attempted in preparing the few pages of extracts from my father's journal, which it seemed to me might prove of general interest, to avoid such allusions or selections as from their nature would be likely to lead to controversy.

My father never kept a diary in the usual sense of the word, or even a series of connected memoranda, but, as he had time and opportunity would note such incidents as seemed worthy of remembrance on the unused leaves of an old "Index Rerum," which had evidently been a college friend and companion. Nor can I better introduce this first paper—which pertains to the period of his connection with the "New York Courier and Enquirer," and of his first active political efforts—than by giving in its entirety the preface he himself wrote, before commencing the original. He says:

"It often happens that I hear remarks, observe peculiarities or notice incidents in regard to distinguished persons which it would be pleasant afterward to recall to mind. I shall hereafter note such, so far as limited leisure will permit, in the form of miscellaneous memoranda; and as the record is intended simply for my own amusement or for that of intimate friends, I shall not fear to incur any charge of egotism or of trifling by inserting things which good taste or propriety would exclude from anything intended to come at any time before the public. The only justification needed for the undertaking, as well as the most appropriate motto for it, is found in the hackneyed phrase from Virgil:

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

My father's anticipations as to the fragmentary and desultory character of the memoranda were fully justified. Editors, forty years ago, were generally news-gatherers and reporters as well as writers; and these various duties left him very little leisure during the day or night. His political life also began about this time, and he never believed in half work in anything. The same feeling which, in his college life, led him to read all the works of a Greek or Latin author, when the college curriculum called perhaps for but a few selections, was carried into his daily life. It was but a little less than three years after the date of the first entry in his journal that he founded the "New York Times," and there are many things in it which show that the subject of a metropolitan daily newspaper,

with the highest standard for every department, was even at that time a matter of thought with him. With so much time necessarily occupied by his daily official duties, and while he was maturing and perfecting the scheme which in 1851 resulted in his establishment of the "Times," no wonder that there were many wide gaps between the different entries, during which the connection was entirely lost.

"January, 1848.—During this month, I made my first visit to Washington. While there, Mr. Webster made an argument before the Supreme Court in a case involving the merits of the rebellion in Rhode Island in 1842. I reported that argument, and on the 30th (Friday) I called at Mr. Webster's house to read to him the report of it, which I had prepared. The more I see of him, the more profoundly does he impress me with his greatness,—a greatness which is intrinsic and truly majestic, which derives no addition from external circumstances, and which is quite as impressive to the valet as to one who sees the subject of it only on holiday occasions.

"Mr. Webster expressed great satisfaction at my report, and seemed especially anxious to have the argument clearly set forth. As I read over to him the successive points, to every one which seemed peculiarly clear, he would exclaim, 'Good,' 'That's true,' 'That's it,' etc., etc., apparently forgetting that the argument was his own, and applauding the performance of some other person. After the report was finished, I expressed my great admiration of its iron logic, and remarked that I thought it very timely, and well calculated to correct notions which are doing great mischief at the present time. He said he trusted it would be of service in that respect, and regretted the small attention which public men, legislators, etc., usually devote to discussions of these fundamental principles of government. I ventured to express a hope that he would give the world a philosophical history of Washington's administration, upon which I had been told he had been engaged, because I thought it would be desirable for his own fame, and would, moreover, set up a landmark for future ages.

"Mr. Webster said he had contemplated such a work; he had marked out its plan; resolved to make three volumes of it; divided it into chapters; written a portion, and made a very copious collection of materials for the whole work. He stated quite in detail the outline of his plan—saying that he desired neither to make it a mere narration like Hume, nor a mere biography like Rapin, but to combine the two and make the whole as vivid and graphic as possible. The persons whom Washington grouped around him in council seemed to command his special admiration, and he expressed a great desire to paint the scenes presented by their councils with more warmth than belonged (in his opinion) to his temperament.

"At a very early period of his life, he said, he began to think the exposition of the Constitution his special field, his 'mission,' and the little that he knew, he added, was in that direction. He had of necessity studied the life and character of Washington very closely, and it was a character which would bear studying. We often hear, especially at the present time, of men who, though not wise themselves, have the tact to choose wise counselors. Many speak so of Washington. But the distinc-

tion was not just. All history, he said, shows that no weak prince will choose wise counselors; he does not want to be surrounded by men superior to himself; he would feel dwarfed by their presence. Mr. Tyler had been unjustly dealt with in this respect. For a time he was very willing to trust public affairs with his secretary, scarcely interfering with them at all. The whole Ashburton negotiation—the little affair with Lord Ashburton—as Mr. Webster styled it—he confided entirely to Mr. Webster; and so with the Rhode Island troubles. Mr. Webster was surprised at this, but he said Mr. Tyler promised to be a much better President than the public supposed. Until Mr. Clay's 'acrimonious violence' drove him into the ranks of the opposition, Mr. Tyler conducted affairs with dignity and ability. But he had not been in office a month when Mr. Clay insisted upon an answer to the question whether Mr. Tyler intended to run for a second term? And he pressed it so pertinaciously and with so much violence, that Mr. Tyler said one day, jocularly, 'Mr. Clay, I have been so much annoyed by this that I believe I shall send for Mr. Southard (President of the Senate) and resign at once.' This convinced Mr. Clay that Mr. Tyler would stand again, and from that time he denounced him and drove him into the opposition, thus blasting all the fruits of the Whig victory of 1840. He would have had the same difficulty with General Harrison, had he lived.

"I spoke of Mr. Clay's pressing for a renomination now, and expressed surprise. Mr. Webster said J. Q. Adams some years ago remarked that 'Mr. Clay would be a candidate so long as he should receive a nomination from a majority of the people in the town of Lexington'—and he believed it would prove true. The mere pleasure of being talked of as a candidate, he said, was a positive gratification which became necessary to many men, and grew stronger with their age. After all, said he, what will Mr. Clay leave for future ages? His speeches contain nothing of permanent value—all relating to temporary topics, and never discussing fundamental principles. He is not an instructed statesman,—he knows nothing of the matters in that paper we have talked about; and for what, said he, will he be remembered?—For his brilliant, effective, popular eloquence, I suggested. Yes, said he, but how much has that availed Patrick Henry? It is ephemeral, traditional, of little value to any one. Mr. Clay, he thought, had always kept the Whig party subservient to his personal ambition, and seemed still disposed to do so. Mr. Webster talked in this strain for some time, and with great freedom and earnestness.

"He asked if I had heard Attorney-General Clifford in reply to his Rhode Island argument. I told him only in part. He said that Mr. Clifford remarked that Mr. Webster's premises were undeniable, and he could not see any flaw in his logic; but there must be some fallacy in it, because it led to conclusions which he could not admit! This, Mr. Webster said, was like Jefferson, who told him once that in very early life he resolved to have nothing to say to John Marshall, for he would always get him to admit certain positions (which he could not question) and then he would lead him to conclusions which he would not believe, and which he could not avoid! This, he said, was characteristic of Jefferson, who had no reasoning faculty, but who knew exactly how to touch the popular feeling, and was entirely unscrupulous in exercising that skill.

"Mr. Webster talked very freely for an hour, and said he intended to speak in the Senate on the war

question, and desired that I should report it. He said he should not speak upon the question until the close of the debate. I said he seemed not to share the fears which other Senators had expressed, that if they could not speak soon the subject would be exhausted! You know, said Mr. Webster, we farmers have a fashion of going over a field for the gleanings after the harvest. Yes, said I, and some could find more there than others could at first. Mr. Webster said he did not wish to speak if the rumors of a treaty then current should prove to be well founded. He had no idea of having it thus upset. I asked him if he did not look forward with apprehension to the issue of the war, and the absorption of all Mexico. He said he did,—that the future was entirely overcast, and it was very difficult to see any way of safety. But, he added, he was not disposed to sit down in perfect despair as Mr. Calhoun had done, and say that he could see no future for his country. Even if annexation of all Mexico should take place, and a dissolution of our Union should be the result, still, said he, we of the North are on the safe side. We have the wealth, the numbers, the commerce, the enterprise. All the best elements of national power are on our side; we are the strongest portion, and in the event of dissolution we must still constitute the great nation of the continent. We had, therefore, less to fear from this crisis than other portions of the country. I said that few public men were willing to look the matter thus boldly in the face. He said he never alluded to it publicly, but these were the views he took of it in his private reflections upon the subject.

"In course of the conversation concerning the notions prevalent in regard to popular liberty, I said that the time seemed distant when men in this country should be governed by cool reason and judgment instead of prejudice and passion. He said yes,—that the prospect was discouraging, because events were constantly occurring to turn the tide even when it seemed to be setting well. Under Mr. Adams things went on pretty well. Then came Jacksonism, which threw the whole country into the boiling caldron of passion and excitement. Then under Mr. Van Buren the tone of public feeling, especially the spirit that prevailed at Washington, greatly improved, and continued to do so until Mr. Clay, by his acrimonious course toward Mr. Tyler, again threw everything into confusion, and now we were in a condition certainly unpromising enough.

"My interview with Mr. Webster lasted an hour or more, and he talked very freely,—with great dignity and deliberation, yet as socially and easily as if with an old friend. There was about him nothing of the hauteur usually ascribed to him; yet he never forgot, though he did not seem to remember, his character and fame. One of the young ladies of his household rapped at the door to tell him that Mr. C— was awaiting him in the parlor. 'Entertain him,' said he, smiling and bowing, slowly, and as impressively as ever he spoke in the Senate. I apologized for having trespassed so unwarrantably upon his time. He said he was very glad to see me, invited me to call at pleasure, etc., etc.

"During my stay in Washington I had several long conversations with Mr. Butler King, M. C. of Georgia, concerning public affairs. He said the South was under a very great apprehension that Mexico would become part of the Union, and that this would crush the South at once. He said Whigs at the South would be governed by this in the coming canvass, and would throw everything else

to the winds. He thought Taylor the only man whose popularity could stem the torrent of radicalism now sweeping over the country and so peculiarly dangerous to the South.

"February 10.—Active preparations are making for the Taylor meeting on the 22d in this city. I had been requested to write the address and resolutions, and had done so. Calling at Mr. J. P. Hall's office to hand them to him, I found Messrs. Maxwell, Blatchford, Draper, and Hall there. The question was asked whether Mr. Webster approved of the Taylor meeting. Mr. Blatchford said he did not,—that he felt offended because he had not been consulted in regard to it by some of his friends who had signed the call,—that he thought his own name ought still to be kept up as a candidate, etc., etc. Mr. B. then read a letter he had just received from Mr. Webster, sustaining these views. It was marked "private and confidential," and began by expressing surprise that he had not been consulted in regard to it. As to the policy of the meeting, he thought it bad; it would strengthen Mr. Clay's chance of the nomination, especially if no other Whig candidate but Taylor was kept before the people, because, he said, there were hundreds of thousands of religious and sober-minded men who would not go for Taylor, and who would be driven to Clay. This was the upshot of his letter. Mr. Blatchford said Mr. Webster believed he could be elected President, and none of his friends dared un deceive him. It had been attempted by one or two, but he had turned upon them like a chafed lion; and it was now understood that no one could talk to him in that way without forfeiting his friendship.

"Mr. Blatchford said further that Mr. Clay would be deserted by his professed friends, when the proper time came; that Mr. Seward, whom he characterized as the wisest and most cunning politician of the day, would come out strong for Taylor when it could be done with best effect, in spite of all present appearances to the contrary. Mr. Hall said the ground would fall from under Mr. Clay's feet before long, and he wouldn't know "what hurt him." Professor Davies told me to-day that he had a letter from his brother-in-law, E. D. Mansfield of Cincinnati, who said that Mr. Greeley had written a letter to some one in that city, which he had seen and could get, saying explicitly that the Clay movement here was merely a *feint*, intended to cover the bringing out of Corwin or Seward as the candidate of the North, and to fight the next canvass on that ground.

"The Taylor meeting for the 22d, I may add, was started by Col. Webb, who wrote the call and submitted it to Hall (J. P.), Grinnell, Maxwell, J. A. King, Charles King, and one or two others, at a caucus held at the "Courier and Enquirer" office the day before it was first published. I urged that it should be made a strong Whig call; Hall wanted it a no-party call, and Maxwell was afraid it would be too much Whig. The form adopted (Whig) was finally chosen. A very active canvass was at once set on foot to obtain signers. It was rather uphill work, but had still a good degree of success."

"February 15.—Mr. L. Davis told me to-day that Mr. Clay had written to some one here (he had seen the letter), saying that he should come to Philadelphia next week; that all was going on well in Washington, in spite of slight counter currents, which were always to be looked for, and that he had heard, but did not believe, that Mr. Van Buren had indicated an intention to go for General Taylor—all which goes to show that Mr. Clay personally is taking an active part in the canvass.

"In the evening the Taylor Committee of Arrangements met at the Astor House, and adopted the address which I had written. Slight efforts were made to take out the Whig National Convention passage, and Colonel Webb objected to the anti-war (?) spirit of some sentences; but it was adopted without any material alteration.

"Colonel Webb wrote a paragraph (in the "Courier and Enquirer" of 16th) disavowing my paragraph of to-day, saying we had 'no sympathy with independent Taylorism.'

"Stetson, who was at the caucus, told me some amusing anecdotes of Webster. He (S.) once expostulated with Mr. Webster for not being more gracious to strangers and talking to them freely, as Clay and Van Buren do, urging that it would increase his popularity, etc. 'I can't make a pump-handle of my arm to be President,' said Webster.

"At the Baltimore Convention in '44, after Clay had been nominated, and after Webster had made his speech responding to it, J. M. Botts (of Va.) met Mr. Webster, and began to congratulate him on his return to the Whig party, saying no one esteemed him more highly, or would be more rejoiced to see him President, etc., etc., than himself. Mr. Webster looked him in the face, raised his shaggy eyebrows, smiled (as a thundercloud might be supposed to smile), and said, without offering his hand, 'You don't say so!' and turned on his heel.

"The independent Taylor meeting is to be held this evening at Military Hall. Being requested to write the address, I did so, in order to give the proceeding a Whig bias."

[The address was presented and adopted.]

"January 2, 1850.—Nearly two years have elapsed since I have made an entry in these memoranda. I shall resume it now, however, probably only to discontinue it again before many days. Before going on with the record, let me recur to some of the incidents of the intervening period:

"Under 'January, 1848,' I have mentioned that Mr. Webster expressed a wish that I should report a speech he intended to make on the Mexican question. I told him I would gladly do so, if he would give me notice of the time. A few weeks after, I received a letter from him, saying he was going to speak the second day after its date, and would be glad to see me there. I started the next morning. Mr. Van Buren, Mr. James Wadsworth and myself were in the same car. When we reached Newark, the train ran into the drawbridge, which was left open. Great damage was done; two were killed, and the whole train was saved from destruction only by the accidental giving way of part of the wood-work to which the coupling chains were fastened. Mr. Van Buren was reading a newspaper when the accident occurred. The sudden stop startled us all. He looked up, rose, went to the window, saw demolished cars, floating baggage, half a dozen persons struggling in the water, and one or two being hauled out manifestly dead, and very quietly re-seated himself and resumed his paper. Query. Was this coolness indifference, courage, or heartlessness? The accident turned me back, and I telegraphed to Mr. Webster that, in consequence, it would be impossible for me to reach Washington by the day he had fixed, but if he desired I would be there the day after. I received in reply the following:

"H. J. RAYMOND.

"Come.

"D. W.,"

and went accordingly. I called upon him early in the morning—found him arranging his books and not very well. He made his speech to a densely crowded Senate, giving me Mr. Corwin's seat (Mr. C. being absent) to report at. I wrote about half the speech out that night, and started with him and Mrs. Webster next day for New York. I had a good deal of conversation with him on the way,—but so long a time has elapsed that I have forgotten most of it. I remember asking him whether in his judgment the Supreme Court of the United States had fulfilled the original design of the Constitution, and whether it was as upright and important as at first. He said he thought not, and proceeded to give me a history of the court and sketches of the men who had sat in it, with the manner in which and the influences by which they were appointed. This I cannot recall, but it was one of the most admirable sketches in all respects ever made.

"We took breakfast at Baltimore and went on to Philadelphia, where we all stopped at Hartwell's. After dinner I completed my report, and in the evening read it over to Mr. Webster in the presence of Mrs. Webster and Senator Greene, of Rhode Island. All of them expressed frequent admiration of the accuracy and spirit of the report, and when I had finished Mrs. Webster said—'You needn't give yourself any trouble, Daniel, about your speeches as long as Mr. Raymond reports them.' The effect of hearing her call him *Daniel* was curious. Next day we came on to New York, and he went to Boston.

"My last record is 'February 15th.' Soon after that time, viz.: February 22, the great Taylor meeting came off in an immense tent at Niblo's. It rained horribly, and was a doleful time. A week before there had been an enormous Clay meeting at Castle Garden. The contrast gave great delight to the enemies of General Taylor. Things went on, however; the Philadelphia Convention was held, General Taylor was nominated, and after a hard struggle was elected.

"I was soon after asked to become a candidate for the Assembly. I did not suppose Colonel Webb would get any appointment, and thought it would be of decided service to spend a session in the Legislature.

[In explanation of this paragraph I may interpolate a few words here to say that my father was at this time an editorial writer and managing editor of the "Courier and Enquirer," of which Colonel Webb was proprietor and editor-in-chief. Soon after General Taylor's election Colonel Webb had applied for a foreign mission, but had been

refused on grounds which it was not deemed possible to change].

"I therefore accepted the nomination, and was elected. Colonel Webb soon received the appointment of *chargé* to Vienna, and accepted it—declaring that he did it only on the supposition that it would be made a full mission.

General Cass some time before had voluntarily written to Colonel Webb saying he need be under no apprehension about his confirmation, as he should have his vote, and that of any man whom he could influence. *I saw and read the letter.* And yet in spite of this pledge General Cass very early in the session introduced a bill to suspend all diplomatic intercourse with Austria!"

"January 1st, 1851.—And now I find myself at Albany as member of Assembly. The house has 64 Democrats, 63 Whigs, and one Whig whose seat is disputed and who therefore waived his right to take part in organizing the House. The result was that the Democrats elected every officer. The Governor's message was read to-day."

"January 3d.—Nothing done to-day except drawing for choice of seats. I find that it is a common practice for members who are fortunate, to select a good seat—not because they wish to occupy it, but to *sell* it. Mr. Pruyn to-day paid \$20 for a seat. Leaders of parties strive to secure seats from which they can readily command the speaker's attention, and thus secure the floor. Mr. Burroughs, who has rather offensively set himself up as a leader of the Democratic party, has been trying to buy an eligible seat to-day, but several Whigs made up a purse to outbid him! This is party tactics. After adjournment wrote an editorial on slavery; got from the Comptroller a synopsis of his report,—read the Governor's message and Comptroller's reports for 1847, 1848, and 1849,—read Whittier's graphic sketches of Ellwood, James Naylor, and William Leggett, and went to bed at half-past twelve. Leggett was certainly a brave and gifted man. His abolitionism was the result of a noble impulse, but I cannot join with Whittier in wishing all young men to be like Leggett. The world needs discretion as much as *zeal*, and although the latter generally usurps all the honors and glories of heroism, the former does a great deal the most toward carrying on the daily affairs of society and states. If everybody were discreet and nobody zealous, things would certainly go on much better than if everybody were zealous and nobody discreet. This form of statement, however, misleads—as it makes *extremes* the standard of comparison and judgment, which is never safe. Zeal tempered and guided by discretion, or discretion warmed and energized by zeal, is the true temperament for safe and successful conduct.

## THE AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

IN traveling through England the past summer, I soon came to the conclusion that English agricultural industries are now in a worse condition than they have been at any time during the past quarter of a century, and, what is more alarming to the farmers of England, who employ their capital and

time in cultivating the soil for profit, that there is little or no hope of any improvement in the future. Each successive year since 1874 has brought more discouraging results than the preceding one, for the healthful growth and maturity of the staples. The seasons of 1875, 1876, 1877,

and 1878 were discouraging enough, but the present year has surpassed all those named in the quantity of rain that has fallen, making the land heavy, cold, and soggy, too wet even to produce an average crop of hay. From the first of January until the first of August, there have not been more than four clear days. It has been one continuous storm, with more inches of rainfall than ever before has been recorded in the same length of time.

As a natural consequence of such wet weather, the crops of cereals are late in coming to maturity, and will fall far short of an average yield, even on the best farms in England. In ordinary seasons the wheat and barley crops in England are cut and stacked by the middle of August, and the oat crop a week later. But this year, owing to the causes named, there was not a spear of wheat or barley that would be ripe enough to cut before the 25th of August, and besides the chances of getting fine weather while the grain was in the shock were exceedingly meager, leaving, at best, a large bulk of the wheat crop of 1879 second and third grades, to sell for correspondingly low prices. In former years a short crop of wheat in England made but a trifling difference in the net results to the farmers, for just as soon as it was announced that the crop would fall below the average, the market prices went up, bringing in to the grower about the same amount for a short as for a full crop. This is no longer the case. It is now positively known that there will be an unusually large deficiency this year, one that will exceed a hundred millions of bushels of wheat. Yet the prices in the Liverpool and London Corn Exchanges are quoted at £2 9s. a quarter (that is, eight bushels), or about what good wheat would bring in former years with a full crop. English grain merchants, as well as intelligent farmers, assert that this is solely owing to American competition and American wheat. Indeed the English farmer traces all his present and prospective troubles to this source alone. On the whole, there is no doubt that the farmers in England, Scotland, and Ireland are in an unenviable position, without much hope of relief, even by the thorough investigation of the royal commission recently appointed by Parliament to examine the present agricultural distress.

No commission, no matter from what source it may spring or with what power it may be clothed, can alter the conditions or disadvantages under which English farmers

have to labor, nor is it possible for them to compete in growing wheat with American farmers. It is a well-known fact that English farmers, except in rare instances, do not own the farm land they cultivate, and, under the existing state of things, they are far better off than if they were sole proprietors and held a fee simple. The value of farming land in England is not based on what it is capable of producing; it is chiefly valuable because it gives its owner and his family a social position extremely difficult to attain by any other means. The English landlord, while generous and liberal in many ways with his tenants, is very arbitrary in his articles of agreement, and (looking at these from an American farmer's stand-point) the English farmer is handicapped from the start for the purpose of protecting the owner's interests. The conditions embodied in these leases are about as follows:

1st. The farmer must have \$100 for every acre he hires, as a working capital.

2d. He must keep one-third of the whole number of acres in permanent pasture and meadow during occupancy.

3d. He must not deviate from the four-course rotation of crops specified in the lease.

The annual rent for good farming land in England is from eight to nine dollars an acre, and to this may be added poor rates and road taxes, making the actual rent in round numbers not less than ten dollars an acre, which has to be paid punctually, rain or shine. In former times, before the days of American competition, the frugal English farmer expected to make, and did make from six to eight per cent. on his capital, invested either in grain-growing or in raising beef; while there has been no time for the last quarter of a century when the land owner has realized more than two per cent. from his investment; this is owing to the exorbitant prices paid for farming land on account of its social valuation, and there are plenty of buyers at these high rates. Those not familiar with the existing condition of things in England naturally suppose that relief would soon follow if farmers owned the land they till; but the truth is, it would make matters worse instead of better, and they now prefer to lease the farms from year to year, instead of for the long terms formerly in vogue among the most intelligent English farmers. A long lease means better security to the landlord, for it binds the farmer to remain, and carry out the conditions of his contract, no matter whether

he is making or losing money. In computing the outlay of the English farmer, the rent of land, labor, manures, use of implements, etc., etc., the best English agricultural authorities firmly assert that the farmers of England, under the most favorable auspices, cannot grow wheat with any profit for less than \$1.50 a bushel, and the margin of profit at this figure is comparatively small.

The series of bad seasons, which have to a large extent brought about the present distressed condition of English agricultural industries, are not the only obstacles in the way of the present generation of English farmers competing, even on equal footing, with their American cousins. The annual rent paid by the English farmer would purchase much more fertile wheat soil in the wheat belt of the West. Moreover, most of the labor with us being done by improved machinery, the cost of production is much less, enabling the grower to land sound wheat on the docks of Liverpool at \$1.12 a bushel, at a handsome profit both to the farmer and the merchant. Again, on account of the heavy rents for the land, and the many other incidental expenses, beef raised on English farms cannot be sold at any profit to the farmer for less than sixteen cents a pound. On the contrary, the American cattle-raiser of the South-west pays a trifle for his ranch, and is under no extra expense for wintering his stock, so that beef raised in this way can be put in the English markets for ten or twelve cents a pound, with a liberal profit to the owner and the shipper. Unless the signs are greatly at fault, where there is one person now engaged in raising beef for foreign shipments, there will be ten times as many five years hence. American cheese has already forced hundreds of English farmers from cheese-making to raising milk for the London and other large markets, and the business is now so crowded that the price of fresh milk is a third less than it was before American cheese became so popular among English consumers.

In traveling among well-to-do English farmers the past summer, I was surprised to note the lack of economy and the amount of land that is wasted on hundreds of farms by those wide ditches and straggling and unkept hedges which are used as boundaries of small and irregular-shaped fields, the latter, owing to the shape, calling for much extra labor in cultivating them. Another very noticeable feature is the large, heavy and cumbersome character of the farm im-

plements. American manufacturers of farm tools shape them in such a way as to do the work with the least physical labor. The English manufacturer, on the other hand, has a pride in making everything substantial, heavy and solid, without any regard to the weight or strength needed. Why, there is more wood and iron in an English farm-cart than would make two American carts, and yet with their superb roads they load theirs no heavier than we do ours. An English manure fork is of the same size and pattern it was half a century ago—a square, rough tine shouldered near the point—calling for the greatest amount of force in loading or unloading. The American fork is a round polished tine, tapering gradually from the point to the base, and calling for the least power. The weight of an English plow is at least three times that of ours and its length about twice, and yet it takes neither wider nor deeper furrow-slices than our best plows. In fact, one pair of horses attached to one of our best pattern plows will do from a third to a half more work in the same number of hours than an English farmer with his long, unwieldy pattern that is out of all proportion, both in length and weight, to the work it is intended for. The same is true of the English harrows, cultivators and all of the implements I found in common use for turning or cultivating the soil. The ordinary wooden hand-rake is a clumsy, heavy thing, having from a third to a half more wood than is actually necessary. In many instances, in going through England, I have counted eight and ten hands gathering hay into windrows with these hand-rakes, an operation very seldom, if ever, seen now in the United States. In many of the agricultural districts which I visited, farmers cultivating from forty to a hundred acres of land still continue to cut their grain crops with the reaping hook and cradle. The English cradle has a scythe blade of ordinary size and length, with two short wooden fingers. The man cutting with this cradle throws the cut grain around against the uncut standing grain. Another man follows the cradler, equipped with a piece of stick about three feet in length with an iron hook on the end of it, and gathers the cut grain into sheafs and places them on the stubble before the next swath can be cut. The American, or what is commonly called the "Yankee," cradle has a wide scythe-blade similar in size and length to the English, but instead of two short fingers it has four long ones, and the operator cuts the grain, which falls

on the fingers and which is thrown into a sheaf on the stubble entirely out of the way of the next cradler who follows, leaving the cut grain ready to be bound, one man with us doing the work of two in England. In talking on the subject with an intelligent farmer in Essex County, England, I had difficulty in convincing him that the long fingers of the "Yankee" cradle would not or could not get tangled up in the straw, nor could I induce him to send and get an American cradle, although he was complaining of the high price of farm labor when compared with the low price of farm produce.

In rambling through the agricultural districts I had many favorable opportunities of making personal inspection of the tools and farm machinery of some of the best equipped farms, and in every instance they all had the same character—that is, the tools were out of proportion for the work to be done, or the weight or strength needed. The English farmers in many respects remind one of the implements and farm machinery they use. They are, as a rule, solid, substantial and easy-going. They have taken the world and its affairs in an easy, matter-of-fact way.

English farmers take little interest in matters outside of their own business. They are extremely conservative and are perfectly satisfied with their home form of government, no matter whether they are rich or poor. Up to five years ago they made money enough to pay their obligations and live comfortably, and they had enough left over to lay some aside for future use. It is natural, therefore, with labor plenty and cheap, that they should plod along in the footsteps of their grandfathers. They do not devote much of their time to agricultural literature (the agricultural journals are poorly supported), or bother their heads over scientific farming. They grow the same crops in precisely the same way their fathers did before them, calculating to get about the same yield and profits. The character and results of the wonderful agricultural experiments of John B. Lawes, LL. D., of Rothamsted, are more widely read and better understood in the United States than they are among the English farmers. They have for the last five years been losing money, and for some time they could not realize that such a condition of things could ever come to pass. But the combined force of bad weather and active American competition has all but driven many into a state of bank-

ruptcy and bewilderment. They are thoroughly frightened, and they have very substantial reasons for being so. Their present condition is bad enough, and their prospects gloomy.

As long ago as 1862, Horace Greeley told me that the time was near at hand when American farmers, with the aid of improved modern labor-saving machinery, could and would place a bushel of American wheat in the English markets at a lower figure than it could be raised by the present methods followed in England, and, moreover, with a fair profit to the grower. The realization of this fact now stares our conservative cousins in the face. The introduction of American cheese, beef, and pork has been accomplished in such quantities and at such prices as to make these branches of industry equally unprofitable. The rot in the potato has been so general for the past five years that there has been less reliance on that crop, and less surface planted this year than usual, and there is no doubt that large quantities of American potatoes will find their way into the English markets during this fall and winter. As yet there has been no outside competition in barley; and it is the only crop that has not been affected, and many farmers intend to sow next year twice the surface heretofore allotted to it.

It is safe and certainly within bounds to say that American farmers, with their labor-saving machinery, can raise produce at a third less expense than English farmers can with their clumsy methods. It is also evident that within the next five years large numbers of English farmers will be forced to emigrate to Australia and the United States. The fact is that agriculture in England, once a prominent and vital interest, has now fallen to a third or fourth place. Even the London "Times," once the champion of this industry, now hardly recognizes its existence, and will devote more space in its columns in one week to a boat-race between Oxford and Cambridge students than it will in two years to agricultural interests. There are a few enthusiasts among the farmers who religiously believe that the royal commission will recommend to Parliament a duty on American grain. But any one who is familiar with the sentiment of the masses of the people on this point knows there is not the remotest chance of such action, for the simple reason that where there is one farmer interested, there are twelve persons who want and must have cheap bread and cheese.

## CONFIDENCE.

BY HENRY JAMES, JR.,

Author of "The American," "The Europeans," "Daisy Miller," Etc.

## CHAPTER VII.

IT was not till Longueville reached Paris, on his return from the distant East, that the rumor I have just mentioned acquired an appreciable consistency. Here, indeed, it took the shape of authentic information. Among a number of delayed letters which had been awaiting him at his banker's he found a communication from Gordon Wright. During the previous year or two his correspondence with this trusted—and trusting—friend had not been frequent, and Bernard had received little direct news of him. Three or four short letters had overtaken him in his wanderings—letters as cordial, to all appearance, if not as voluminous, as the punctual missives of an earlier time. Bernard made a point of satisfying himself that they were as cordial; he weighed them in the scales of impartial suspicion. It seemed to him on the whole that there was no relaxation of Gordon's epistolary tone. If he wrote less often than he used to do, that was a thing that very commonly happened as men grew older. The closest intimacies, moreover, had phases and seasons, intermissions and revivals, and even if his friend had, in fact, averted his countenance from him, this was simply the accomplishment of a periodical revolution which would bring them in due order face to face again. Bernard made a point, himself, of writing tolerably often and writing always in the friendliest tone. He made it a matter of conscience—he liked to feel that he was treating Gordon generously, and not demanding an eye for an eye. The letter he found in Paris was so short that I may give it entire.

"My dear Bernard (it ran), I must write to you before I write to any one else, though unfortunately you are so far away that you can't be the first to congratulate me. Try and not be the last, however. I am going to be married—as soon as possible. You know the young lady, so you can appreciate the situation. Do you remember little Blanche Evers, whom we used to see three years ago at Baden-Baden? Of course you remember her, for I know you used often to talk with her. You will be rather surprised, perhaps, at my having se-

lected her as the partner of a life-time; but we manage these matters according to our lights. I am very much in love with her, and I hold that an excellent reason. I have been ready any time this year or two to fall in love with some simple, trusting, child-like nature. I find this in perfection in this charming young girl. I find her so natural and fresh. I remember telling you once that I didn't wish to be fascinated—that I wanted to estimate scientifically the woman I should marry. I have altogether got over that, and I don't know how I ever came to talk such nonsense. I am fascinated now, and I assure you I like it! The best of it is that I find it doesn't in the least prevent my estimating Blanche. I judge her very fairly—I see just what she is. She's simple—that's what I want; she's tender—that's what I long for. You will remember how pretty she is; I needn't remind you of that. She was much younger then, and she has greatly developed and improved in these two or three years. But she will always be young and innocent—I don't want her to improve too much. She came back to America with her mother the winter after we met her at Baden, but I never saw her again till three months ago. Then I saw her with new eyes, and I wondered I could have been so blind. But I wasn't ready for her till then, and what makes me so happy now is to know that I have come to my present way of feeling by experience. That gives me confidence—you see I am a reasoner still. But I am under the charm, for all my reason. We are to be married in a month—try and come back to the wedding. Blanche sends you a message, which I will give you verbatim. 'Tell him I am not such a silly little chatterbox as I used to be at Baden-Baden. I am a great deal wiser; I am almost as clever as Angela Vivian.' She has an idea you thought Miss Vivian very clever—but it is not true that she is equally so. I am very happy; come home and see."

Bernard went home, but he was not able to reach the United States in time for Gordon's wedding, which took place at midsummer. Bernard, arriving late in the autumn, found his friend a married man of some

months' standing, and was able to judge, according to his invitation, whether he appeared happy. The first effect of the letter I have just quoted had been an immense surprise; the second had been a series of reflections which were quite the negative of surprise, and these operations of Bernard's mind had finally merged themselves in a simple sentiment of jollity. He was delighted that Gordon should be married; he felt jovial about it; he was almost indifferent to the question of whom he had chosen. Certainly, at first the choice of Blanche Evers seemed highly incongruous; it was difficult to imagine a young woman less shaped to minister to Gordon's strenuous needs than the light-hearted and empty-headed little flirt whose inconsequent prattle had remained for Bernard one of the least importunate memories of a charming time. Blanche Evers was a pretty little goose—the prettiest of little geese, perhaps, and doubtless the most amiable; but she was not a companion for a peculiarly serious man, who would like his wife to share his view of human responsibilities. What a singular selection—what a queer infatuation! Bernard had no sooner committed himself to this line of criticism than he stopped short, with the sudden consciousness of error carried almost to the point of *naïveté*. He exclaimed that Blanche Evers was exactly the sort of girl that men of Gordon Wright's stamp always ended by falling in love with, and that poor Gordon knew very much better what he was about in this case than he had done in trying to solve the deep problem of a comfortable life with Angela Vivian. This was what your strong, solid, sensible fellows always came to; they paid, in this particular, a larger tribute to pure fancy than the people who were supposed habitually to cultivate that muse. Blanche Evers was what the French call an article of fantasy, and Gordon had taken a pleasure in finding her deliciously useless. He cultivated utility in other ways, and it pleased and flattered him to feel that he could afford, morally speaking, to have a childish, kittenish wife. He had within himself a fund of common sense to draw upon, so that to espouse a paragon of wisdom would be but to carry water to the fountain. He could easily make up for the deficiencies of a wife who was a little silly, and if she charmed and amused him, he could treat himself to the luxury of these sensations for themselves. He was not in the least afraid of being ruined by it, and if Blanche's birdlike chat-

ter and turns of the head had made a fool of him, he knew it perfectly well, and simply took his stand upon his rights. Every man has a right to a little flower-bed, and life is not all mere kitchen-gardening. Bernard rapidly extemporized this rough explanation of the surprise his friend had offered him, and he found it all-sufficient for his immediate needs. He wrote Blanche a charming note, to which she replied with a great deal of spirit and grace. Her little letter was very prettily turned, and Bernard, reading it over two or three times, said to himself that, to do her justice, she might very well have polished her intellect a little during these two or three years. As she was older, she could hardly help being wiser. It even occurred to Bernard that she might have profited by the sort of experience that is known as the discipline of suffering. What had become of Captain Lovelock and that tender passion which was apparently none the less genuine for having been expressed in the slang of a humorous period? Had they been permanently separated by judicious guardians, and had she been obliged to obliterate his image from her lightly beating little heart? Bernard had felt sure at Baden that, beneath her contemptuous airs and that impertinent consciousness of the difficulties of conquest by which a pretty American girl attests her allegiance to a civilization in which young women occupy the highest place—he had felt sure that Blanche had a high appreciation of her handsome Englishman, and that if Lovelock should continue to relish her charms, he might count upon the advantages of reciprocity. But it occurred to Bernard that Captain Lovelock had perhaps been faithless; that, at least, the discourtesy of chance and the inhumanity of an elder brother might have kept him an eternal prisoner at the *Hôtel de Hollande* (where, for all Bernard knew to the contrary, he had been obliged to work out his destiny in the arduous character of a polyglot waiter); so that the poor young girl, casting backward glances along the path of Mrs. Vivian's retreat, and failing to detect the onward rush of a rescuing cavalier, had perforce believed herself forsaken, and had been obliged to summon philosophy to her aid. It was very possible that her philosophic studies had taught her the art of reflection; and that, as she would have said herself, she was tremendously toned down. Once, at Baden, when Gordon Wright happened to take upon himself to remark that little Miss

Evers was bored by her English gallant, Bernard had ventured to observe, *in petto*, that Gordon knew nothing about it. But all this was of no consequence now, and Bernard steered further and further away from the liability to detect fallacies in his friend. Gordon had engaged himself to marry, and our critical hero had not a grain of fault to find with this resolution. It was a capital thing; it was just what he wanted; it would do him a world of good. Bernard rejoiced with him sincerely, and regretted extremely that a series of solemn engagements to pay visits in England should prevent his being present at the nuptials.

They were well over, as I have said, when he reached New York. The honeymoon had waned, and the business of married life had begun. Bernard, at the end, had sailed from England rather abruptly. A friend who had a remarkably good cabin on one of the steamers was obliged by a sudden detention to give it up, and on his offering it to Longueville, the latter availed himself gratefully of this opportunity of being a little less discomposed than usual by the Atlantic billows. He therefore embarked at two days' notice, a fortnight earlier than he had intended and than he had written to Gordon to expect him. Gordon, of course, had written that he was to seek no hospitality but that which Blanche was now prepared—they had a charming house—so graciously to dispense; but Bernard, nevertheless, leaving the ship early in the morning, had betaken himself to an hotel. He wished not to anticipate his welcome, and he determined to report himself to Gordon first and to come back with his luggage later in the day. After purifying himself of his sea-stains, he left his hotel and walked up the Fifth Avenue with all a newly landed voyager's enjoyment of terrestrial locomotion. It was a charming autumn day; there was a golden haze in the air; he supposed it was the Indian summer. The broad sidewalk of the Fifth Avenue was scattered over with dry leaves—crimson and orange and amber. He tossed them with his stick as he passed; they rustled and murmured with the motion, and it reminded him of the way he used to kick them in front of him over these same pavements in his riotous infancy. It was a pleasure, after many wanderings, to find himself in his native land again, and Bernard Longueville, as he went, paid his compliments to his mother-city. The brightness and gayety of the place seemed a

greeting to a returning son, and he felt a throb of affection for the freshest, the youngest, the easiest and most good-humored of great capitals. On presenting himself at Gordon's door, Bernard was told that the master of the house was not at home; he went in, however, to see the mistress. She was in her drawing-room, alone; she had on her bonnet, as if she had been going out. She gave him a joyous, demonstrative little welcome; she was evidently very glad to see him. Bernard had thought it possible she had "improved," and she was certainly prettier than ever. He instantly perceived that she was still a chatterbox; it remained to be seen whether the quality of her discourse were finer.

"Well, Mr. Longueville," she exclaimed, "where in the world did you drop from, and how long did it take you to cross the Atlantic? Three days, eh? It couldn't have taken you many more, for it was only the other day that Gordon told me you were not to sail till the 20th. You changed your mind, eh? I didn't know you ever changed your mind. Gordon never changes his. That's not a reason, eh, because you are not a bit like Gordon. Well, I never thought you were, except that you are a man. Now what are you laughing at? What should you like me call you? You *are* a man, I suppose; you are not a god. That's what you would like me to call you, I have no doubt. I must keep that for Gordon? I shall certainly keep it a good while. I know a good deal more about gentlemen than I did when I last saw you, and I assure you I don't think they are a bit god-like. I suppose that's why you always drop down from the sky—you think it's more divine. I remember that's the way you arrived at Baden when we were there together; the first thing we knew, you were standing in the midst of us. Do you remember that evening when you presented yourself? You came up and touched Gordon on the shoulder, and he gave a little jump. He will give another little jump when he sees you to-day. He gives a great many little jumps; I keep him skipping about! I remember perfectly the way we were sitting that evening at Baden, and the way you looked at me when you came up. I saw you before Gordon—I see a good many things before Gordon. What did you look at me that way for? I always meant to ask you. I was dying to know."

"For the simplest reason in the world," said Bernard. "Because you were so pretty."

"Ah no, it wasn't that! I know all about that look. It was something else—as if you knew something about me. I don't know what you can have known. There was very little to know about me, except that I was intensely silly. Really, I was awfully silly that summer at Baden—you wouldn't believe how silly I was. But I don't see how you could have known that—before you had spoken to me. It came out in my conversation—it came out awfully. My mother was a good deal disappointed in Mrs. Vivian's influence; she had expected so much from it. But it was not poor Mrs. Vivian's fault, it was some one's else. Have you ever seen the Vivians again? They are always in Europe; they have gone to live in Paris. That evening when you came up and spoke to Gordon, I never thought that three years afterward I should be married to him, and I don't suppose you did either. Is that what you meant by looking at me? Perhaps you can tell the future. I wish you would tell *my* future!"

"Oh, I can tell that easily," said Bernard.

"What will happen to me?"

"Nothing particular; it will be a little dull—the perfect happiness of a charming woman married to the best fellow in the world."

"Ah, what a horrid future!" cried Blanche, with a little petulant cry. "I want to be happy, but I certainly don't want to be dull. If you say that again you will make me repent of having married the best fellow in the world. I mean to be happy, but I certainly sha'n't be dull if I can help it."

"I was wrong to say that," said Bernard, "because, after all, my dear young lady, there must be an excitement in having so kind a husband as you have got. Gordon's devotion is quite capable of taking a new form—of inventing a new kindness—every day in the year."

Blanche looked at him an instant, with less than her usual consciousness of her momentary pose.

"My husband is very kind," she said gently.

She had hardly spoken the words when Gordon came in. He stopped a moment on seeing Bernard, glanced at his wife, blushed, flushed, and with a loud, frank exclamation of pleasure, grasped his friend by both hands. It was so long since he had seen Bernard that he seemed a good deal moved; he stood there smiling, clasping his

hands, looking him in the eyes, unable for some moments to speak. Bernard, on his side, was greatly pleased; it was delightful to him to look into Gordon's honest face again and to return his manly grasp. And he looked well—he looked happy; to see that was more delightful yet. During these few instants, while they exchanged a silent pledge of renewed friendship, Bernard's elastic perception embraced several things besides the consciousness of his own pleasure. He saw that Gordon looked well and happy, but that he looked older, too, and more serious, more marked by life. He looked as if something had happened to him—as, in fact, something had. Bernard saw a latent spark in his friend's eye that seemed to question his own for an impression of Blanche—to question it eagerly, and yet to deprecate judgment. He saw, too—with the fact made more vivid by Gordon's standing there beside her in his manly sincerity, and throwing it into contrast—that Blanche was the same little posturing coquette of a Blanche whom, at Baden, he would have treated it as a broad joke that Gordon Wright should dream of marrying. He saw, in a word, that it was what it had first struck him as being—an incongruous union. All this was a good deal for Bernard to see in the course of half a minute, especially through the rather opaque medium of a feeling of irreflective joy; and his impressions at this moment have a value only in so far as they were destined to be confirmed by larger opportunity.

"You have come a little sooner than we expected," said Gordon; "but you are all the more welcome."

"It was rather a risk," Blanche observed. "One should be notified when one wishes to make a good impression."

"Ah, my dear lady," said Bernard, "you made your impression—as far as I am concerned—a long time ago, and I doubt whether it would have gained anything to-day by your having prepared an effect."

They were standing before the fire-place, on the great hearth-rug, and Blanche, while she listened to this speech, was feeling, with uplifted arm, for a curl that had strayed from her chignon.

"She prepares her effects very quickly," said Gordon, laughing gently. "They follow each other very fast!"

Blanche kept her hand behind her head, which was bent slightly forward; her bare arm emerged from her hanging sleeve, and, with her eyes glancing upward from under

her lowered brows, she smiled at her two spectators. Her husband laid his hand on Bernard's arm.

"Isn't she pretty?" he cried; and he spoke with a sort of tender delight in being sure at least of this point.

"Tremendously pretty!" said Bernard. "I told her so half an hour before you came in."

"Ah, it was time I should arrive!" Gordon exclaimed.

Blanche was manifestly not in the least discomposed by this frank discussion of her charms, for the air of distinguished esteem adopted by both of her companions diminished the crudity of their remarks. But she gave a little pout of irritated modesty—it was more becoming than anything she had done yet—and declared that if they wished to talk her over, they were very welcome; but she should prefer their waiting till she got out of the room. So she left them, reminding Bernard that he was to send for his luggage and remain, and promising to give immediate orders for the preparation of his apartment. Bernard opened the door for her to pass out; she gave him a charming nod as he stood there, and he turned back to Gordon with the reflection of her smile in his face. Gordon was watching him; Gordon was dying to know what he thought of her. It was a curious mania of Gordon's, this wanting to know what one thought of the women he loved; but Bernard just now felt abundantly able to humor it. He was so pleased at seeing him tightly married.

"She's a delightful creature," Bernard said, with cordial vagueness, shaking hands with his friend again.

Gordon glanced at him a moment, and then, coloring a little, looked straight out of the window; whereupon Bernard remembered that these were just the terms with which, at Baden, after his companion's absence, he had attempted to qualify Angela Vivian. Gordon was conscious—he was conscious of the oddity of his situation.

"Of course it surprised you," he said, in a moment, still looking out of the window.

"What, my dear fellow?"

"My marriage."

"Well, you know," said Bernard, "everything surprises me. I am of a very conjectural habit of mind. All sorts of ideas come into my head, and yet when the simplest things happen I am always rather startled. I live in a reverie, and I am perpetually waked up by people doing things."

Gordon transferred his eyes from the win-

dow to Bernard's face—to his whole person.

"You are waked up? But you fall asleep again!"

"I fall asleep very easily," said Bernard.

Gordon looked at him from head to foot, smiling and shaking his head.

"You are not changed," he said. "You have traveled in unknown lands; you have had, I suppose, all sorts of adventures; but you are the same man I used to know."

"I am sorry for that!"

"You have the same way of representing—of misrepresenting, yourself."

"Well, if I am not changed," said Bernard, "I can ill afford to lose so valuable an art."

"Taking you altogether, I am glad you are the same," Gordon answered, simply; "but you must come into my part of the house."

Yes, he was conscious—he was very conscious; so Bernard reflected during the two or three first days of his visit to his friend. Gordon knew it must seem strange to so irreverent a critic that a man who had once aspired to the hand of so intelligent a girl—putting other things aside—as Angela Vivian should, as the Ghost in "Hamlet" says, have "declined upon" a young lady who, in force of understanding, was so very much Miss Vivian's inferior; and this knowledge kept him ill at his ease and gave him a certain pitiable awkwardness. Bernard's sense of the anomaly grew rapidly less acute; he made various observations which helped it to seem natural. Blanche was wonderfully pretty; she was very graceful, and innocent, and amusing. Since Gordon had determined to marry a little goose, he had chosen the animal with extreme discernment. It had quite the plumage of a swan, and it sailed along the stream of life with an extraordinary lightness of motion. He asked himself indeed at times whether Blanche were really so silly as she seemed; he doubted whether any woman could be so silly as Blanche seemed. He had a suspicion at times that, for ends of her own, she was playing a part—the suspicion arising from the fact that, as usually happens in such cases, she over-played it. Her empty chatter, her futility, her childish coquetry and frivolity—such light wares could hardly be the whole substance of any woman's being; there was something beneath them which Blanche was keeping out of sight. She had a scrap of a mind somewhere, and even a little fraction of a heart.

If one looked long enough one might catch a glimpse of these possessions. But why should she keep them out of sight, and what were the ends that she proposed to serve by this uncomfortable perversity? Bernard wondered whether she were fond of her husband, and he heard it intimated by several good people in New York who had had some observation of the courtship, that she had married him for his money. He was very sorry to find that this was taken for granted, and he determined, on the whole, not to believe it. He was disgusted with the idea of such a want of gratitude; for, if Gordon Wright had loved Miss Evers for herself, the young lady might certainly have discovered the intrinsic value of so disinterested a suitor. Her mother had the credit of having made the match; Gordon was known to be looking for a wife. Mrs. Evers had put her little feather-head of a daughter very much forward, and Gordon was as easily captivated as a child by the sound of a rattle. Blanche had an affection for him now, however; Bernard saw no reason to doubt that, and certainly she would have been a very flimsy creature indeed if she had not been touched by his inexhaustible kindness. She had every conceivable indulgence, and if she married him for his money, at least she had got what she wanted. She led the most agreeable life conceivable, and she ought to be in high good-humor. It was impossible to have a prettier house, a prettier carriage, more jewels and laces for the adornment of a plump little person. It was impossible to go to more parties, to give better dinners, to have fewer privations or annoyances. Bernard was so much struck with all this that, advancing rapidly in the intimacy of his gracious hostess, he ventured to call her attention to her blessings. She answered that she was perfectly aware of them, and there was no pretty speech she was not prepared to make about Gordon.

"I know what you want to say," she went on; "you want to say that he spoils me, and I don't see why you should hesitate. You generally say everything you want, and you needn't be afraid of me. He doesn't spoil me, simply because I am so bad I can't be spoiled; but that's of no consequence. I was spoiled ages ago; every one spoiled me—every one except Mrs. Vivian. I was always fond of having everything I want, and I generally managed to get it. I always had lovely clothes; mamma thought that was a kind of a duty. If it was a duty,

I don't suppose it counts as a part of the spoiling. But I was very much indulged, and I know I have everything now. Gordon is a perfect husband; I believe if I were to ask him for a present of his nose, he would cut it off and give it to me. I think I will ask him for a small piece of it some day; it will rather improve him to have an inch or two less. I don't say he's handsome; but he's just as good as he can be. Some people say that if you are very fond of a person you always think them handsome; but I don't agree with that at all. I am very fond of Gordon, and yet I am not blinded by affection, as regards his personal appearance. He's too light for my taste, and too red. And because you think people handsome, it doesn't follow that you are fond of them. I used to have a friend who was awfully handsome—the handsomest man I ever saw—and I was perfectly conscious of his defects. But I'm not conscious of Gordon's, and I don't believe he has got any. He's so intensely kind, it's quite pathetic. One would think he had done me an injury in marrying me, and that he wanted to make up for it. If he has done me an injury I haven't discovered it yet, and I don't believe I ever shall. I certainly sha'n't as long as he lets me order all the clothes I want. I have ordered five dresses this week, and I mean to order two more. When I told Gordon, what do you think he did? He simply kissed me. Well, if that's not expressive, I don't know what he could have done. He kisses me about seventeen times a day. I suppose it's very improper for a woman to tell any one how often her husband kisses her; but, as you happen to have seen him do it, I don't suppose you will be scandalized. I know you are not easily scandalized; I am not afraid of you. You are scandalized at my getting so many dresses? Well, I told you I was spoiled—I freely acknowledge it. That's why I was afraid to tell Gordon—because when I was married I had such a lot of things; I was supposed to have dresses enough to last for a year. But Gordon hadn't to pay for them, so there was no harm in my letting him feel that he has a wife. If he thinks I am extravagant, he can easily stop kissing me. You don't think it would be easy to stop? It's very well, then, for those that have never begun!"

Bernard had a good deal of conversation with Blanche, of which, as far as she was concerned, the foregoing remarks may serve as a specimen. Gordon was away from home during much of the day; he had a chemical

laboratory in which he was greatly interested, and which he took Bernard to see; it was fitted up with the latest contrivances for the pursuit of experimental science, and was the resort of needy young students, who enjoyed, at Gordon's expense, the opportunity for pushing their researches. The place did great honor to Gordon's liberality and to his ingenuity; but Blanche, who had also paid it a visit, could never speak of it without a pretty little shudder.

"Nothing would induce me to go there again," she declared, "and I consider myself very fortunate to have escaped from it with my life. It's filled with all sorts of horrible things, that fizzle up and go off, or that make you turn some dreadful color if you look at them. I expect to hear a great clap some day, and half an hour afterward to see Gordon brought home in several hundred small pieces, put up in half a dozen little bottles. I got a horrid little stain in the middle of my dress that one of the young men—the young *savants*—was so good as to drop there. Did you see the young *savants* who work under Gordon's orders? I thought they were too forlorn; there isn't one of them you would look at. If you can believe it, there wasn't one of them that looked at me; they took no more notice of me than if I had been the charwoman. They might have shown me some attention, at least, as the wife of the proprietor. What is it that Gordon's called—isn't there some other name? If you say 'proprietor,' it sounds as if he kept a hotel. I certainly don't want to pass for the wife of a hotel-keeper. What does he call himself? He must have some name. I hate telling people he's a chemist; it sounds just as if he kept a shop. That's what they call the druggists in England, and I formed the habit while I was there. It makes me feel as if he were some dreadful little man, with big green bottles in the window and 'night-bell' painted outside. He doesn't call himself anything? Well, that's exactly like Gordon! I wonder he consents to have a name at all. When I was telling some one about the young men who work under his orders,—the young *savants*,—he said I must not say that—I must not speak of their working 'under his orders.' I don't know what he would like me to say! Under his inspiration!"

During the hours of Gordon's absence, Bernard had frequent colloquies with his friend's wife, whose irresponsible prattle amused him, and in whom he tried to dis-

cover some faculty, some quality, which might be a positive guarantee of Gordon's future felicity. But often, of course, Gordon was an auditor as well; I say an auditor, because it seemed to Bernard that he had grown to be less of a talker than of yore. Doubtless, when a man finds himself united to a garrulous wife, he naturally learns to hold his tongue; but sometimes, at the close of one of Blanche's discursive monologues, on glancing at her husband just to see how he took it, and seeing him sit perfectly silent, with a fixed, inexpressive smile, Bernard said to himself that Gordon found the lesson of listening attended with some embarrassments. Gordon, as the years went by, was growing a little inscrutable; but this, too, in certain circumstances, was a usual tendency. The operations of the mind, with deepening experience, became more complex, and people were less apt to emit immature reflections at forty than they had been in their earlier days. Bernard felt a great kindness in these days for his old friend; he never yet had seemed to him such a good fellow, nor appealed so strongly to the benevolence of his disposition. Sometimes, of old, Gordon used to irritate him; but this danger appeared completely to have passed away. Bernard prolonged his visit; it gave him pleasure to be able to testify in this manner to his good will. Gordon was the kindest of hosts, and if in conversation, when his wife was present, he gave precedence to her superior powers, he had at other times a good deal of pleasant bachelor-talk with his guest. He seemed very happy; he had plenty of occupation and plenty of practical intentions. The season went on, and Bernard enjoyed his life. He enjoyed the keen and brilliant American winter, and he found it very pleasant to be treated as a distinguished stranger in his own land—a situation to which his long and repeated absences had relegated him. The hospitality of New York was profuse; the charm of its daughters extreme; the radiance of its skies superb. Bernard was the restless and professionless mortal that we know, wandering in life from one vague experiment to another, constantly gratified and never satisfied, to whom no imperious finality had as yet presented itself; and, nevertheless, for a time he contrived to limit his horizon to the passing hour, and to make a good many hours pass in the drawing-room of a demonstrative flirt.

For Mrs. Wright was a flirt; that had become tolerably obvious. Bernard had known

of old that Blanche Evers was one, and two or three months' observation of his friend's wife assured him that she did not judge a certain ethereal coquetry to be inconsistent with the conjugal character. Blanche flirted, in fact, more or less with all men, but her opportunity for playing her harmless batteries upon Bernard were of course exceptionally large. The poor fellow was perpetually under fire, and it was inevitable that he should reply with some precision of aim. It seemed to him all child's play, and it is certain that when his back was turned to his pretty hostess he never found himself thinking of her. He had not the least reason to suppose that she thought of him—excessive concentration of mind was the last vice of which he accused her. But before the winter was over, he discovered that Mrs. Gordon Wright was being talked about, and that his own name was, as the newspapers say, mentioned in connection with that of his friend's wife. The discovery greatly disgusted him. Bernard Longueville's chronicler must do him the justice to say that it failed to yield him an even transient thrill of pleasure. He thought it very improbable that this vulgar rumor had reached Gordon's ears; but he nevertheless—very naturally—instantly made up his mind to leave the house. He lost no time in saying to Gordon that he had suddenly determined to go to California, and that he was sure he must be glad to get rid of him. Gordon expressed no surprise and no regret. He simply laid his hand on his shoulder and said, very quietly, looking at him in the eyes:

"Very well; the pleasantest things must come to an end."

It was not till an hour afterward that Bernard said to himself that his friend's manner of receiving the announcement of his departure had been rather odd. He had neither said a word about his staying longer nor urged him to come back again, and there had been (it now seemed to Bernard) an audible undertone of relief in the single sentence with which he assented to his visitor's withdrawal. Could it be possible that poor Gordon was jealous of him, that he had heard this loathsome gossip, or that his own observation had given him an alarm? He had certainly never betrayed the smallest sense of injury; but it was to be remembered that even if he were uneasy, Gordon was quite capable, with his characteristic habit of weighing everything, his own honor included, in scrupulously adjusted

scales, of denying himself the luxury of active suspicion. He would never have let a half suspicion make a difference in his conduct, and he would not have dissimulated; he would simply have resisted belief. His hospitality had been without a flaw, and if he had really been wishing Bernard out of his house he had behaved with admirable self-control. Bernard, however, followed this train of thought a very short distance. It was odious to him to believe that he could have appeared to Gordon, however guiltlessly, to have invaded even in imagination the mystic line of the marital monopoly; not to say that, moreover, if one came to that, he really cared about as much for poor little Blanche as for the weathercock on the nearest steeple. He simply hurried his preparations for departure, and he told Blanche that he should have to bid her farewell on the following day. He had found her in the drawing-room, waiting for dinner. She was expecting company to dine, and Gordon had not yet come down.

She was sitting in the vague glow of the fire-light, in a wonderful pink dress, with two little pink feet crossed on the rug and pointed at the hearth. She received Bernard's announcement with small satisfaction, and expended a great deal of familiar ridicule on his project of a journey to California. Then, suddenly getting up and looking at him a moment:

"I know why you are going," she said.

"I am glad to hear my explanations have not been lost."

"Your explanations are all nonsense. You are going for another reason."

"Well," said Bernard, "if you insist upon it, it's because you are too sharp with me."

"It's because of me. So much as that is true." Bernard wondered what she was going to say—if she were going to be silly enough to allude to the most impudent of scandals; then, as she stood opening and closing her pink fan and smiling at him in the fire-light, he felt that she was silly enough for anything. "It's because of all the talk—it's because of Gordon. You needn't be afraid of Gordon."

"Afraid of him? I don't know what you mean," said Bernard, gravely.

Blanche gave a little laugh.

"You have discovered that people are talking about us—about you and me. I must say I wonder you care. I don't care, and if it's because of Gordon, you might as well know that he doesn't care. If he

doesn't care, I don't see why I should; and if I don't, I don't see why you should!"

"You pay too much attention to such vulgar drivels in even mentioning it."

"Well, if I have the credit of saying what I shouldn't—to you or to any one else—I don't see why I shouldn't have the advantage too. Gordon doesn't care—he doesn't care what I do or say. He doesn't care a pin for me!"

She spoke in her usual rattling, rambling voice, and brought out this declaration with a curious absence of resentment.

"You talk about advantage," said Bernard. "I don't see what advantage it is to you to say that."

"I want to—I must—I will! That's the advantage!" This came out with a sudden sharpness of tone; she spoke more excitedly. "He doesn't care a button for me, and he never did! I don't know what he married me for. He cares for something else—he thinks of something else. I don't know what it is—I suppose it's chemistry!"

These words gave Bernard a certain shock, but he had his intelligence sufficiently in hand to contradict them with energy.

"You labor under a monstrous delusion," he exclaimed. "Your husband thinks you fascinating."

This epithet, pronounced with a fine distinctness, was ringing in the air when the door opened and Gordon came in. He looked for a moment from Bernard to his wife, and then, approaching the latter, he said, softly:

"Do you know that he leaves us tomorrow?"

When he arrived in California, Bernard Longueville asked himself why he had come, and was unable to mention any other reason than that he had announced it. He began to feel restless again, and to drift back to those vague dissatisfactions which had accompanied him through his long journey in the East. He succeeded, however, in keeping these unreasonable feelings at bay for some time, and he strove to occupy himself, to take an interest in Californian problems. Bernard, however, was neither a political economist nor a cattle-fancier, and he found that, as the phrase is, there was not a great deal to take hold of. He wandered about, admired the climate and the big peaches, thought a while of going to Japan, and ended by going to Mexico. In this way he passed several months, and justified, in the eyes of other people at

least, his long journey across the Continent. At last he made it again, in the opposite sense. He went back to New York, where the summer had already begun, and here he invented a solution for the difficulty presented by life to a culpably unoccupied and ill-regulated man. The solution was not in the least original, and I am almost ashamed to mention so stale and conventional a device. Bernard simply devised the plan of returning to Europe. Such as it was, however, he carried it out with an audacity worthy of a better cause, and was sensibly happier since he had made up his mind to it. Gordon Wright and his wife were out of town, but Bernard went into the country, as boldly as you please, to inform them of his little project and take a long leave of them. He had made his arrangements to sail immediately, and, as at such short notice it was impossible to find good quarters on one of the English vessels, he had engaged a berth on a French steamer which was to convey him to Havre. On going down to Gordon's house in the country, he was conscious of a good deal of eagerness to know what had become of that latent irritation of which Blanche had given him a specimen. Apparently it had quite subsided. Blanche was wreathed in smiles; she was living in a bower of roses. Bernard, indeed, had no opportunity for investigating her state of mind, for he found several people in the house, and Blanche, who had an exalted standard of the duties of a hostess, was occupied in making life agreeable to her guests, most of whom were gentlemen. She had in this way that great remedy for dissatisfaction which Bernard lacked—something interesting to do. Bernard felt a good deal of genuine sadness in taking leave of Gordon, to whom he contrived to feel even more kindly than in earlier days. He had quite forgotten that Gordon was jealous of him—which he was not, as Bernard said. Certainly, Gordon showed nothing of it now, and nothing could have been more friendly than their parting. Gordon, too, for a man who was never boisterous, seemed very contented. He was fond of exercising hospitality, and he confessed to Bernard that he was just now in the humor for having his house full of people. Fortune continued to gratify this generous taste; for just as Bernard was coming away another guest made his appearance. The new-comer was none other than Captain Augustus Lovelock, who had just arrived in New York, and who, as he added,

had long desired to visit the United States. Bernard merely witnessed his arrival, and was struck with the fact that as he presented himself—it seemed quite a surprise—Blanche really stopped chattering.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

I HAVE called it a stale expedient on Bernard Longueville's part to "go to Europe" again, like the most commonplace American; and it is certain that, as our young man stood and looked out of the window of his inn at Havre, an hour after his arrival at that sea-port, his adventure did not strike him as having any great freshness. He had no plans or intentions; he had not even any very definite desires. He had felt the impulse to come back to Europe, and he had obeyed it; but now that he had arrived, his impulse seemed to have little more to say to him. He perceived it, indeed—mentally—in the attitude of a small street-boy playing upon his nose with that vulgar gesture which is supposed to represent the elation of successful fraud. There was a large blank wall before his window, painted a dirty yellow and much discolored by the weather. A broad patch of summer sunlight rested upon it and brought out the full vulgarity of its complexion. Bernard stared a while at this blank wall, which struck him in some degree as a symbol of his own present moral prospect. Then suddenly he turned away, with the declaration that, whatever truth there might be in symbolism, he, at any rate, had not come to Europe to spend the precious remnant of his youth in a malodorous Norman sea-port. The weather was very hot, and neither the hotel nor the town at large appeared to form an attractive *séjour* for persons of an irritable nostril. To go to Paris, however, was hardly more attractive than to remain at Havre, for Bernard had a lively vision of the heated bitumen and the glaring frontages of the French capital. But if a Norman town was close and dull, the Norman country was notoriously fresh and entertaining, and the next morning Bernard got into a calèche with his luggage, and bade its proprietor drive him along the coast. Once he had begun to rumble through this charming landscape, he was in much better humor with his situation; the air was freshened by a breeze from the sea; the blooming country, without walls or fences, lay open to the traveler's eye; the grain-fields and copses were shimmering in

the summer wind; the pink-faced cottages peeped through the ripening orchard-boughs, and the gray towers of the old churches were silvered by the morning-light of France.

At the end of some three hours, Bernard arrived at a little watering-place which lay close upon the shore, in the embrace of a pair of white-armed cliffs. It had a quaint and primitive aspect and a natural picturesqueness which commended it to Bernard's taste. There was evidently a great deal of nature about it, and at this moment, nature, embodied in the clear, gay sunshine, in the blue and quiet sea, in the daisied grass of the high-shouldered downs, had an air of inviting the intelligent observer to postpone his difficulties. Blanquais-les-Galets, as Bernard learned the name of this unfashionable resort to be, was twenty miles from a railway, and the place wore an expression of unaffected rusticity. Bernard stopped at an inn for his noonday breakfast, and then, with his appreciation quickened by the homely felicity of this repast, determined to go no further. He engaged a room at the inn, dismissed his vehicle, and gave himself up to the contemplation of French sea-side manners. These were chiefly to be observed upon a pebbly strand which lay along the front of the village and served as the gathering-point of its idler inhabitants. Bathing in the sea was the chief occupation of these good people, including, as it did, prolonged spectatorship of the process and infinite conversation upon its mysteries. The little world of Blanquais appeared to form a large family party, of highly developed amphibious habits, which sat gossiping all day upon the warm pebbles, occasionally dipping into the sea and drying itself in the sun, without any relaxation of personal intimacy. All this was very amusing to Bernard, who in the course of the day took a bath with the rest. The ocean was, after all, very large, and when one took his plunge he seemed to have it quite to himself. When he had dressed himself again, Bernard stretched himself on the beach, feeling happier than he had done in a long time, and pulled his hat over his eyes. The feeling of happiness was an odd one; it had come over him suddenly, without visible cause; but, such as it was, our hero made the most of it. As he lay there it seemed to deepen; his immersion and his exercise in the salt water had given him an agreeable languor. This presently became a drowsiness which was not less agreeable, and Bernard felt himself going to sleep. There were sounds in the air

above his head—sounds of the crunching and rattling of the loose, smooth stones as his neighbors moved about on them; of high-pitched French voices exchanging colloquial cries; of the splash of the bathers in the distant water, and the short, soft breaking of the waves. But these things came to his ears more vaguely and remotely, and at last they faded away. Bernard enjoyed half an hour of that light and easy slumber which is apt to overtake idle people in recumbent attitudes in the open air on August afternoons. It brought with it an exquisite sense of rest, and the rest was not spoiled by the fact that it was animated by a charming dream. Dreams are vague things, and this one had the defects of its species; but it was somehow concerned with the image of a young lady whom Bernard had formerly known, and who had beautiful eyes, into which—in the dream—he found himself looking. He waked up to find himself looking into the crown of his hat, which had been resting on the bridge of his nose. He removed it, and half raised himself, resting on his elbow and preparing to taste, in another position, of a little more of that exquisite rest of which mention has just been made. The world about him was still amusing and charming; the chatter of his companions, losing itself in the large sea-presence, the splash of the divers and swimmers, the deep blue of the ocean and the silvery white of the cliff, had that striking air of indifference to the fact that his mind had been absent from them which we are apt to find in mundane things on emerging from a nap. The same people were sitting near him on the beach—the same, and yet not quite the same. He found himself noticing a person whom he had not noticed before—a young lady, who was seated in a low portable chair some dozen yards off, with her eyes bent upon a book. Her head was in shade; her large parasol made, indeed, an awning for her whole person, which in this way, in the quiet attitude of perusal, seemed to abstract itself from the glare and murmur of the beach. The clear shadow of her umbrella—it was lined with blue—was deep upon her face; but it was not deep enough to prevent Bernard from recognizing a profile that he knew. He suddenly sat upright, with an intensely quickened vision. Was he dreaming still, or had he waked? In a moment he felt that he was acutely awake; he heard her, across the interval, turn the page of her book. For a single instant, as she did so,

she looked with level brows at the glittering ocean; then, lowering her eyes, she went on with her reading. In this barely perceptible movement he saw Angela Vivian; it was wonderful how well he remembered her. She was evidently reading very seriously; she was much interested in her book. She was alone; Bernard looked about for her mother, but Mrs. Vivian was not in sight. By this time Bernard had become aware that he was agitated; the exquisite rest of a few moments before had passed away. His agitation struck him as unreasonable; in a few minutes he made up his mind that it was absurd. He had done her an injury—yes; but as she sat there losing herself in a French novel—Bernard could see it was a French novel—he could not make out that she was the worse for it. It had not affected her appearance; Miss Vivian looked admirably pretty. Bernard hoped she would not look toward him or recognize him; he wished to look at her at his ease; to think it over; to make up his mind. The idea of meeting Angela Vivian again had often come into his thoughts; I may, indeed, say that it was a tolerably familiar presence there; but the fact, nevertheless, now-presented itself with all the violence of an accident for which he was totally unprepared. He had often asked himself what he should say to her, how he should carry himself, and how he should probably find the young lady; but, with whatever ingenuity he might at the moment have answered these questions, his intelligence at present felt decidedly overtaxed. She was a very pretty girl, to whom he had done a wrong; this was the final attitude into which, with a good deal of preliminary shifting and wavering, she had settled in his recollection. The wrong was a right, doubtless, from certain points of view; but from the girl's own it could only seem an injury to which its having been inflicted by a clever young man with whom she had been on agreeable terms, necessarily added a touch of baseness.

In every disadvantage that a woman suffers at the hands of a man, there is inevitably, in what concerns the man, an element of cowardice. When I say "inevitably," I mean that this is what the woman sees in it. This is what Bernard believed that Angela Vivian saw in the fact that by giving his friend a bad account of her he had prevented her making an opulent marriage. At first he had said to himself that, whether he had held his tongue or spoken, she had already lost her chance; but with time, somehow,

this reflection had lost its weight in the scale. It conveyed little re-assurance to his irritated conscience—it had become imponderable and impertinent. At the moment of which I speak it entirely failed to present itself, even for form's sake; and as he sat looking at this handsome girl who came back to him out of an episode of his past, he thought of her simply as an unprotected woman toward whom he had been indelicate. It is not an agreeable thing for a delicate man like Bernard Longueville to have to accommodate himself to such an accident, but this is nevertheless what it seemed needful that he should do. If she bore him a grudge he must think it natural; if she vowed him a hatred he must allow her the comfort of it. He had done the only thing possible, but that made it no better for her. He had wronged her. The circumstances mattered nothing, and as he could not make it up to her, the only reasonable thing was to keep out of her way. He had stepped into her path now, and the proper thing was to step out of it. If it could give her no pleasure to see him again, it could certainly do him no good to see her. He had seen her by this time pretty well—as far as mere seeing went, and as yet, apparently, he was none the worse for that; but his hope that he should himself escape unperceived had now become acute. It is singular that this hope should not have led him instantly to turn his back and move away; but the explanation of his imprudent delay is simply that he wished to see a little more of Miss Vivian. He was unable to bring himself to the point. Those clever things that he might have said to her quite faded away. The only good taste was to take himself off, and spare her the trouble of inventing civilities that she could not feel. And yet he continued to sit there from moment to moment, arrested, detained, fascinated, I may almost say, by the accident of her not looking round—of her letting him watch her so long. She turned another page, and another, and her reading absorbed her still. He was so near her that he could have touched her dress with the point of his umbrella. At last she raised her eyes and rested them a while on the blue horizon, straight in front of her, but as yet without turning them aside. This, however, augmented the danger of her doing so, and Bernard, with a good deal of an effort, rose to his feet. The effort, doubtless, kept the movement from being either as light or as swift as it might have been, and it vaguely

attracted his neighbor's attention. She turned her head and glanced at him, with a glance that evidently expected but to touch him and pass. It touched him, and it was on the point of passing; then it suddenly checked itself; she had recognized him. She looked at him, straight and open-eyed, out of the shadow of her parasol, and Bernard stood there—motionless now—receiving her gaze. How long it lasted need not be narrated. It was probably a matter of a few seconds, but to Bernard it seemed a little eternity. He met her eyes, he looked straight into her face; now that she had seen him he could do nothing else. Bernard's little eternity, however, came to an end; Miss Vivian dropped her eyes upon her book again. She let them rest upon it only a moment; then she closed it and slowly rose from her chair, turning away from Bernard. He still stood looking at her—stupidly, foolishly, helplessly enough, as it seemed to him; no sign of recognition had been exchanged. Angela Vivian hesitated a minute; she now had her back turned to him, and he fancied her light, flexible figure was agitated by her indecision. She looked along the sunny beach, which stretched its shallow curve to where the little bay ended and the white wall of the cliffs began. She looked down toward the sea, and up toward the little Casino which was perched on a low embankment, communicating with the beach at two or three points by a short flight of steps. Bernard saw—or supposed he saw—that she was asking herself whether she had best turn to avoid him. He had not blushed when she looked at him—he had rather turned a little pale; but he blushed now, for it really seemed odious to have literally driven the poor girl to bay. Miss Vivian decided to take refuge in the Casino, and she passed along one of the little pathways of planks that were laid here and there across the beach, and directed herself to the nearest flight of steps. Before she had gone two paces a complete change came over Bernard's feeling; his only wish now was to speak to her—to explain—to tell her he would go away. There was another row of steps at a short distance behind him; he rapidly ascended them and reached the little terrace of the Casino. Miss Vivian stood there; she was apparently hesitating again which way to turn. Bernard came straight up to her, with a gallant smile and a greeting. The comparison is a coarse one, but he felt that he was taking the bull by the horns. Angela Vivian stood watching him arrive.

"You didn't recognize me," he said, "and your not recognizing me made me—made me hesitate."

For a moment she said nothing, and then:

"You are more timid than you used to be!" she answered.

He could hardly have said what expression he had expected to find in her face; his apprehension had, perhaps, not painted her obtrusively pale and haughty, aggressively cold and stern; but it had figured something different from the look he encountered. Miss Vivian was simply blushing—that was what Bernard mainly perceived; he saw that her surprise had been extreme—complete. Her blush was re-assuring; it contradicted the idea of impatient resentment, and Bernard took some satisfaction in noting that it was prolonged.

"Yes, I am more timid than I used to be," he said.

In spite of her blush, she continued to look at him very directly; but she had always done that—she always met one's eye; and Bernard now instantly found all the beauty that he had ever found before in her pure, unevasive glance.

"I don't know whether I am more brave," she said; "but I must tell the truth—I instantly recognized you."

"You gave no sign!"

"I supposed I gave a striking one—in getting up and going away."

"Ah!" said Bernard, "as I say, I am more timid than I was, and I didn't venture to interpret that as a sign of recognition."

"It was a sign of surprise."

"Not of pleasure!" said Bernard. He felt this to be a venturesome, and from the point of view of taste perhaps a reprehensible, remark; but he made it because he was now feeling his ground, and it seemed better to make it gravely than with assumed jocosity.

"Great surprises are to me never pleasures," Angela answered; "I am not fond of shocks of any kind. The pleasure is another matter. I have not yet got over my surprise."

"If I had known you were here, I would have written to you beforehand," said Bernard, laughing.

Miss Vivian, beneath her expanded parol, gave a little shrug of her shoulders.

"Even that would have been a surprise."

"You mean a shock, eh? Did you suppose I was dead?"

Now, at last, she lowered her eyes, and her blush slowly died away.

"I knew nothing about it."

"Of course you couldn't know, and we are all mortal. It was natural that you shouldn't expect—simply on turning your head—to find me lying on the pebbles at Blanquais-les-Galets. You were a great surprise to me, as well; but I differ from you—I like surprises."

"It is rather refreshing to hear that one is a surprise," said the girl.

"Especially when in that capacity one is liked!" Bernard exclaimed.

"I don't say that—because such sensations pass away. I am now beginning to get over mine."

The light mockery of her tone struck him as the echo of an unforgotten air. He looked at her a moment, and then he said:

"You are not changed; I find you quite the same."

"I am sorry for that!" And she turned away.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Where are you going?"

She looked about her, without answering, up and down the little terrace. The Casino at Blanquais was a much more modest place of reunion than the Conversation-house at Baden-Baden. It was a small, low structure of brightly painted wood, containing but three or four rooms, and furnished all along its front with a narrow covered gallery, which offered a delusive shelter from the rougher moods of the fine, fresh weather. It was somewhat rude and shabby—the subscription for the season was low—but it had a simple picturesqueness. Its little terrace was a very convenient place for a stroll, and the great view of the ocean and of the marble-white crags that formed the broad gate-way of the shallow bay, was a sufficient compensation for the absence of luxuries. There were a few people sitting in the gallery, and a few others scattered upon the terrace; but the pleasure-seekers of Blanquais were, for the most part, immersed in the salt water or disseminated upon the grassy downs.

"I am looking for my mother," said Angela Vivian.

"I hope your mother is well."

"Very well, thank you."

"May I help you to look for her?" Bernard asked.

Her eyes paused in their quest, and rested a moment upon their companion.

"She is not here," she said presently.

"She has gone home."

"What do you call home?" Bernard demanded.

"The sort of place that we always call home; a bad little house that we have taken for a month."

"Will you let me come and see it?"

"It's nothing to see."

Bernard hesitated a moment.

"Is that a refusal?"

"I should never think of giving it so fine a name."

"There would be nothing fine in forbidding me your door. Don't think that!" said Bernard, with rather a forced laugh.

It was difficult to know what Miss Vivian thought; but she said, in a moment:

"We shall be very happy to see you. I am going home," she added.

"May I walk with you so far?" asked Bernard.

"It is not far; it's only three minutes." And Angela moved slowly to the gate of the Casino.

Bernard walked beside her, and for some moments nothing was said between them. As the silence continued, he became aware of it, and it vexed him that she should leave certain things unsaid. She had asked him no question—neither whence he had come, nor how long he would stay, nor what had happened to him since they parted. He wished to see whether this was intention or accident. He was already complaining to himself that she expressed no interest in him, and he was perfectly aware that this was a ridiculous feeling. He had come to speak to her in order to tell her that he was going away, and yet, at the end of five minutes, he had asked leave to come and see her. This sudden gyration of mind was grotesque, and Bernard knew it; but, nevertheless, he had an immense expectation that, if he should give her time, she would manifest some curiosity as to his own situation. He tried to give her time; he held his tongue; but she continued to say nothing. They passed along a sort of winding lane, where two or three fishermen's cottages, with old brown nets suspended on the walls and drying in the sun, stood open to the road, on the other side of which was a patch of salt-looking grass, browsed by a donkey that was not fastidious.

"It's so long since we parted, and we have so much to say to each other!" Bernard exclaimed at last, and he accompanied this declaration with a laugh much more spontaneous than the one he had given a few moments before.

It might have gratified him, however, to observe that his companion appeared to see

no ground for joking in the idea that they should have a good deal to say to each other.

"Yes, it's a long time since we spent those pleasant weeks at Baden," she rejoined.

"Have you been there again?"

This was a question, and though it was a very simple one, Bernard was charmed with it.

"I wouldn't go back for the world!" he said. "And you?"

"Would I go back? Oh yes; I thought it so agreeable."

With this he was less pleased; he had expected the traces of resentment, and he was actually disappointed at not finding them. But here was the little house of which his companion had spoken, and it seemed, indeed, a rather bad one. That is, it was one of those diminutive structures which are known at French watering-places as "*châlets*," and, with an exiguity of furniture, are let for the season to families that pride themselves upon their powers of contraction. This one was a very humble specimen of its class, though it was doubtless a not inadequate abode for two quiet and frugal women. It had a few inches of garden, and there were flowers in pots in the open windows, where some extremely fresh white curtains were gently fluttering in the breath of the neighboring ocean. The little door stood wide open.

"This is where we live," said Angela; and she stopped and laid her hand upon the little garden-gate.

"It's very nice," said Bernard. "I think it's better than the pastry-cook's at Baden."

They stood there, and she looked over the gate at the geraniums. She did not ask him to come in; but, on the other hand, keeping the gate closed, she made no movement to leave him. The Casino was now quite out of sight, and the whole place was perfectly still. Suddenly, turning her eyes upon Bernard with a certain strange inconsequence:

"I haven't seen you here before," she observed.

He gave a little laugh.

"I suppose it's because I only arrived this morning. I think that if I had been here you would have noticed me."

"You arrived this morning?"

"Three or four hours ago. So, if the remark were not in questionable taste, I should say we had not lost time."

"You may say what you please," said Angela, simply. "Where did you come from?"

Interrogation, now it had come, was most satisfactory, and Bernard was glad to believe that there was an element of the unexpected in his answer.

"From New York."

"You came straight from New York to this place?"

"I arrived at Havre only yesterday."

"And why did you come here?"

"It would be graceful of me to be able to answer—'Because I knew you were here.' But unfortunately I did not know it. It was a mere chance; or rather I feel like saying it was an inspiration."

Angela looked at the geraniums again.

"It was very odd," she said. "We might have been in so many places besides this one. And you might have come to so many places besides this one."

"It is all the more singular, that one of the last persons I saw in America was your charming friend Blanche, who married Gordon Wright. She didn't tell me you were here."

"She had no reason to know it," said the girl. "She is not my friend—as you are her husband's friend."

"Ah no, I don't suppose that. But she might have heard from you."

"She doesn't hear from us. My mother used to write to her for a while after she left Europe, but she has given it up." She paused a moment, and then she added—"Blanche is too silly!"

Bernard noted this, wondering how it bore upon his theory of a spiteful element in his companion. Of course Blanche was silly; but, equally of course, this young lady's perception of it was quickened by Blanche's having married a rich man whom she herself might have married.

"Gordon doesn't think so," Bernard said.

Angela looked at him a moment.

"I am very glad to hear it," she rejoined, gently.

"Yes, it is very fortunate."

"Is he well?" asked Miss Vivian. "Is he happy?"

"He has all the air of it."

"I am very glad to hear it," she repeated. And then she moved the latch of the gate and passed in. At the same moment her mother appeared in the open door-way. Mrs. Vivian had apparently been summoned by the sound of her daughter's colloquy with an unrecognized voice, and when she saw Bernard she gave a sharp little cry of surprise. Then she stood gazing at him.

Since the dispersion of the little party

at Baden-Baden he had not devoted much meditation to this conscientious gentlewoman who had been so tenderly anxious to establish her daughter properly in life; but there had been in his mind a tacit assumption that if Angela deemed that he had played her a trick Mrs. Vivian's view of his conduct was not more charitable. He felt that he must have seemed to her very unkind, and that in so far as a well-regulated conscience admitted the exercise of unpractical passions, she honored him with a pointed detestation. The instant he beheld her on her threshold this conviction rose to the surface of his consciousness and made him feel that now, at least, his hour had come.

"It is Mr. Longueville, whom we met at Baden," said Angela to her mother, gravely.

Mrs. Vivian began to smile, and stepped down quickly toward the gate.

"Ah, Mr. Longueville," she murmured, "it's so long—it's so pleasant—it's so strange—"

And suddenly she stopped, still smiling. Her smile had an odd intensity; she was trembling a little, and Bernard, who was prepared for hissing scorn, perceived with a deep, an almost violent, surprise, a touching agitation, an eager friendliness.

"Yes, it's very long," he said; "it's very pleasant. I have only just arrived; I met Miss Vivian."

"And you are not coming in?" asked Angela's mother, very graciously.

"Your daughter has not asked me!" said Bernard.

"Ah, my dearest," murmured Mrs. Vivian, looking at the girl.

Her daughter returned her glance, and then the elder lady paused again, and simply began to smile at Bernard, who recognized in her glance that queer little intimation—shy and cautious, yet perfectly discernible—of a desire to have a private understanding with what he felt that she mentally termed his better nature, which he had more than once perceived at Baden-Baden.

"Ah no, she has not asked me," Bernard repeated, laughing gently.

Then Angela turned her eyes upon him, and the expression of those fine organs was agreeably striking. It had, moreover, the merit of being easily interpreted; it said very plainly, "Please don't insist, but leave me alone." And it said it not at all sharply,—very gently and pleadingly. Bernard found himself understanding it so well that he literally blushed with intelligence.

"Don't you come to the Casino in the evening, as you used to come to the Kur-saal?" he asked.

Mrs. Vivian looked again at her daughter, who had passed into the door-way of the cottage; then she said:

"We will go this evening."

"I shall look for you eagerly," Bernard rejoined. "*Auf wiedersehen*, as we used to say at Baden!"

Mrs. Vivian waved him a response over the gate, her daughter gave him a glance from the threshold, and he took his way back to his inn.

He awaited the evening with great impatience; he fancied he had made a discovery, and he wished to confirm it. The discovery was that his idea that she bore him a grudge, that she was conscious of an injury, that he was associated in her mind with a wrong, had all been a morbid illusion. She had forgiven, she had forgotten, she didn't care, she had possibly never cared! This, at least, was his theory now, and he longed for a little more light upon it. His old sense of her being a complex and intricate girl had, in that quarter of an hour of talk with her, again become lively, so that he was not absolutely sure his apprehensions had been vain. But, with his quick vision of things, he had got the impression, at any rate, that she didn't care in a small way for any slight he might have put upon her, or any disadvantage he might have caused her. Her feeling about such a matter would be large and original. Bernard desired to see more of that, and in the evening, in fact, it seemed to him that he did so.

The terrace of the Casino was far from offering the brilliant spectacle of the promenade in front of the gaming-rooms at Baden. It had neither the liberal illumination, the distinguished frequenters, nor the superior music which formed the attraction of that celebrated spot; but it had a modest animation of its own, in which the starlight on the open sea took the

place of clustered lamps, and the strong murmur of the waves performed the function of an orchestra. Mrs. Vivian made her appearance with her daughter, and Bernard, as he used to do at Baden, chose a corner to place some chairs for them. The crowd was small, for most of the visitors had compressed themselves into one of the rooms where a shrill operetta was being performed by a strolling troupe. Mrs. Vivian's visit was a short one; she remained at the Casino less than half an hour. But Bernard had some talk with Angela. He sat beside her—her mother was on the other side, talking with an old French lady whose acquaintance she had made on the beach. Between Bernard and Angela several things were said. When his friends went away Bernard walked home with them. He bade them good-night at the door of their chalet, and then slowly strolled back to the Casino. The terrace was nearly empty; every one had gone to listen to the operetta, the sound of whose contemporary gayety came through the open, hot-looking windows in little thin quavers and catches. The ocean was rumbling just beneath; it made a ruder but richer music. Bernard stood looking at it a moment; then he went down the steps to the beach. The tide was rather low; he walked slowly down to the line of the breaking waves. The sea looked huge and black and simple; everything was vague in the unassisted darkness. Bernard stood there some time; there was nothing but the sound and the sharp, fresh smell. Suddenly he put his hand to his heart; it was beating very fast. An immense conviction had come over him—abruptly, then and there—and for a moment he held his breath. It was like a word spoken in the darkness,—he held his breath to listen. He was in love with Angela Vivian, and his love was a throbbing passion! He sat down on the stones where he stood—it filled him with a kind of awe.

(To be continued.)

## BAYARD TAYLOR.

## HIS POETRY AND LITERARY CAREER.

A CONSECRATING hand has led Bayard Taylor to a station more remote than the places where our elder and most assured poets are seated. He is transfigured and with the immortals. He was taken in his prime, with work spread all before him; yet what he did, and the record of his career, may now be used to illustrate the time and region in which it was his lot to move. No longer a living comrade, we may strive to free our judgment from bias of rivalry or affection. Injustice cannot touch him,—

"No ominous hour  
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.  
Far off is he, above desire and fear;  
No more subjected to the change and chance  
Of the unsteady planets."

As for our love for one so lately with us,—if a tear should fall unawares, it need not blur those words which prove that our loyalty to the art we serve in common is not forgotten in the tenderness which we extend to one another, or in weaker moments half count on for ourselves.

Many have thought that Taylor was fortune's favorite; that for him there were no unsteady planets, and that the lamp of his success never burned obscure. His life was notable, indeed, and from slight beginnings he achieved much. But success must be judged from within. What is a man's aim? Has he attained it? If not, what hindered him? After such questionings, we learn that the career of Bayard Taylor had, too, its adverse star.

## I.

WE find ourselves observing a true poet whose abundant writings fail to express the whole measure of his genius. He was even more than these relics imply. Circumstances diffused and modified the outcome of his rarest gift. I do not think that the advantages which his art-life affords, as an object of critical regard, have been fully valued. What American poet ever touched life and letters more variously? He let nothing go by him, he essayed everything, and furnishes examples of what to do—and what to avoid. My longest chapter is required for the study of a character wholly unique; not that he was our foremost singer, but that

his progress was so involved with the literary action of his time. The greatest modern critic devoted works and days to the analysis of personages far less noteworthy, whether the Pennsylvanian be regarded as a character or as a poet. We now are enabled, besides, to accept his story as illustrative of American authorship under somewhat different conditions from those which have affected the Cambridge group, and, secondly, of a period whose bisecting line is curiously indicated by the date of the beginning of our civil war.

This country is too broad and varied to adjust itself to one center, and must have many capitals, east and west; if any city thus far is both its material and mental equivalent, that city is New York. Here nothing has fully ripened; time is needed for the completion of what the outlines suggest. Boston, the capital of a section, was enabled sooner to define her idealism, to reach a standard, and to afford a holding-ground for schools of taste and thought. In her shaded suburbs poesy, letters, divine philosophy, have flourished, gaining a lovely and secure retreat. She bears the title of the New-World Athens, for she has afforded in miniature a model of what a metropolis, representing the various sections of our country, and all the temperaments and interests of our people, must hereafter exhibit on a splendid and comprehensive scale.

Meanwhile, the task laid upon the pioneers of letters in New York has been sufficiently hard,—always the need of devotion, toil, patient laying of foundations on which others shall build. Inherited names and resources, and the vantage of university life, have sustained the growth of a New England school. Poets who have strayed into New York—and here they are more seldom born than imported—have carried the harp with one hand and some instrument of labor with the other, and have sung their songs in such noonings as they could obtain. Almost without exception, during recent times, they have been thrown upon journalism for a support, and have experienced whatever good and evil that profession brings to the æsthetic sense of its practitioner. The laurels, the right and might of reputation, have belonged chiefly to the Old Colony, as was inevitable; and Poe's constant protest, thirty

years ago, against a disposition to believe that nothing good could arise elsewhere, useless and unmanly as it may have been, was not without reason.

Bayard Taylor, however, was not only a more sturdy and courageous example of a poet born out of New England, but must be studied with the period already named. Younger than our chief poets still living, he stood with a few companions—like Stoddard, Boker, Read—who found their music broken in upon by the tumult of a national war. Never was there a more inharmonious and changeable epoch. Wars are storms which introduce new seasons. Thus, we are to consider the writings of a poet, who dates half-way between the elder and the rising generations; who was not of Cambridge, nor of Concord, but from the Middle States; one, finally, in whose works although the product of a life of action, we always discern the influences of the study and the hearth.

## II.

TAYLOR was rightly termed the most versatile of our authors. The variety of his work impressed all. Was this the result of constitutional tendency, or due to the exigencies of American life and of his own life in particular? The problem is a close one, but surely his versatility and the crowded summary of his labors make him a very difficult poet to examine. True, he does not belong to the class, among whom both great and small are to be found, of those who—whether from greatness or littleness—have composed in such wise that their own tastes and feelings cannot be predicated from their works. He often wrote subjectively, yet was one, I think, whose natural gift could as well be understood through his personal qualities. His presence and story were so live and instant before us as to offer fine paradigms of the birth and breeding of a poet. A critic, reflecting upon the tricks of poetic dilettanteism, takes kindly to verse which has a man behind it. He strives to put himself in harmony with the inner life of such a singer, to be with him in his youth, manhood, and intellectual prime,—to measure his ideals no less than his performances,—to feel his aids and restrictions,—to breathe, as it were, the very breath of his inspiration.

See, then, the region from which this poet came, and bear in mind the kinship

that exists between the fields, the trees, the air, and all living and sentient things belonging to a given spot of earth. Go back to the happy pastoral county of the central State, which produced Bayard Taylor from its oldest and purest Quaker stock. Here lie broad undulating meadows and woodlands, as of some imagined section that should be wholly characteristic of the temperate zone. Here Nature has no extremes of grandeur or picturesqueness, nor any gloomy aspects, but is kindly, simple, attractive, strong; here she reaches, as in English rural landscape, her perfect balance, blending all her attributes in just proportion. The sons of such a soil are rounded and even in their make, sound of brawn and brain, open to many phases of life,—not likely, once having touched the outer world, to content themselves with one experience, or one purpose, whether morbid or healthy and well-conceived.

More than other youths, Bayard took in the nourishment which nature offered him. His sensibilities and instincts were those of her poets and artists. The trees, the flowers, the grasses, he knew them all; he was no sportsman, but "named all the birds without a gun." His farming duties often were forgotten in roving and reveries, and charmed moods uncomprehended either by himself or by those about him. Then the eager devouring of books,—old-fashioned novels, history, travels; above all, of the poetry within his reach. The story of his boyhood is told by his teachers, and with feeling and intelligence by Judge Lewis; it is written on the memories and narrated by the faltering voices of those aged parents who, after sixty years of wedlock, find the home in which he placed them made desolate by the loss of the faithful son. His youth was that of the traditional American boy, and here, as always, the story of Rasselas repeats itself. The fairest native valley falls upon the lad who as yet has nothing by which to measure its worth. Tranquillity for the old; for the young, a longing for new and larger experiences. But time rights all things: as no town-bred person ever really knows the country, so no country-lad in older years forgets the secrets nature taught his childhood. Taylor had through life the frank and somewhat homely simplicity of the yeoman, thorough cosmopolite as he was. And in time he learned how glad his youth had been, and with a great desire again and again returned to the pastoral walks of Kennett.

The boy's impatience of his confines was early shown. After the schooling at a country academy, where he studied hard and well, came the revolt from farm-life and the alternative selection of a trade. Of course he chose to be a printer, and at the age of seventeen became an apprentice in Westchester. Already he had found his gift of making verses, and now took fire with the thought of being a poet. The publication of his juvenile pieces grew out of his desire to see the world. He contrived to open a correspondence with the literary magnates, Willis and Griswold. Two years were passed in this novitiate; he then managed to cancel his indentures, and forced his way out of that life and into the one his heart was set upon.

I have seen his mother's copy of the thin little book, now so hard to find, entitled "Ximena; or, The Battle of the Sierra Morena, and other Poems." It was dedicated to Griswold, in gratitude for "kind encouragement" shown the author. On the fly-leaf is written, in a clear hand, "Rebecca W. Taylor, from her affectionate son, J. Bayard Taylor."\* The poet had reason for the touching devotion he always showed to this noble woman. "The mother makes us most." He strikingly resembled her in features; certainly he inherited from her his courage and virtue, his broad sympathies, much of his literary talent, and a sane and cheerful mind.

The course of his early readings is seen in this collection. Byron, Scott, Moore, Mrs. Hemans, Bryant, are echoed here and there. The title-poem is a tale of the Cid, fairly written in octosyllabics, with a prelude in the measure of "Childe Harold." Griswold narrates that he gave the callow author sound advice as to a modern and native field for his later efforts. The boy's own feelings are expressed in shorter pieces—one of them entitled "Manhood." He cherished a high ideal of life,—patriotic, aspiring, pure,—really such an ideal as we like to attribute to the best type of the American youth. A blank-verse poem is inscribed to Whittier, whose name was a household word in the Quaker home.

\* The poet was named Bayard after James A. Bayard of Delaware, grandfather of the present Senator. He prefixed the initial "J," in signing his youthful pieces, "thinking it would look better." Griswold put "James Bayard" on this title-page. Upon his twenty-first birthday Taylor had the good sense to resume his original signature, which he never afterward changed.

Though the book contained no new note, it did show the ambition and facile gift of the born writer. One quality is apparent which afterward marked his verse,—a peculiar sonorousness, especially in the use of resonant proper nouns, the names of historic persons and places. In a lyric, "The Old World," written about this time, he avowed his impatience with his tame stay-at-home life. "Ximena" was printed at a venture, solely for the purpose of increasing the savings with which to undertake a tramp over Europe, at that time an audacious and almost fanciful design. From the proceeds he was enabled to see those patrons in Philadelphia who advanced him, on the pledge of his future labors, the sum of \$140, which encouraged him to set out upon his travels. After reaching New York he hastened to the "Tribune" office, even at that time the Mecca of rustic aspirants, few of whom placed too modest a valuation upon their own powers. However, it was no common youth, this stripling of nineteen, who won the affectionate interest of Horace Greeley, and already had found practical friends in Willis, Griswold, Godwin, and the triumvirate of the Philadelphia press,—Patterson, Chandler, and the kindly editor of "Graham's Magazine."

Here I may as well pause to consider the sentiment of the travels which employed so large a portion of his life, and the quality of their record. The latter began in 1846 with the famous "Views Afoot," and ended with "Egypt and Iceland in the Year 1874," at a date only five years previous to the sudden close of his career.

The gist of the whole matter is that Taylor was a poet upon his travels. A national instinct was expressed in the going out of this wiry, erect, impetuous young man, "to see the world." The same yearning that brings a Western youth to the Atlantic shore has sent our coast-born lads on strange voyages to many lands. Each of them, like the sailor-boy, can nevermore endure "to sit with empty hands at home." Grant White avers that while the air of England was yet new to him, he felt that it was something he was "born to breathe." In England, the counterpart of our feeling is a sense of imprisonment. Britain is the noblest island in the world, but still an island. For us the old strangeness and distance no more yield the charm which belonged to the pages of Irving and Willis and Mitchell. Swift intercommunication, making all countries one, has brought the reaction. We begin to

cherish our own distinctiveness, to seek for our local color. This is a good omen, and the promise of a true development.

In Taylor's case no home-ambition, not even the following of an art, could restrain his desire for travel. He went abroad for his personal delight, that he might see and learn and grow. His journals were undertaken chiefly to give him the means of adventure. He made no scientific pretensions. He was something of a botanist, a natural geographer, could see the form beneath the color, and had enough of exact knowledge to make his narrative rich and intelligible. Before all, he sought the delight of the eye, and that series of sensations which Pater declares to be the sum of life. He had a poet's sense of the best everywhere, and a poet's sympathy with any land to which he came. Hence the effect of his travels is that we journey with him, and enjoy his own emotions. We see with his eyes the Holy City; with him we smell the thyme upon Hymettus, or hear the surges prophesying to the rocks of Tyre. We experience his passion to reach the summits, the ultimate deserts, the extreme capes. Such is the spirit of his *Travels*. We read much in them of scenery and external things; he reserved for his private letters what he had to say of the men and women whose friendship he gained. His perceptions enabled him, though going rapidly over many regions, to get the special quality of each. In all these books there is the clear vision and essential truth of the poet. They are not literary, not poetic, but so depicting life and landscape as to breed something of poetry in us as we read: straightforward, luminous, reciting everything simply, after the Greek fashion,—a series of truthful wonder-tales. If they are a reporter's letters, they are those of a poet acting as reporter. Few travelers have written so much and so honestly. Taylor took little on hearsay. He wrote of what he saw, and saw with unerring eyes. A resident of India said that his book on that country was the only one free from error. It is surprising that this man, the author of eleven volumes of travels, the journals of thirty years, so rarely was challenged, in this precise and exacting time, for a statement made upon the printed page.

Viewing his travels in this light, I have little to add in respect to their literary merits. The style is that of genuine prose; no sing-song and sentimentalism; a clear and wholesome medium of expression. Its two extremes—of compact polish and unstudied

freshness,—are to be found, the one in that collection of sketches which was almost his last, the "By-Ways of Europe," and the other in the romantic "Views Afoot"—the story of his first tour, and whose publication made his first literary success. One compensation is to be derived from the descriptive, unscientific method of the series: statistics of resources, politics, laws, must change from year to year; but landscape and atmosphere long remain substantially the same. In science, only the latest works have current value; these travels, contrary to superficial opinion, may not pass out of favor so quickly as those of many who have journeyed upon facts and theories intent.

"Views Afoot" gave Taylor a popularity seldom accorded to so young an author. It made him widely known, and invested him with a friendly interest. His connections were influential. The journal to whose staff he was attached, which had an immense inland circulation, and with whose radical tenets he was in sympathy, found profit in advancing his reputation.

Early and instant success, and the ear of the public,—great things for any author,—are yet not without peril to the faculty divine of the poet. In the intervals of travel, Taylor had kept up the habit of putting his impressions into verse. In 1848, two years after his return, he printed the "Rhymes of Travel." The preface stated that this was the first venture to which he had "intrusted a hope of success, for the sake of Poetry alone." Forty-four pieces made the collection, one-third of which the author afterward excluded from the general edition of his poems. Among the best-remembered lyrics is "A Bacchic Ode." A few Western ballads gave freshness to the book. It was approved by Poe, who found imaginative eloquence in Taylor's style, but on the whole these Rhymes do not seem to me remarkable even as a poet's first offering. Bayard was now twenty-four years old, and surely, recalling the work of Bryant, and Keats, and Shelley, at or before the same age, could not be thought a precocious singer. There was little then in American life to stimulate precocity in song. Besides, his nature was so ardent, so full-blooded, that slight and common sensations intoxicated him, and he estimated their effect, and his power to transmit it to others, beyond the true value. He was too unjaded to require the stimulus for his emotions which many need, and to reach for subtler and more profound imaginings.

Nothing so quaintly and forcibly indicates the place he now held, and the conception formed of him by his readers, as the sentimental portrait by Buchanan Read which served as a frontispiece to the "Rhymes of Travel." How far-away seem those bucolic days, when art indulged itself in freaks like this! The steel engraving gives us Taylor as he pauses in the act of climbing the Alps. A slender youth, in face and form resembling Shelley, and equipped like one of Bunyan's Pilgrims, with a palmer's hat, blouse and belt, and a shepherd's crook in his hand for an alpenstock; lofty peaks in the background! All deliciously operatic and impossible. Such was the popular notion of Taylor, and it often brought out a merry laugh from himself and his friends in later and more realistic years. But those were simple, fortunate times for the young minstrel, who took his success modestly and gladly, nor forgot his work withal; and he now enjoyed a season as poetic as ever afterward came to him, or ever has lightened the spirits of any other votary of work and song.

Indeed, he now was in circumstances more favorable than in later years for the cultivation of his art as a poet. He had secured the means of support, and formed associations which gave him the fellowship and pleasant rivalry of comrades in taste and ambition. He got hold of what he needed, art-life, and embraced it with a zest. Through his established success, and his hold upon journalism, he could aid and encourage his friends, and they in turn did good to his hand and training. Sooth to say, he prized his humble poetic life far more than his sudden honors; it always was first in his affections. He loved his brother bards with the full strength of his large mold, gave them freely of his praise, and frankly welcomed their appreciation in return. He grew as a poet, and his work speedily showed it.

In 1849, a newspaper mission to the new Eldorado gave him some picturesque themes. In that pioneer time the scenes and groups upon the Pacific coast had not the native homogeneous aspect which Bret Harte, for example, has caught and used so well. But there was a breezy, attractive atmosphere in the pictures of Taylor's "Californian Ballads," and a ringing vigor in their tone. Stoddard and himself had met shortly before this journey. They were within a year of each other in age, and their friendship, when Taylor settled

down again to city journalism, became close and stimulative. The aspirations of the two poets were the same. They held sweet counsel together in their sky-chambers, and wrote and studied in concert. Their books were dedicated to each other. Stoddard's "Triumphal Music" was a companion-piece to one of Taylor's; his "Caliban, the Witch's Whelp," was a contrast to the latter's "Ariel in the Cloven Pine." Soon Boker, of Philadelphia, a year or two their senior,—born to what Griswold termed "a life of opulent leisure," but always the unpretentious ally of his brother-poets,—became the third in a chivalrous trio. His "Calaynos" had given him reputation as a dramatic poet. A life-long friendship was established among the three. All this seems the memory of salad-days, but it is from such enthusiasms that new poetic fashions grow. These poets, and with them Read and others, did the best their time and surroundings suggested. Their tastes, all things considered, were sincere and good. If they originated little, it was partly because a fog hung about them, through which was heard the chattering of the so-called "literati"; but they sang merrily, and formed a hopeful group outside of the select circle in the East, and certainly made a promising advance upon the dead level of the "Knickerbocker" school. Their work was essential, possibly, to what has since been done or is yet to come, and cannot be overlooked in any review of that time. The young fellows were in earnest, setting their art before themselves, thinking less of notoriety than of what honors might come from true allegiance to the muse of song.

How could some of them foresee—who would have wished them to foresee—that the rust of years, the weariness of unappreciated work, the scant requitals of a half-formed Philistine market, would gradually wear upon them, slacken their labors, tire their hands, prematurely whiten their hairs; bring them even to make light of their ideal, if in their hearts still true to their early love! There *is* much in "being born at the right time."

Ten years more, and younger poets were added to the group,—O'Brien, Aldrich, and others,—among whom Taylor was a central figure, holding the friendship of all. Meanwhile, as has been said, these Arcadian influences had told upon his genius. After responding with a conventional poem, "The American Legend," to the honor of a sum-

mons to read the Phi Beta Ode at Harvard, he brought out in Boston, under the classic auspices of the Ticknor house, a volume which gave the first adequate measure of his lyrical powers. "A Book of Romances, Lyrics and Songs" (1851) contained pieces that still rank among the best he wrote. Here is the style, quite matured, which seems most genuinely his own. The longest poem, "Monda-Min; or, the Romance of Maize," shows to less advantage than the rest of the book. It is a version of an Indian legend akin to that upon which Longfellow afterward based his far more important work, "Hiawatha," and is quietly done; but with descriptive truth and occasional touches of strength and originality. The chief value of the collection was in miscellaneous pieces that have the lasting quality which makes good art always fresh to us. These rank with the best American verse written up to that time. Nor do I know one of our elder or younger poets who might not be glad to have composed such an idyl as "Hylas" with its strong blank-verse made soft and liquid by feminine endings, the Dorian grace infused with just enough sentiment to make it effective in our modern times. It is worthy of a place in Landor's "Hellenics," and in my own mind always is associated with "Rhoecus." None of Taylor's later classical pieces is quite so good as this. There also are two charming oriental stories, in blank-verse,—a measure which he managed well,—"Kubleh" and "The Soldier and the Pard." "Ariel" and "Sorrowful Music," already mentioned, and the "Ode to Shelley," remind us too much of that poet, from whose weird and etherial influence Taylor never quite freed himself, nor desired to free himself, until his dying day. These are fine poems, and so are others notably his own—"Sicilian Wine," "Taurus," "Serapion," and "The Metempsychosis of the Pine." The last-named lyric may be taken as a specimen of his characteristic mode. "We touch," he says, "the lower life of beast and clod:"

"All outward wisdom yields to that within,  
Whereof no creed nor canon holds the key;  
We only feel that we have ever been,  
And ever more shall be.

"And thus I know, by memories unfurled  
In rarer moods, and many a nameless sign,  
That once in Time, and somewhere in the world,  
I was a towering Pine,

"Rooted upon a cape that overhung  
The entrance to a mountain gorge; whereon  
The wintry shadow of a peak was flung  
Long after rise of sun."

The poet informs the tree with conscious life. "When," he sings,

"Through all my fibres thrilled the tender sigh,  
The sweet unrest of Spring.

"She, with warm fingers laced in mine, did melt  
In fragrant balsam my reluctant blood;  
And with a smart of keen delight I felt  
The sap in every bud,

"And tingled through my rough old bark, and  
fast  
Pushed out the younger green, that smoothed  
my tones,  
When last year's needles to the wind I cast,  
And shed my scaly cones."

Woodland, pastoral, and warlike scenes are pictured in compact stanzas, and memory recalls the rhythmic chant of the storm-swayed tree when it became "a harp for every wind, a voice for every sky." Music was its life. Nature's metempsychosis follows; the minstrel still feels the old life filling his brain with sweeps of song:

"And if some wild, full-gathered harmony  
Rolls its unbroken music through my line,  
There lives and murmurs, faintly though it be,  
The Spirit of the Pine."

I have said that this volume contained the first fruits of an interval when the poet felt most keenly the compensations of art-life. And so it did; for it was by work like this that he was able to pass beneath and out from the shadow of a somber cloud. The painful romance of his youth; the lingering illness of the girl to whom he was betrothed, the marriage only a month before she died,—all this broke in upon precious days, and effected more than a temporary change. It was Taylor's nature not to take lightly such a loss, nor to hold loosely so tender a memory. His grief was foretold in the December lyric, "Moan, ye wild winds, around the pane!" It was the motive of a succession of memorial pieces, expressing moods of sorrow, that ended only years afterward, with the "vision" of "The Poet's Journal." But now it wore him down, sent him again on his wanderings, and determined that his life should become one of restless, varying action, rather than continue in this more creative repose.

His most extended journey began in 1851, shortly after the appearance of the "Romances." It led him up the Nile, over Syria, over Southern Egypt and Spain, finally to India, China, and the mystic islands of Japan; nor did he set foot in

New York again until midwinter, 1853-54. During this time he not only wrote the letters which made three volumes of prose, but had not failed to exercise his poetic skill. The main result was the "Poems of the Orient," which were collected in a book under that title in the ensuing year.

This work seems to me the high-water mark of his purely lyrical period, and may justly be characterized as original, vivid, spontaneous, harmonious in tone and artistic in execution. Of all the regions which Taylor now had traversed, the Orient seemed most nearly to touch his own nature. His ready adaptability to the life and sentiment of any land was surprising; he was our foremost type of the only being that can accommodate itself to all extremes of climate and custom. But he seemed to have been born for the Orient, and if his Songs do not set forth the East as orientals know it, they do set forth Taylor in the East:

"The Poet knew the Land of the East,—  
His soul was native there."

It needed not Hicks's picture of the bronzed traveler, in his turban and Asiatic costume, smoking, cross-legged, upon a roof-top of Damascus, to show us how much of a Syrian he then was. We saw it in those down-drooping eyelids which made his profile like Tennyson's; in his aquiline nose, with the expressive tremor of the nostrils as he spoke; in his thinly tufted chin, his close-curling hair; his love of spices, music, coffee, colors and perfumes; his sensitiveness to out-door influences, to the freshness of the morning, the bath, the elemental touch of air and water and the life-giving sun. It is to be found in the "Poems of the Orient," where we have these traits reflected in diverse lyrics that make a fascinating whole. In them he seemed to give full vent to his flood of song. Whether from regard to the criticism that charged him with rhetoric and exuberance, or from the languor of work and travel, in after life his poetry often was more restrained, less fervid and exhilarating.

Among the Eastern poems, as now arranged after slight winnowing by the author, I find but one that is commonplace,—the "Nilotic Drinking-song," perhaps retained for its associations. Elsewhere the tone is well sustained, by turns glowing and languorous, usually rich in color and sound. The poet's intellect keeps him above the race he celebrates. A western Epicurean, he gets the best out of the East,—its finest passion

and wisdom and its changeless soul. A sonnet interprets Nubia, the land of dreams and sleep:

"Hush! for she does but sleep; she is not dead:  
Action and Toil have made the world their own,  
But she hath built an altar to Repose."

The varying skies of Egypt, the Desert, the Syrian Coast, of Damascus, of Persia, free these poems from the honeyed monotony of Moore's Orientalism, and the bookishness of Southey's. In manner, however, they sometimes remind us of Byron and of Hunt, and even of Tennyson, whose melodies have haunted so many singers, and whose "Maud" appeared in the same year with the lyrics before us. They are not of the latter-day fashion, either. Although more musical and refined in art than most work of a preceding date, their effects are obvious, their music and diction are subordinate to the main purpose. They thus lack the modern subtlety; but also avoid the fantastic word-handling of our latest verse, and are the more spontaneous and virile.

Here are some oriental tales in rhymed pentameter, and one in octosyllabic verse. "The Temptation of Hassan Ben Khaleed" is the longest and best, the model of a narrative poem. William Morris has done nothing better of the kind. One wishes that Taylor had paid more attention to narrative poetry, availing himself, like Morris, of legends ready to his hand. He told a story in verse so easily and delightfully that he always underrated both the art and the poets who have excelled in it. "Amran's Wooing" is another good story—a tale of the Desert. Here also are songs, that will last as long as anything the poet wrote:

"Daughter of Egypt, veil thine eyes!"

and the almost unrivaled "Bedouin Song":

"From the Desert I come to thee  
On a stallion shod with fire;  
And the winds are left behind  
In the speed of my desire.  
Under thy window I stand,  
And the midnight hears my cry:  
I love thee, I love but thee,  
With a love that shall not die  
Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment  
Book unfold!"

There is a reminiscence of Shelley in one stanza; but this song has its own character and charm. The refrain is superb. Other

noteworthy pieces are, the "Ode to Indolence," a "Desert Hymn to the Sun," the apostrophe to Kilimandjaro, monarch of African mountains; poems like "The Goblet," "Aurum Potabile," "A Pledge to Hafiz," full of the spirit of the Persian Solomon; dithyrambic measures, also: "The Garden of Irem" and "Charmian," which suggests the field in which Taylor made so many excursions of late years. There is a faultless idyl in quatrains, celebrating the Hindoo legend of the coming of Camadeva, that would have delighted Sir William Jones, and which I always read with the same feeling that is derived from a poem as different on the surface as Collins's "Dirge in Cymbeline." It affords an exquisite instance of a quality which generally marks the "Poems of the Orient," that of *restraint*—the reserved strength which will not give one stroke too much. At last the poet folds his tent and unwinds the turban from his brow:

"The sun has ceased to shine; the palms that bent,  
Inebriate with light, have disappeared;  
And naught is left me of the Orient  
But the tanned bosom and the unshorn beard."

There is a slight mannerism in these lyrics resulting from a vocabulary none too copious, and from the repetition of favorite images and rhymes. They are free from over-moralizing and show little of the influence of Longfellow, which at that time was so visible in American verse; they are poetry uttered for poetry's sake, from the heart that must have voice, and with the voice that sings independently.

A new edition was called for of Taylor's earlier poems. The best of them were reprinted in Boston as "Poems of Home and Travel," a title including also maturer pieces written for the magazines. Stoddard, Taylor, and others, were now engaged, with the elder poets, in supplying the verse which made attractive the first series of "Putnam's Magazine." This periodical was fortunate, like a successor, "The Atlantic,"—in its choir of songsters. Nor was it wanting in prose-poems, such as the delicate and haunting stories by the author of "Lotus-Eating," and the "Nile Notes of a Howadji." These books and Taylor's oriental poems were the complements of one another, and were as refreshing to the stay-at-home public that welcomed them as the Sicilian idyls of Theocritus and Bion once must have seemed to the desert-bordered citizens of Alexandria.

## III.

THE poet-traveler was now in his thirtieth year. Assuming that his work now showed the quality of his gift, after the due period required for its development, we may pause to examine its value. If he never had done anything more, if his summons had come at this time,—there would have been, even as now, few whose taking-off would be so deplored, around whose memory would gather a more regretful interest. We should speak of the promise of a great career, and say, "Had he but lived!" and again, "A passing star; a shining track left upon the western skies!" He did live, and for years was a working man of letters, and must be judged by his product to the end. His life was consecrated to poetry yet not devoted to it. How much this means! Possibly he gained all the laurels he had a right to expect, under the conditions which he accepted. Had those conditions been otherwise I think he would have secured more. Circumstances and his own choice did not permit him to pay the price demanded for them. This was nothing less than the surrender of immediate honors; of twenty years of rare and eminent experiences, of growth in every direction. It would have been strange indeed if, at his age, he had not accepted "the good" the gods provided him,—trusting, through the aid of his strength and future occasion, to make even his half service of the muse as effective as the entire fealty of others who have won the crown.

Taylor had the elements of prolonged growth. Being what he was at thirty, the undisturbed practice of his art, a devotion like that of Tennyson's or Longfellow's, should have given him wide and indisputable poetic fame. By this course he would have refined that subtler sense which, as no one knows more surely than the present writer, is so elusive, so often dulled or stunted by the force, the outcry, the perturbing conflicts of the social, the trading, the professional, or even the patriotic and political, world of action and toil. Still, this poet's capabilities, aside from his gift of song, were unique, and pressed for employment. His memory was prodigious. Nothing that he learned was forgotten, and he learned without effort. After a single reading he knew a poem by heart, and could repeat whole pages of his favorite authors; and there was little that he did not read or see. His perception of externals was alert

and true; but he did not so readily catch by intuition the thoughts and feelings of those about him. He had a fine sense of form and color, drew and painted creditably, and seemed a natural artist. His linguistic powers were well known. He taught himself something of the classical texts, and was more infused with the antique sentiment than many a learned Theban. He quickly caught the pass-words and phrases of any language, Semitic or Aryan, wherever he journeyed. German he mastered, wrote in, thought in; it became so much like a native tongue with him as to refute the theory that one gains of a new language only so much as he loses of his own. His desire for knowledge was constant, and his professional training made him rapidly acquainted with the meaning and scope of a new work or movement that came within his view.

His personal traits were no less admirable. To think of him is to recall a person larger in make and magnanimity than the common sort; a man of indescribable buoyancy, hopefulness, sweetness of temper,—reverent, loyal, shrinking from contention yet ready to do battle for a principle or in the just cause of a friend; a patriot and lover of his kind, stainless in morals, and of an honesty so pure and simple that he could not be surprised into an untruth or the commission of a mean and unworthy act. His open delight over any work of his own that pleased him was the reverse of egotism, yet often misunderstood by those who slightly knew him. He was without jealousy, though sometimes ruffled by the prosperity of quacks and pretenders, and took as much pleasure in the legitimate success of others as in his own. Yet his personal ambition and aspiration were very great, only equaled by his heroic industry and scrupulous fulfillment of the lightest or heaviest task he undertook.

In social life he was generous and unrestrained, full of the knightly, mirth-loving, romantic spirit; a poet who kept his heart green to the last, even when disease was upon him, and the plethoric habit of his middle life. These dulled his eye, but never broke his spirit nor turned his thoughts to gall.

As a poet, we say, the qualities of his mature style were now fairly displayed. From the beginning, rhythm, the *susurrus* of liquid measures, had much to do with his sense of the beautiful in verse, and reacted upon his imagination. He reveled in the effect of the broad English vowels,

the "hollow ae's and oe's," and in the consonantal vigor of our language. He enjoyed reading aloud the poetry of Darley, of Byron and Shelley, and read his own with such melody and resonance, that one who listened to its chanting sound was no more able than himself to tell whether it was of his poorest or his best. Its dominant quality, therefore, was often that of eloquence, as in the verse of Croly and Campbell. Poe quoted from one of his early pieces, to show that eloquence and imagination may go together:

"Then, from her seat, amid the palms embowered  
That shade the lion-land,  
Swart Africa in dusky aspect towered,  
The fetters on her hand.  
Backward she saw, from out her drear eclipse  
The mighty Theban years,  
And the deep anguish of her mournful lips,  
Interpreted her tears."

I have said that Bryant was "elemental" in his communion with sea and forest and the misty mountain winds. Taylor, as to the general range of his poetry, was ethereal and secular. Nations, races, eras, the past and future of mankind, were the objects of his regard; he got his material, his imaginative pictures, from their aspect, and his most elevated verse relates to their historic and prophetic phases.

His art-method was simple and direct, obvious rather than suggestive, and he generally composed in a major key. Some of his measures, like those of Barry Cornwall, are fresh with the breeze and spray:

"They were born by the shore, by the shore,  
When the surf was loud and the sea-gull cried,  
They were rocked to the rhythm of its roar,  
They were cradled in the arms of the tide."

In other moods he would write a ballad, or a tender and exquisite lyric, like "The Song of the Camp," enough of itself to confirm his title as a poet. He had, in truth, the spontaneity of a born singer; but with it a facility that was dangerous indeed. His first draft was apt to be his best if not his only one. He had few affectations; his instinct being against obscurity and oddness of expression. The unstudied manner of the Georgian poets suited him, and he made his own verse as far as might be, the clear vehicle of his feeling. Of late years, in the desire to convey his deeper, more intellectual thought and conviction, he frequently became involved, and a metaphysical vagueness was apparent even in his lyrics. At such times the critics thought his efforts strained, and his friends declared that he was not working in his best vein.

(To be concluded.)

## HOW ANIMALS GET HOME.

ONE of the most striking powers possessed by animals is that of finding their way home from a great distance, and over a road with which they are supposed to be unacquainted. It has long been a question whether we are to attribute these remarkable performances to a purely intuitive perception by the animal of the direction and the practicable route to his home, or whether they are the results of a conscious study of the situation, and a definite carrying out of well-judged plans.

Probably the most prominent example of this wonderful power is the case of homing pigeons. These pigeons are very strong of wing, and their intelligence is cultivated to a high degree; for their peculiar "gift" has been made use of since "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." The principle of heredity, therefore, now acts with much force; nevertheless, each young bird must be subjected to severe training in order to fit it for those arduous competitions which annually take place among first-rate birds. As soon as the fledgling is fairly strong on its wings, it is taken a few miles from the cote and released. It rises into the air, looks about it and starts straight away for home. There is no mystery about this at all,—when it has attained the height of a few yards the bird can see its cote, and full of that strong love of home which is so characteristic of its wild ancestors, the blue-rocks, it hastens back to the society of its mates. The next day the trial-distance is doubled, and the third day is still further increased, until in a few weeks it will return from a distance of seventy miles, which is all that a bird-of-the-year is "fit" to do; and when two years old, will return from 200 miles, longer distances being left to more mature birds. But all this training must be in a continuous direction; if the first lesson was toward the east, subsequent lessons must also be; nor can the added distance each time exceed a certain limit, for then, after trying this way and that, and failing to recognize any landmark, the bird will simply come back to where it was thrown up. Moreover, it must always be clear weather. Homing pigeons will make no attempt to start in a fog, or if they do get away, a hundred chances to one they will be lost. Nor do they travel at night, but settle down at dusk and renew their journey in the morn-

ing. When snow disguises the landscape, also, many pigeons go astray. None of these circumstances seriously hampers the semi-annual migrations of swallows or geese. They journey at night, as well as by day, straight over vast bodies of water and flat deserts, true to the north or south. Homing pigeons fly northward or southward, east or west, equally well, and it is evident that their course is guided only by observation. Watch one tossed. On strong pinions it mounts straight up into the air a hundred feet. Then it begins to sweep around in great circles, rising higher and higher, until—if the locality is seventy-five or one hundred miles beyond where it has ever been before—it will go almost out of sight. Then suddenly you will see it strike off upon a straight course, and that course is homeward. But take the same bird there a second time and none of these aerial revolutions will occur,—its time is too pressing, its homesickness too intense for that; instantly it will turn its face toward its owner's dove-cote.

These facts mean something. They show that two definite intellectual processes serve to decide for the bird the direction he is to take,—observation and memory. He gets high enough, and turns about times enough, to catch sight of some familiar object, and he makes for it; arrived there, another known feature catches his eye, and thus by ever narrowing stages he is guided home. Few persons have any idea of the distance one can see at great elevations. More than once I have stood on peaks of the Rocky Mountains, where, had I been a pigeon, I could easily have steered my flight by another mountain fully 75 miles distant. Balloonists say that at the height of half a mile the whole course of the Thames or the Seine, from end to end, is spread out as plain as a map beneath their eyes. There is no doubt that a pigeon may rise to where he can recognize in clear weather a landscape 150 miles away; it has been done repeatedly, though only by the best birds, specially trained for that particular line of flight. There is no greater error than to suppose that carrier-pigeons sent a long distance from home in any direction will always return, as though attracted by a loadstone. The benevolent lady received only a good-natured laugh

for her pains, when she offered to equip the late British Arctic expedition with these winged messengers, who, she supposed, could be despatched from any point with tidings, and have a fair chance of getting straight back to England.

A pigeon's power of memory is really wonderful. Beginning with short stages, perhaps of not more than a dozen miles, the final stage of a match-flight of 500 miles will be more than 100. The country has been seen but once, yet the bird remembers it, and not only for the three or four days of a match, but for months. In June, 1877, birds trained from Bath to London were twice flown. On June 11th, of last year, they repeated the trip at good speed. Such feats are not uncommon with Belgian birds,—the best of all,—and there have been several authenticated instances of their going off-handed from England to Belgium after having been kept in confinement many months. But the homing intelligence of pigeons is subject to irregularity of action, and this very circumstance insists that it shall not be considered an unvarying, unreasoning instinct.

Enough has now been said, perhaps, to enable one to see that, however much the bird may be aided by an acute sense of direction,—a capability, I mean, of preserving a straight course, once ascertained, which sense some may prefer to speak of as an "instinct,"—the homing faculty of *le voyageur pigeon* is the result of education, and is not a matter of intuition at all.

The bee pursues a truly similar course. When he is loaded with nectar, you will note him cease humming about the heads of the flowers and spring up in a swift, vertical spiral, and after circling about a moment, shoot homeward "in a bee-line." Evidently he has "got his bearings." Had you watched him the first time he ever left his hive you would have observed precisely similar conduct, to acquaint himself with the surroundings.

How a bird like the albatross, the man-of-war-hawk, or the petrel, swinging on tireless pinions in apparently aimless flight over the tossing and objectless ocean, suddenly rouses its reserve of strength and traverses in a day or two the hundreds of miles between it and the rocky shores where it builds its nest; or how it finds the lone islet which these winged wanderers of the sea alone render populous, is not easily explained. Nor can we readily understand how once a year the salmon comes back

(from conjecture only guesses where)—not to the coast alone, for that would be no more than an ordinary case of migration, but to the identical stream where it was born; and to prove that it was not a blind emotion that led it, it would be harder than in the case of the pigeon, the bee, or even the frigate-bird. Yet who knows that the fishes may not be able to perceive the differences in the water which we designate "variations of temperature and density," or still more delicate properties, and thus distinguish the fluid of their native place from the outside element? It is a question, however, whether this phenomenon comes properly within the scope of this article.

Many domestic animals show a true homing faculty, and often in a degree which excites our surprise. One of the most remarkable cases I knew was that of two of the mules of a pack-train which, plainly by concerted action, left our camp one morning without cause or provocation. We were in south-western Wyoming, about seventy-five miles north-west of Rawlins Station, where we had begun our march. Our course, however, had been an exceedingly roundabout one, including a great deal of very bad country, where no road or trail existed. These mules made no attempt to trace it back, but struck straight across the country. They were chased many miles, and showed not the least hesitancy in choosing their way, keeping straight on across the rolling plain, with a haste which seems not to have been diminished until Rawlins was almost reached, when they were caught by some prospectors. For weeks they had to be kept carefully hobbled to prevent a repetition of the experiment.

How did these animals know the direction with such certainty? Mules frequently follow a very obscure trail backward for many miles, and, even more than horses, may be trusted to find the way home in the dark; but this is only when they have been over the road before, and is quite as fully due to their superior eyesight as to their strong sense of locality. I have also seen mules following the trail of a pack-train a few hours in advance, almost wholly by scenting; but the two runaways above had no other conceivable help in laying their course than some distant mountain-tops north and east of (and hence behind) them, and to profit by these would have required a sort of mental triangulation.

But the most common instances of hom-

ing ability are presented by our domestic pets, which often come back to us when we have parted with them, in a way quite unaccountable at first thought. An extremely instructive series of authentic examples of this were published in successive numbers of that excellent newspaper, the "London Field." The discussion was begun by a somewhat aggressive article by Mr. Tegetmeier, in which he expressed the opinion that most of such stories current were "nonsense," and cordially assigned to the regions of the fabulous those narratives which seemed to attribute this power to a special faculty possessed by the animal, instancing himself two cases where a dog and a cat found their way home, as he very justly supposes, by using their memories. The distance was not great; they obtained a knowledge of the routes and took their departure. "Very interesting," replied a correspondent, "but no argument against another cat or dog home-returning twenty or thirty miles across a strange district by means of instinct." And as evidence of his conclusion that "there is an attribute of animals, neither scent, sight, nor memory, which enables them to perform the home-returning journeys," this gentleman said:

"When I resided at Selhurst, on the Brighton and South Coast Railway, a friend living at Sutton gave me an Irish retriever bitch. She came over to him about a month previously from the county Limerick, where she was bred; and during her stay at Sutton she was on chain the whole time, with the exception of two walks my friend gave her in the direction of Cheam, which is in an opposite quarter to Selhurst from Sutton. She came to me per rail in a covered van, and the distance from home to home is about nine miles. She was out for exercise next morning, ran away, and turned up at her previous home the same afternoon."

But this proved to be a mild instance of such performances. A fox-hound was taken by train in a covered van forty miles from the kennels of one hunt to those of another in Ireland. The hound was tied up for a week, and then she was taken out with the pack. She hunted with them for the day, and returned in the evening to within a hundred yards of the kennel. "Here," relates the narrator, "I noticed her go into a field, sit down, and look about her. I called out to the young gentleman who hunts the hounds, whose way home was the same as mine: 'J., Precious is not going

on with you.' 'Oh, there's no fear of her,' was the reply. 'As she came so far, she will come the rest of the way.' So we went on to the kennel close by, but Precious did not appear, and we came back at once to the spot, sounded the horn, and searched everywhere. That was at six o'clock in the evening. On the following morning at six o'clock, when the messman went to the kennel door at Doneraile, Precious was there."

An officer took a pointer which certainly had never been in Ireland before, direct from Liverpool to Belfast, where he was kept for six months at the barracks. He was then sent by train and cart, in a dog-box thirty-four miles into the country, and tied up for three days. Being let out on the morning of the fourth, he at once ran away, and was found that same evening at the barracks at Belfast.

A sheep-dog was sent by rail and express wagon from Birmingham to Wolverton, but, escaping the next Saturday at noon, on Sunday morning appeared in Birmingham, having traveled sixty miles in twenty-four hours.

Says one writer:

"I was stopping with a friend about eighteen miles from Orange, New South Wales. My host brought a half-grown kitten sixteen miles by a cross-bush track, tied in a flour-bag at the bottom of a buggy. She was fed that night; in the morning she had disappeared. She was home again in rather less than four days." The same person owned a horse in the interior of Australia, which, after two years of quiet residence on his run, suddenly departed, and was next heard of 100 miles away, at the run of the old master from whom it had been stolen years before.

A rough-coated cur was taken by a gentleman to whom he had been given from Manchester to Liverpool by train, thence to Bangor, North Wales, by steamboat; but on landing at Bangor the dog ran away, and the fourth day afterward, fatigued and footsore, was back in his home kennel, having undoubtedly traveled straight overland the whole distance. The same gentleman knew of a kitten that was carried in a covered basket six miles from one side of Manchester to the other, and found its way back the next day through the turbulent streets. Similarly, a fox-hound transported in a close box between points 150 miles distant, and part of the way through the city of London, came back as soon as let loose. A retriever bitch

did the same thing from Huddersfield to Stroud, a fortnight after being taken to the former place by rail; and a fox-hound returned from Kent to Northamptonshire, which are on opposite sides of the Thames; finally a dog came back to Liverpool from a distant point, whither he had been forwarded by rail *in the night*.

So many such instances are recorded that I refrain from mentioning more, except a couple of very illustrative ones which I find vouched for in the Rev. J. G. Wood's valuable little book, "Man and Beast." A mechanic who worked in Manchester but lived at Holywell, Wales, having been home on a visit, was given a dog to take back with him. "He led the animal from Holywell to Bagill by road, a distance of about two miles. Thence he took the market boat to Chester, a distance of about twelve miles, if I remember right. Then he walked through Chester, and took rail for Birkenhead. From that station he walked to the landing-stage, and crossed the Mersey to Liverpool. He then walked through Liverpool to the station in Lime street. Then he took rail to Manchester, and then had to walk a distance of a mile and a half to his home. This was on Wednesday. He tied the dog up, and went to his work on Thursday as usual; and on the Sunday following, thinking that the dog was accustomed to the place, he set it at liberty. He soon lost sight of it and on the Wednesday following, he received a letter from his mother, stating that the dog had returned to her. Now you will see that the dog went first by road, then by market-boat, then through streets, then by rail, then by steamer, then through streets again, then by rail again, then through streets again, it being dark at the time." Whether the animal really did follow the back-track with all this exactness or not, one thing is certain,—he had sagacity enough to find his way and (as is noteworthy in all these incidents) did so with astonishing speed.

The second instance is still more striking, and illustrates very forcibly the strong love of home in the dog, which is the motive in all these extraordinary and difficult journeys. "A gentleman in Calcutta wrote to a friend living near Inverkeithing, on the shores of the Frith of Forth, requesting him to send a good Scotch collie dog. This was done in due course, and the arrival of the dog was duly acknowledged. But the next mail brought accounts of the dog having disappeared, and that nothing could be

seen or heard of him. Imagine the astonishment of the gentleman in Inverkeithing when, a few weeks later, friend Collie bounced into his house, wagging his tail, barking furiously, and exhibiting, as only a dog can, his great joy at finding his master." Inquiry showed that the dog had come aboard a Dundee collier from a ship hailing from Calcutta.

Comparing all these examples and many others,—for hundreds, almost, of similar cases in various animals might be cited,—certain general facts appear.

First, incidentally, brutes equally with men become homesick. Those that stay away, as well as those that return to their former homes, show this very plainly and often pitifully. This feeling is the motive which leads them to undergo perils and hardships, that no other emotion would prompt them to undertake or enable them to endure. But it is the most thoroughly domesticated, and most intelligent breeds of animals that this homesickness attacks the most severely; while, correlatively, the most difficult feats of finding their way home are manifested by the same class. It is the finely bred horses, the carefully reared pigeons, the highly educated pointers, fox-hounds and collies, that return from the longest distances and over the greatest obstacles.

This would seem to indicate that the homing ability is largely the result of education; whatever foundation there may have been in the wild brute, it has been fostered under civilizing influences, until it has developed to an astonishing degree. I would like to ask any one who believes that this ability is wholly a matter of intuition,—an innate faculty,—why such an instinct should have been planted in the breast of animals like dogs and horses in their wild condition? They had no homes to which they could become attached as they do now in their artificial life, or when they did settle during the breeding season in any one spot, either they did not quit it at all, wandered only for a short distance, or else the females alone remained stationary, while the males roved as widely as usual. There would seem to be no call, therefore, for such an instinct in the wild animal. That they may always have had, and do now possess, a very acute sense of direction, enabling them to keep the points of the compass straight in their minds far better than we can, I am willing to admit; but I doubt whether the evidence proves a

nearer approach to a homing "instinct" than this. On the contrary, I believe, as I have already hinted, that beyond this, the performances of animals in the line of our inquiry are the result of accurate observation, and very retentive memory. That all these animals now and then do miss their bearings, get "turned around" and wholly lost, is true, and is a fact to be remembered in this discussion.

In the case of the birds, observation by sight is sufficient. They rise to a height whence they can detect a landmark, and flying thither, catch sight of another. The experience of pigeon-trainers shows this satisfactorily, and that of the falconers supports it. The far-reaching eyesight of birds is well known. Kill a goat on the Andes and in half an hour flocks of condors will be disputing over the remains, though when the shot was fired, not a single sable wing blotted the vast blue arch. The same is true of the vultures of the Himalayas and elsewhere. Gulls drop unerringly upon a morsel of food in the surf, and hawks pounce from enormous heights upon insignificant mice crouching in fancied security among the meadow stubble, while an Arctic owl will perceive a hare upon the snow (scarcely more white than himself) three times as far as the keenest-eyed Chippewa who ever trapped along Hudson's Bay. The eyesight, then, of pigeons and falcons is amply powerful to show them the way in a country they have seen before, even though the points they are acquainted with be a hundred miles apart.

In the cases of horses, dogs and cats, the explanation may be more difficult, and not always possible to arrive at. Horses and mules are extremely observant animals, and quick to remember places; everybody who has ever had anything to do with them must know this. Their recollection is astonishing. The Rev. J. G. Wood tells of a horse which knew its old master after sixteen years, though he had grown from a boy to a man and was, of course, much changed in both voice and appearance. It is probable that where horses come back, they do so mainly by sight and memory.

As for dogs, they not only can see well, but they have the additional help of their intelligent noses. The proficiency to which some breeds of dogs have brought their smelling powers—the precision with which they will analyze and detect different scents—is surprising. I have lately seen trustworthy accounts of two hunting-dogs, one

of which pointed a partridge on the further side of a stone wall, much to the surprise of his master, who thought his dog was an idiot; and the other similarly indicated a bird sitting in the midst of a decaying carcass, the effluvium of which was disgustingly strong, yet not sufficiently so to disguise the scent of the bird to the dog's delicate nostrils. Fox-hounds will trace for miles, at full speed and with heads high, the step of a Mercury-footed fox, simply by the faint odor with which his lightly touching pad has tainted the fallen leaves.

There are few cases where a dog is taken from one home to another, when he could not see most of the time where he was going. In that complicated journey of the Holywell workman's pet from northern Wales to Manchester, the little fellow had his eyes open the whole distance, we may be sure, and if he could speak he would no doubt tell us that he remembered his previous journey pretty well. But many times, especially where transported by rail, it is unquestionable that dogs rely upon their noses to get them back. Finding that they are being kidnapped, carried off from home and friends in this confined, alarming fashion, unable to see out of the tight box or the close car, they do just what you or I would under similar circumstances,—exert every possible means left them of discovering whither they are going, and take as many notes as possible of the route, intending to escape at the very first opportunity. One means of investigation remaining is the scent, and this they would use to great advantage, examining the different smells as their journey progressed, and stowing them away in their memory to be followed back in inverse order when they have a chance to return. Granting to these animals the discriminating sense of smell which experience shows to be possessed by them, I do not see any reason why they should not be able to remember a journey by its succession of odors just as well as they would by its successive landmarks to the eye. Even we, with our comparatively useless noses, can smell the sea from afar; can scent the sweetness of the green fields as well as the smokiness of black towns; and can distinguish these general and continuous odors from special or concentrated odors, which latter would change direction as the smeller changed position. How far this sense has really been developed in the human subject, perhaps few know; but in the history of Julia Brace, the deaf and

blind mute of Boston, for whom the late Doctor Howe accomplished so much, occurs a striking example. In her blindness and stillness, Julia's main occupation was the exercise of her remaining senses of touch, taste and smell. It was upon the last, we are told, that she seemed most to rely to obtain a knowledge of what was going on around her, and she came finally to perceive odors utterly insensible to other persons. When she met a person whom she had met before, she instantly recognized him by the odor of his hand or glove. If it was a stranger, she smelled his hand, and the impression remained so strong that she could recognize him long after by again smelling his hand, or even his glove, if he had just taken it off; and if, of half a dozen strangers each one should throw his glove into a hat, she would take one, smell it, then smell the hand of each person, and unerringly assign each glove to its owner. She would pick out the gloves of a brother and sister by the similarity of odor but could not distinguish between them. Similar cases might be produced, though hardly one of superior education in this respect; and in the light of it, it is not difficult to suppose that a sharp dog should be able to follow back a train of odors that he had experienced shortly before.

But there is another way by which anxious animals may learn their route both going and coming, and that is by listening and inquiring. It is remarkable how much of what is said by their masters all dogs understand. The books and periodicals of natural history and sport abound with illustrations of this, and one lately occurred within my own experience. A very good-natured and amusing, but utterly unthoroughbred, little dog was a member of a family which I was visiting. The dog and I became very good friends at once, and remained so until the second day, when I casually began to joke his master upon owning such a miserable cur. At once the little dog pricked up his ears, and, noticing this, I continued my disparagements in a quiet, off-hand tone, his master meanwhile defending and condoling with him, until at last the dog could stand it no longer, but without any provocation beyond my language, which was not addressed to him at all, sprang up and softly bit at my heel, as though to give me warning of what might happen if the joke went any further; and after that he utterly broke off our friendship.

I mention this incident to call attention

to the alertness of our household pets in hearing and comprehending what is being said. Could not a dog on a railway remember the names of the towns through which he passed as they were called out by the attendants and spoken by travelers, and so be able to judge something of his way in return? The Rev. Mr. Wood suggested that the collie which returned from India was enabled to find the right vessel at Calcutta by hearing the well-known language and accent of the Scotch sailors; and again picked out from among many others the right collier in which to finish the journey, partly by remembrance of the rig, but also by recognizing the still more familiar and home-like dialect of the Dundee men. In a country where dialects are so marked as in Great Britain, this sort of observation would no doubt be of great help to an intelligent animal. Take the case of the Holywell workman's dog. It is quite possible that he discovered the right route from Liverpool, whither it would not be so difficult to make his way from Manchester, by following some rough-tongued Welshman until he found himself among his own hills again.

But there is still more to be said about this part of a homesick animal's resources and ingenuity. I am firm in my belief that animals have a language of signs and utterances by which they communicate with each other, and that their vocabulary, so to speak, is much larger than it has generally been considered to be. Dupont de Nemours declared that he understood fourteen words of the cat tongue. I am perfectly convinced that those two wicked little mules of ours, which ran away so disgracefully from our camp in Wyoming, had planned the whole thing out beforehand, and thus very likely had made up their minds as to the road. They had been bitter enemies, biting and kicking each other, contesting for coveted places in the line and quarreling the whole trip. But the evening before they ran away they were observed to be very amicable. It attracted our notice, and the last that was seen of them in the morning, just before they bolted, they stood apart from the rest with their heads together and their ears erect, waiting the right moment to dart away together. Tell a mountain mule-driver that the little beasts do not talk among themselves (chiefly in planning cunning mischief) and he will laugh in your face.

Cats, we know, consult a great deal together, and two street dogs often become

great cronies. Why should not these dogs and cats be able to tell stray companions something which should help them on their way? I believe they do—just how, I don't pretend to say.

It seems to me, therefore, that the examples cited above, and a host of others like them, show that all domestic animals have a very strong love of places and persons. In many cases this homesickness is so strong as to lead them to desert a new abode, when transferred to it, and attempt to return to their former home; but they *rarely or never do so without having a defi-*

*nite idea in their minds as to the route,* although it is often very long and circuitous, and hence they almost invariably succeed; *otherwise, they do not try.* In regard to the method used by them to find their way, it appears that they have no special instinct to guide them, but depend upon their memory of the route, the knowledge of which was acquired by an attentive study through the senses of sight, smell and hearing, possibly by communication with other animals. The phenomenon, as a whole, affords another very striking example of animal intelligence.

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#### FOR A TRANSLATION OF THEOCRITUS.

O SINGER of the field and fold,  
Theocritus! Pan's pipe was thine,—  
Thine was the happier age of gold!

For thee the scent of new-turned mould,  
The bee-hive, and the murmuring pine,  
O singer of the field and fold!

Thou sang'st the simple feasts of old,—  
The beechen bowl made glad with wine. . .  
Thine was the happier age of gold!

Thou bad'st the rustic loves be told,—  
Thou bad'st the tuneful reeds combine,  
O singer of the field and fold!

And round thee, ever laughing, rolled  
The blithe and blue Sicilian brine. . .  
Thine was the happier age of gold!

To-day our songs are faint and cold,—  
Our northern suns too sadly shine;  
O singer of the field and fold,  
Thine was the happier age of gold!

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## THE GRANDISSIMES.

## A STORY OF CREOLE LIFE.

By GEORGE W. CABLE, author of "Old Creole Days."

## CHAPTER I.

## MASKED BATTERIES.

It was in the Theatre St. Philippe (they had laid a temporary floor over the parquette seats) in the city we now call New Orleans, in the month of September, and in the year 1803. Under the twinkle of numberless candles, and in a perfumed air thrilled with the wailing ecstasy of violins, the little Creole capital's proudest and best were offering up the first cool night of the languidly departing summer to the divine Terpsichore. For summer there, bear in mind, is a loitering gossip, that only begins to talk of leaving when September rises to go. It was like hustling her out, it is true, to give a select *bal masqué* at such a very early—such an amusingly early date; but it was fitting that something should be done for the sick and the destitute; and why not this? Everybody knows the Lord loveth a cheerful giver.

And so, to repeat, it was in the Theatre St. Philippe (the oldest, the first one), and, as may have been noticed, in the year in which the First Consul of France gave away Louisiana. Some might call it "sold." Old Agricola Fusilier in the rumbling pomp of his natural voice—for he had an hour ago forgotten that he was in mask and domino—called it "gave away." Not that he believed it had been done; for, look you, how could it be? The pretended treaty contained, for instance, no provision relative to the great family of Brahmin Mandarin Fusilier de Grandissime. It was evidently spurious.

Being bumped against, he moved a step or two aside, and was going on to denounce further the detestable rumor, when a masker—one of four who had just finished the contra-dance and were moving away in the column of promenaders—brought him smartly around with the salutation:

"Comment to ye, Citoyen Agricola!"

"H-you young kitten!" said the old man in a growling voice, and with the teased, half laugh of aged vanity as he bent a baffled scrutiny at the back-turned face of an ideal Indian Queen. It was not merely the *tutoiement* that struck him as saucy,

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but the further familiarity of using the slave dialect.

"H-the cool rascal!" he added laughingly, and only half to himself; "get into the garb of your true sex, sir, h-and I will guess who you are!"

But the Queen, in the same feigned voice as before, retorted:

"Ah! *mo piti fils, to pas connais to san-cestres?* Don't you know your ancestors, my little son?"

"H-the g-hods preserve us!" said Agricola, with a pompous laugh muffled under his mask, "the queen of the Tchoupitoulas I proudly acknowledge, and my great-grandfather, Epaminondas Fusilier, lieutenant of dragoons under Bienville; but,"—he laid his hand upon his heart, and bowed to the other two figures, whose smaller stature betrayed the gentler sex—"pardon me, ladies, neither Monks nor *Filles à la Cassette* grow on our family tree."

The four maskers at once turned their glance upon the old man in the domino; but if any retort was intended it gave way as the violins burst into an agony of laughter. The floor was immediately filled with waltzers and the four figures disappeared.

"I wonder," murmured Agricola to himself, "if that Dragoon can possibly be Honoré Grandissime."

Wherever those four maskers went there were cries of delight: "Ho, ho, ho! see there! here! there! a group of first colonists! One of Iberville's Dragoons! don't you remember great-great-grandfather Fusilier's portrait—the gilded casque and heron plumes? And that one behind in the fawn-skin leggings and shirt of bird's skins is an Indian Queen. As sure as sure can be, they are intended for Epaminondas and his wife, Lufki-Humma!"

"But why, then, does he not walk with her?"

"Why, because, Simplicity, both of them are men, while the little Monk on his arm is a lady, as you can see, and so is the masque that has the arm of the Indian Queen; look at their little hands."

In another part of the room the four were greeted with, "Ha, ha, ha! well, that is magnificent! But see that Huguenotte

Girl on the Indian Queen's arm! Isn't that fine! Ha, ha! she carries a little trunk. She is a *Fille à la Cassette*!"

Two partners in a cotillion were speaking in an undertone, behind a fan.

"And you think you know who it is?" asked one.

"Know?" replied the other. "Do I know I have a head on my shoulders? If that Dragoon is not our cousin Honoré Grandissime—well——"

"Honoré in mask? he is too sober-sided to do such a thing."

"I tell you it is he! Listen. Yesterday I heard Doctor Charlie Keene begging him to go, and telling him there were two ladies, strangers, newly arrived in the city, who would be there, and whom he wished him to meet. Depend upon it the Dragoon is Honoré, Lufki-Humma is Charlie Keene, and the Monk and the Huguenotte are those two ladies."

But all this is an outside view; let us draw nearer and see what chance may discover to us behind those four masks.

An hour has passed by. The dance goes on; hearts are beating, wit is flashing, eyes encounter eyes with the leveled lances of their beams, merriment and joy and sudden bright surprises thrill the breast, voices are throwing off disguise, and beauty's coy ear is bending with a venturesome docility; here love is baffled, there deceived, yonder takes prisoners and here surrenders. The very air seems to breathe, to sigh, to laugh, while the musicians, with disheveled locks, streaming brows and furious bows, strike, draw, drive, scatter from the anguished violins a never-ending rout of screaming harmonies. But the Monk and the Huguenotte are not on the floor. They are sitting where they have been left by their two companions, in one of the boxes of the theater, looking out upon the unwearied whirl and flash of gauze and light and color.

"Oh, *chérie, chérie*," murmured the little lady in the Monk's disguise to her quieter companion, and speaking in the soft dialect of old Louisiana, "now you get a good idea of heaven!"

The *Fille à la Cassette* replied with a sudden turn of her masked face and a murmur of surprise and protest against this impiety. A low, merry laugh came out of the Monk's cowl, and the Huguenotte let her form sink a little in her chair with a gentle sigh.

"Ah, for shame, tired!" softly laughed the other; then suddenly, with her eyes fixed

across the room, she seized her companion's hand and pressed it tightly. "Do you not see it?" she whispered eagerly, "just by the door—the casque with the heron feathers. Ah, Clotilde, I *cannot* believe he is one of those Grandissimes!"

"Well," replied the Huguenotte, "Doctor Keene says he is not."

Doctor Charlie Keene, speaking from under the disguise of the Indian Queen, had indeed so said; but the Recording Angel, whom we understand to be particular about those things, had immediately made a memorandum of it to the debit of Doctor Keene's account.

"If I had believed that it was he," continued the whisperer, "I would have turned about and left him in the midst of the contra-dance!"

Behind them sat unmasked a well-aged pair, "*bredouille*," as they used to say of the wall-flowers, with that look of blissful repose which marks the married and established Creole. The lady in monk's attire turned about in her chair and leaned back to laugh with these. The passing maskers looked that way, with a certain instinct that there was beauty under those two costumes. As they did so, they saw the *Fille à la Cassette* join in this over-shoulder conversation. A moment later, they saw the old gentleman protector and the *Fille à la Cassette* rising to the dance. And when presently the distant passers took a final backward glance, that same Lieutenant of Dragoons and the little Monk were once more upon the floor, waiting for the music.

"But your late companion?" said the voice in the cowl.

"My Indian Queen?" asked the Creole Epaminondas.

"Say, rather, your Medicine-Man," archly replied the Monk.

"In these times," responded the Cavalier, "a medicine-man cannot dance long without professional interruption, even when he dances for a charitable object. He has been called to two relapsed patients." The music struck up; the speaker addressed himself to the dance; but the lady did not respond.

"Do dragoons ever moralize?" she asked.

"They do more," replied her partner; "sometimes, when beauty's enjoyment of the ball is drawing toward its twilight, they catch its pleasant melancholy, and confess; will the good father sit in the confessional?"

The pair turned slowly about and moved toward the box from which they had come,

the lady remaining silent; but just as they were entering she half withdrew her arm from his, and, confronting him with a rich sparkle of the eyes within the immobile mask of the monk, said:

"Why should the conscience of one poor little monk carry all the frivolity of this ball? I have a right to dance, if I wish. I give you my word, Monsieur Dragon, I dance only for the benefit of the sick and the destitute. It is you men—you dragoons and others—who will not help them without a compensation in this sort of nonsense. Why should we shrive you when you ought to burn?"

"Then lead us to the altar," said the Dragon.

"Pardon, sir," she retorted, her words entangled with a musical, open-hearted laugh, "I am not going in that direction." She cast her glance around the ball-room. "As you say, it is the twilight of the ball; I am looking for the evening star,—that is, my little Huguenotte."

"Then you are well mated."

"How?"

"For you are Aurora."

The lady gave a displeased start.

"Sir!"

"Pardon," said the Cavalier, "if by accident I have hit upon your real name——"

She laughed again—a laugh which was as exultantly joyous as it was high-bred.

"Ah, my name? Oh no, indeed!" (More work for the Recording Angel.)

She turned to her protectress.

"Madame, I know you think we should be going home."

The senior lady replied in amiable speech, but with sleepy eyes, and the Monk began to lift and unfold a wrapping. As the Cavalier drew it into his own possession, and, agreeably to his gesture, the Monk and he sat down side by side, he said, in a low tone:

"One more laugh before we part."

"A monk cannot laugh for nothing."

"I will pay for it."

"But with nothing to laugh at?" The thought of laughing at nothing made her laugh a little on the spot.

"We will make something to laugh at," said the cavalier; "we will unmask to each other, and when we find each other first cousins, the laugh will come of itself."

"Ah! we *will* unmask—no! I have no cousins. I am certain we are strangers."

"Then we will laugh to think that I paid for the disappointment."

Much more of this child-like badinage fol-

lowed, and by and by they came around again to the same last statement. Another little laugh escaped from the cowl.

"You will pay? Let us see; how much will you give to the sick and destitute?"

"To see who it is I am laughing with, I will give whatever you ask."

"Two hundred and fifty dollars, cash, into the hands of the managers!"

"A bargain!"

The Monk laughed, and her chaperon opened her eyes and smiled apologetically. The Cavalier laughed, too, and said:

"Good! That was the laugh; now the unmasking."

"And you positively will give the money to the managers not later than to-morrow evening?"

"Not later. It shall be done without fail."

"Well, wait till I put on my wrappings; I must be ready to run."

This delightful nonsense was interrupted by the return of the *Fille à la Cassette* and her aged, but sprightly, escort, from a circuit of the floor. Madame again opened her eyes, and the four prepared to depart. The Dragon helped the Monk to fortify herself against the outer air. She was ready before the others. There was a pause, a low laugh, a whispered "Now!" She looked upon an unmasked, noble countenance, lifted her own mask a little, and then a little more; and then shut it quickly down again upon a face whose beauty was more than even those fascinating graces had promised which Honoré Grandissime had fitly named the Morning; but it was a face he had never seen before.

"Hush!" she said, "the enemies of religion are watching us; the Huguenotte saw me. Adieu"—and they were gone.

M. Honoré Grandissime turned on his heel and very soon left the ball.

"Now, sir," thought he to himself, "we'll return to our senses."

"Now I'll put my feathers on again," says the plucked bird.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE FATE OF THE IMMIGRANT.

It was just a fortnight after the ball, that Joseph Frowenfeld opened his eyes upon Louisiana. He was an American by birth, rearing and sentiment, yet German enough through his parents, and the only son in a family consisting of father, mother, himself,

and two sisters, new-blown flowers of womanhood. It was an October dawn, when, long wearied of the ocean, and with bright anticipations of verdure, and fragrance, and tropical gorgeousness, this simple-hearted family awoke to find the bark that had borne them from their far northern home already entering upon the ascent of the Mississippi.

We may easily imagine the grave group, as they came up one by one from below, that morning of first disappointment, and stood (with a whirligig of jubilant mosquitoes spinning about each head) looking out across the waste, and seeing the sky and the marsh meet in the east, the north, and the west, and receiving with patient silence the father's suggestion that the hills would, no doubt, rise into view after a while.

"My children, we may turn this disappointment into a lesson; if the good people of this country could speak to us now, they might well ask us not to judge them or their land upon one or two hasty glances, or by the experiences of a few short days or weeks."

But no hills rose. However, by and by, they found solace in the appearance of distant forest, and in the afternoon they entered a land—but such a land! A land hung in mourning, darkened by gigantic cypresses, submerged; a land of reptiles, silence, shadow, decay.

"The captain told father, when we went to engage passage, that New Orleans was on high land," said the younger daughter, with a tremor in the voice, and ignoring the remonstrative touch of her sister.

"On high land?" said the captain, turning from the pilot; "well, so it is—higher than the swamp, but not higher than the river," and he checked a broadening smile.

But the Frowenfelds were not a family to complain. It was characteristic of them to recognize the bright as well as the solemn virtues, and to keep each other reminded of the duty of cheerfulness. A smile, starting from the quiet elder sister, went around the group, directed against the abstracted and somewhat rueful countenance of Joseph, whereat he turned with a better face, and said that what the Creator had pronounced very good they could hardly feel free to condemn. The old father was still more stout of heart.

"These mosquitoes, children, are thought by some to keep the air pure," he said.

"Better keep out of it after sunset," put in the captain.

After that day and night, the prospect

grew less repellent. A gradually matured conviction that New Orleans would not be found standing on stilts in the quagmire, enabled the eye to become educated to a better appreciation of the solemn landscape. Nor was the landscape always solemn. There were long openings, now and then, to right and left, of emerald-green savannah, with the dazzling blue of the Gulf far beyond, waving a thousand white-handed good-byes as the funereal swamps slowly shut out again the horizon. How sweet the soft breezes off the moist prairies! How weird, how very near, the crimson and green and black and yellow sunsets! How dream-like the land and the great, whispering river! The profound stillness and breadth reminded the old German, so he said, of that early time when the evenings and mornings were the first days of the half-built world. The barking of a dog in Fort Plaquemines seemed to come before its turn in the panorama of creation—before the earth was ready for the dog's master.

But he was assured that to live in those swamps was not entirely impossible to man—"if one may call a negro a man." Run-away slaves were not so rare in them as one—a lost hunter, for example—might wish. His informant was a new passenger, taken aboard at the fort. He spoke English.

"Yes, sir! Di' n' I 'ad to run from Bras Coupé in de haidge of de swamp be'ine de 'abitation of my cousin Honoré, one time? You can hask 'oo you like!" (A Creole always provides against incredulity.) At this point he digressed a moment: "You know my cousin, Honoré Grandissime, w'at give two 'on' fiftie dolla' to de 'ospill laz mont'? An' juz because my cousin Honoré give it, somebody helse give de semm. Fo' w'y don' 'e give 'is nemm?"

The reason (which this person did not know) was that the second donor was the first one over again, resolved that the little unknown Monk should not know whom she had baffled.

"Who was Bras Coupé?" the good German asked, in French.

The stranger sat upon the capstan, and, in the shadow of the cypress forest, where the vessel lay moored for a change of wind, told in a *patois* difficult, but not impossible, to understand, the story of a man who chose rather to be hunted like a wild beast among those awful labyrinths, than to be yoked and beaten like a tame one. Joseph, drawing near as the story was coming to a close, overheard the following English:

"Friend, if you dislike heated discussion, do not tell that to my son."

The nights were strangely beautiful. The immigrants almost consumed them on deck, the mother and daughters attending in silent delight while the father and son, facing south, rejoiced in learned recognition of stars and constellations hitherto known to them only on globes and charts.

"Yes, my dear son," said the father, in a moment of ecstatic admiration, "wherever man may go around this globe—however uninviting his lateral surroundings may be, the heavens are ever over his head, and I am glad to find the stars your favorite objects of study."

So passed the time as the vessel, hour by hour, now slowly pushed by the wind against the turbid current, now warping along the fragrant precincts of orange or magnolia groves or fields of sugar-cane, or moored by night in the deep shade of mighty willow-jungles, patiently crept toward the end of their pilgrimage; and in the length of time which would at present be consumed in making the whole journey from their Northern home to their Southern goal, accomplished the distance of ninety-eight miles, and found themselves before the little, hybrid city of "Nouvelle Orleans." There was the cathedral, and standing beside it, like Sancho beside Don Quixote, the squat hall of the Cabildo with the calabozo in the rear. There were the forts, the military bakery, the hospitals, the plaza, the Almonaster stores, and the busy rue Toulouse; and, for the rest of the town, a pleasant confusion of green tree-tops, red and gray roofs, and glimpses of white or yellow wall, spreading back a few hundred yards behind the cathedral, and tapering into a single rank of gardened and belvedere villas, that studded either horn of the river's crescent with a style of home than which there is probably nothing in the world more maternally home-like.

"And now," said the "captain," bidding the immigrants good-bye, "keep out of the sun and stay in after dark; you're not 'acclimated,' as they call it, you know, and the city is full of the fever."

Such were the Frowenfelds. Out of such a mold and into such a place came the young Americain, whom even Agricola Fusilier as we shall see, by and by thought worthy to be made an exception of, and honored with his recognition.

The family rented a two-story brick house in the rue Bienville, No. 17, it seems.

The third day after, at day-break, Joseph called his father to his bedside to say that he had had a chill, and was suffering such pains in his head and back that he would like to lie quiet until they passed off. The gentle father replied that it was undoubtedly best to do so and preserved an outward calm. He looked at his son's eyes; their pupils were contracted to tiny beads. He felt his pulse and his brow; there was no room for doubt; it was the dreaded scourge—the fever. We say, sometimes, of hearts that they sink like lead; it does not express the agony.

On the second day while the unsated fever was running through every vein and artery, like soldiery through the streets of a burning city, and far down in the caverns of the body the poison was ransacking every palpitating corner, the poor immigrant fell into a moment's sleep. But what of that? The enemy that moment had mounted to the brain. And then there happened to Joseph an experience rare to the sufferer by this disease, but not entirely unknown,—a delirium of mingled pleasures and distresses. He seemed to awake somewhere between heaven and earth, reclining in a gorgeous barge, which was draped in curtains of interwoven silver and silk, cushioned with rich stuffs of every beautiful dye, and perfumed *ad nauseam* with orange-leaf tea. The crew was a single old negress, whose head was wound about with a blue Madras handkerchief, and who stood at the prow, and by a singular rotary motion, rowed the barge with a tea-spoon. He could not get his head out of the hot sun; and the barge went continually round and round with a heavy, throbbing motion, in the regular beat of which certain spirits of the air—one of whom appeared to be a beautiful girl and another a small, red-haired man,—confronted each other with the continual call and response:

"Keep the bedclothes on him and the room shut tight, keep the bedclothes on him and the room shut tight,"—"An' don' give 'im some watta, an' don' give 'im some watta."

During what lapse of time—whether moments or days—this lasted, Joseph could not then know; but at last these things faded away, and there came to him a positive knowledge that he was on a sick-bed, where unless something could be done for him he should be dead in an hour. Then a spoon touched his lips, and a taste of brandy and water went all through him;

and when he fell into sweet slumber and awoke, and found the tea-spoon ready at his lips again, he had to lift a little the two hands lying before him on the coverlet to know that they were his—they were so wasted and yellow. He turned his eyes, and through the white gauze of the mosquito-bar saw, for an instant, a strange and beautiful young face; but the lids fell over his eyes, and when he raised them again the blue-turbaned black nurse was tucking the covering about his feet.

"Sister!"

No answer.

"Where is my mother?"

The negress shook her head.

He was too weak to speak again, but asked with his eyes so persistently, and so pleadingly, that by and by she gave him an audible answer. He tried hard to understand it, but could not, it being in these words:

*"Li pa' oulé vini 'ci—li pas capabe."*

Thrice a day for three days more, came a little man with a large head surrounded by short, red curls and with small freckles in a fine skin, and sat down by the bed with a word of good cheer and the air of a commander. At length they had something like an extended conversation.

"So you concluded not to die, eh? Yes, I'm the doctor—Doctor Keene. A young lady? What young lady? No, sir, there has been no young lady here. You're mistaken. Vagary of your fever. There has been no one here but this black girl and me. No, my dear fellow, your father and mother can't see you yet; you don't want them to catch the fever, do you? Good-bye. Do as your nurse tells you, and next week you may raise your head and shoulders a little; but if you don't mind her you'll have a back-set, and the devil himself wouldn't engage to cure you."

The patient had been sitting up a little at a time for several days, when at length the doctor came to pay a final call, "as a matter of form;" but, after a few pleasantries, he drew his chair up gravely, and, in a tender tone—need we say it? He had come to tell Joseph that his father, mother, sisters, all, were gone on a second—a longer—voyage, to shores where there could be no disappointments and no fevers, forever.

"And, Frowenfeld," he said, at the end of their long and painful talk, "if there is any blame attached to not letting you go with them, I think I can take part of it; but if you ever want a friend,—one who is

courteous to strangers, and ill-mannered only to those he likes,—you can call for Charlie Keene. I'll drop in to see you, anyhow, from time to time, till you get stronger. I have taken a heap of trouble to keep you alive, and if you should relapse now and give us the slip, it would be a deal of good physic wasted; so keep in the house."

The polite neighbors who lifted their cocked hats to Joseph, as he spent a slow convalescence just within his open door, were not bound to know how or when he might have suffered. There were no "Howards" or "Y. M. C. A's" in those days; no "Peabody Reliefs." Even had the neighbors chosen to take cognizance of those bereavements, they were not so unusual as to fix upon him any extraordinary interest as an object of sight; and he was beginning most distressfully to realize that "great solitude" which the philosopher attributes to towns, when matters took a decided turn.

#### CHAPTER III.

##### "AND WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?"

WE say matters took a turn; or, better, that Frowenfeld's interest in affairs received a new life. This had its beginning in Doctor Keene's making himself specially entertaining in an old-family-history way, with a view to keeping his patient within-doors for a safe period. He had conceived a great liking for Frowenfeld, and often, of an afternoon, would drift in to challenge him to a game of chess—a game, by the way, for which neither of them cared a farthing. The immigrant had learned its moves to gratify his father, and the doctor—well, the truth is, the doctor had never quite learned them; but he was one of those men who cannot easily consent to acknowledge a mere affection for one, least of all one of their own sex. It may safely be supposed, then, that the board often displayed an arrangement of pieces that would have bewildered Morphy himself.

"By the by, Frowenfeld," he said one evening, after the one preliminary move with which he invariably opened his game, "you haven't made the acquaintance of your pretty neighbors next door."

Frowenfeld knew of no specially pretty neighbors next door on either side—had noticed no ladies.

"Well, I will take you in to see them sometime." The doctor laughed a little, rubbing his face and his thin, red curls with one hand, as he laughed.

The convalescent wondered what there could be to laugh at.

"Who are they?" he inquired.

"Their name is De Grapion—oh, De Grapion, says I!—their name is Nancanou. They are, without exception, the finest women—the brightest, the best, and the bravest—that I know in New Orleans."

The doctor resumed a cigar which lay against the edge of the chess-board, found it extinguished, and proceeded to relight it. "Best blood of the Province; good as the Grandissimes. Blood is a great thing here, in certain odd ways," he went on. "Very curious sometimes." He stooped to the floor, where his coat had fallen, and took his handkerchief from a breast-pocket. "At a grand mask ball about two months ago, where I had a bewilderingly fine time with those ladies, the proudest old turkey in the theater was an old fellow whose Indian blood shows in his very behavior, and yet—ha, ha! I saw that same old man, at a quadroon ball a few years ago, walk up to the handsomest, best dressed man in the house, a man with a skin whiter than his own,—a perfect gentleman as to looks and manners,—and without a word slap him in the face."

"You laugh?" asked Frowenfeld.

"Laugh? Why shouldn't I? The fellow had no business there. Those balls are not given to quadroon *males*, my friend. He was lucky to get out alive, and that was about all he did."

"They are right!" the doctor persisted, in response to Frowenfeld's puzzled look. "The people here have got to be particular. However, that is not what we were talking about. Quadroon balls are not to be mentioned in connection. Those ladies——" He addressed himself to the resuscitation of his cigar. "Singular people in this country," he resumed; but his cigar would not revive. He was a poor storyteller. To Frowenfeld—as it would have been to any one, except a Creole or the most thoroughly Creoleized *Américain*—his narrative, when it was done, was little more than a thick mist of strange names, places and events; yet there shone a light of romance upon it that filled it with color and populated it with phantoms. Frowenfeld's interest rose—was allured into this mist—and there was left befogged. As a physician, Doctor Keene thus accomplished his end,—the mental diversion of his late patient,—for in the midst of the mist Frowenfeld encountered and grappled a problem

of human life in Creole type, the possible correlations of whose quantities we shall presently find him revolving in a studious and sympathetic mind, as the poet of to-day ponders the

"Flower in the crannied wall."

The quantities in that problem were the ancestral—the maternal—roots of those two rival and hostile families whose descendants—some brave, others fair—we find unwittingly thrown together at the ball, and with whom we are shortly to have the honor of an unmasked acquaintance.

#### CHAPTER IV.

#### FAMILY TREES.

IN the year 1673, and in the royal hovel of a Tchoupitoulas village not far removed from that "Buffalo's Grazing-ground," now better known as New Orleans, was born Lufki-Humma, otherwise Red Clay. The mother of Red Clay was a princess by birth as well as by marriage. For the father, with that devotion to his people's interests, presumably common to rulers, had ten moons before ventured northward into the territory of the proud and exclusive Natchez nation, and had so prevailed with—so out-smoked—their "Great Sun," as to find himself, as he finally knocked the ashes from his successful calumet, possessor of a wife whose pedigree included a long line of royal mothers,—fathers being of little account in Natchez heraldry,—extending back beyond the Mexican origin of her nation, and disappearing only in the effulgence of her great original, the orb of day himself. As to Red Clay's paternal ancestry, we must content ourselves with the fact that the father was not only the diplomat we have already found him, but a chief of considerable eminence; that is to say, of seven feet stature.

It scarce need be said that when Lufki-Humma was born, the mother arose at once from her couch of skins, herself bore the infant to the neighboring bayou and bathed it—not for singularity, nor for independence, nor for vainglory, but only as one of the heart-curdling conventionalities which made up the experience of that most pitiful of holy things, an Indian mother.

Outside the lodge door sat and continued to sit, as she passed out, her master or hus-

band. His interest in the trivialities of the moment may be summed up in this, that he was as fully prepared as some men are in more civilized times and places to hold his queen to strict account for the sex of her offspring. Girls for the Natchez, if they preferred them, but the chief of the Tchoupitoulas wanted a son. She returned from the water, came near, sank upon her knees, laid the infant at his feet, and lo! a daughter.

Then she fell forward heavily upon her face. It may have been muscular exhaustion, it may have been the mere wind of her hasty-tempered matrimonial master's stone hatchet as it whiffed by her skull; an inquest now would be too grave an irony; but something blew out her "vile candle."

Among the squaws who came to offer the accustomed funeral howlings, and seize mementoes from the deceased lady's scant leavings, was one who had in her own palmetto hut an empty cradle scarcely cold, and therefore a necessity at her breast, if not a place in her heart, for the unfortunate Lufki-Humma; and thus it was that this little waif came to be tossed, a droll hypothesis of flesh, blood, nerve and brain, into the hands of wild nature with *carte blanche* as to the disposal of it. And now, since this was Agricola's most boasted ancestor—since it appears the darkness of her cheek had no effect to make him less white, or qualify his right to smite the fairest and most distant descendant of an African on the face, and since this proud station and right could not have sprung from the squalid surroundings of her birth, let us for a moment contemplate these crude materials.

As for the flesh, it was indeed only some of that "one flesh" of which we all are made; but the blood—to go into finer distinctions—the blood, as distinguished from the milk of her Alibamon foster-mother, was the blood of the royal caste of the great Toltec mother-race, which, before it yielded its Mexican splendors to the conquering Aztec, throned the jeweled and gold-laden Inca in the South, and sent the sacred fire of its temples into the North by the hand of the Natchez. For it is a short way of expressing the truth concerning Red Clay's tissues to say she had the blood of her mother and the nerve of her father, the nerve of the true North American Indian, and had it in its finest strength.

As to her infantine bones, they were

such as needed not to fail of straightness in the limbs, compactness in the body, smallness in hands and feet, and exceeding symmetry and comeliness throughout. Possibly between the two sides of the occipital profile there may have been an Incaean tendency to inequality; but if by any good fortune her impressible little cranium should escape the cradle-straps, the shapeliness that nature loves would soon appear. And this very fortune befell her. Her father's detestation of an infant that had not consulted his wishes as to sex, prompted a verbal decree which, among other prohibitions, forbade her skull the distortions that ambitious and fashionable Indian mothers delighted to produce upon their offspring.

And as to her brain: what can we say? The casket in which Nature sealed that brain, and in which Nature's great step-sister, Death, finally laid it away, has never fallen into the delighted fingers—and the remarkable fineness of its texture will never kindle admiration in the triumphant eyes—of those whose scientific hunger drives them to dig for *crania Americana*; nor yet will all their learned excavations ever draw forth one of those pale souvenirs of mortality with walls of shapelier contour or more delicate fineness, or an interior of more admirable spaciousness, than the fair council-chamber under whose dome the mind of Lufki-Humma used, about two centuries ago, to sit in frequent conclave with high thoughts.

"I have these facts," it was Agricola Fusilier's habit to say, "by family tradition; but you know, sir, h-tradition is much more authentic than history!"

Listening Crane, the tribal medicine-man, one day stepped softly into the lodge of the giant chief, sat down opposite him on a mat of plaited rushes, accepted a lighted calumet, and, after the silence of a decent hour, broken at length by the warrior's intimation that "the ear of Raging Buffalo listened for the voice of his brother," said, in effect, that if that ear would turn toward the village play-ground, it would catch a murmur like the pleasing sound of bees among the blossoms of the catalpa, albeit the catalpa was now dropping her leaves, for it was the moon of turkeys. No, it was the repressed laughter of squaws, wallowing with their young ones about the village pole, wondering at the Natchez-Tchoupitoulas child, whose eye was the eye of the panther, and whose words were the words of an aged chief in council.

There was more added; we record only enough to indicate the direction of Listening Crane's aim. The eye of Raging Buffalo was opened to see a vision: the daughter of the Natchez sitting in majesty, clothed in many-colored robes of shining feathers crossed and recrossed with girdles of serpent-skins and of wampum, her feet in quilled and painted moccasins, her head under a glory of plumes, the carpet of buffalo-robes about her throne covered with the trophies of conquest, and the atmosphere of her lodge blue with the smoke of ambassadors' calumets; and this extravagant dream the capricious chief at once resolved should eventually become reality. "Let her be taken to the village temple," he said to his prime-minister, "and be fed by warriors on the flesh of wolves."

The Listening Crane was a patient man; he was the "man that waits" of the old French proverb; all things came to him. He had waited for an opportunity to change his brother's mind, and it had come. Again, he waited for him to die; and, like Methuselah and others, he died. He had heard of a race more powerful than the Natchez—a white race; he waited for them; and when the year 1682 saw a humble "black gown" dragging and splashing his way, with La Salle and Tonti, through the swamps of Louisiana, holding forth the crucifix and backed by French carbines and Mohican tomahawks, among the marvels of that wilderness was found this: a child of nine sitting, and—with some unostentatious aid from her medicine-man—ruling; queen of her tribe and high-priestess of their temple. Fortified by the acumen and self-collected ambition of Listening Crane, confirmed in her regal title by the white man's Manitou through the medium of the "black gown," and inheriting her father's fear-compelling frown, she ruled with majesty and wisdom, sometimes a decreer of bloody justice, sometimes an Amazonian counselor of warriors, and at all times—year after year, until she had reached the perfect womanhood of twenty-six—a virgin queen.

On the 11th of March, 1699, two overbold young Frenchmen of M. D'Iberville's little exploring party tossed guns on shoulder, and ventured away from their canoes on the bank of the Mississippi into the wilderness. Two men they were whom an explorer would have been justified in hoarding up, rather than in letting out at such risks; a pair to lean on, noble and strong. They hunted, killed nothing, were overtaken

by rain, then by night, hunger, alarm, despair.

And when they had lain down to die, and had only succeeded in falling asleep, the Diana of the Tchoupitoulas, ranging the magnolia groves with bow and quiver, came upon them in all the poetry of their hope-forsaken strength and beauty, and fell sick of love. We say not whether with Zephyr Grandissime or Epaminondas Fusilier; that, for the time being, was her secret.

The two captives were made guests. Listening Crane rejoiced in them as representatives of the great gift-making race, and indulged himself in a dream of pipe-smokings, orations, treaties, presents and alliances, finding its climax in the marriage of his virgin queen to the king of France, and unvaryingly tending to the swiftly increasing aggrandizement of Listening Crane. They sat down to bear's meat, sagamite and beans. The queen sat down with them, clothed in her entire wardrobe: vest of swan's skin, with facings of purple and green from the neck of the mallard; petticoat of plaited hair, with embroideries of quills; leggings of fawn-skin; garters of wampum; black and green serpent-skin moccasins, that rested on pelts of tiger-cat and buffalo; armlets of gars' scales, necklaces of bears' claws and alligators' teeth, plaited tresses, plumes of raven and flamingo, wing of the pink curlew, and odors of bay and sassafras. Young men danced before them, blowing upon reeds, hooting, yelling, rattling beans in gourds and touching hands and feet. One day was like another, and the nights were made brilliant with flambeau dances and processions.

Some days later M. D'Iberville's canoe fleet, returning down the river found and took from the shore the two men, whom they had given up for dead, and with them, by her own request, the abdicating queen, who left behind her a crowd of weeping and howling squaws and warriors. Three canoes that put off in their wake, at a word from her, turned back; but one old man leaped into the water, swam after them a little way, and then unexpectedly sank. It was that cautious wader but inexperienced swimmer, the Listening Crane.

When the expedition reached Biloxi, there were two suitors for the hand of Agricola's great ancestress. Neither of them was Zephyr Grandissime. (Ah! the strong heads of those Grandissimes.)

They threw dice for her. Demosthenes

De Grapion—he who, tradition says, first hoisted the flag of France over the little fort—seemed to think he ought to have a chance, and being accorded it, cast an astonishingly high number; but Epaminondas cast a number higher by one (which Demosthenes never could quite understand), and got a wife who had loved him from first sight.

Thus, while the pilgrim fathers of the Mississippi Delta with Gallic recklessness were taking wives and moot-wives from the ill specimens of three races, arose, with the church's benediction, the royal house of the Fusiliers in Louisiana. But the true, main Grandissime stock, on which the Fusiliers did early, ever, and yet do, love to marry, has kept itself lily-white ever since France has loved lilies—as to marriage, that is; as to less responsible entanglements, why, of course —

After a little, the disappointed Demosthenes, with due ecclesiastical sanction, also took a most excellent wife, from the first cargo of House of Correction girls. Her biography, too, is as short as Methuselah's, or shorter; she died. Zephyr Grandissime married, still later, a lady of rank, a widow without children, sent from France to Biloxi under a *lettre de cachet*. Demosthenes De Grapion, himself an only son, left but one son, who also left but one. Yet they were prone to early marriages.

So also were the Grandissimes, or, as the name is signed in all the old notarial papers, the Brahmin Mandarin de Grandissimes. That was one thing that kept their many-stranded family line so free from knots and kinks. Once the leisurely Zephyr gave them a start, generation followed generation with a rapidity that kept the competing De Grapions incessantly exasperated, and new-made Grandissime fathers continually throwing themselves into the fond arms and upon the proud necks of congratulatory grandsires. Verily it seemed as though their family tree was a fig-tree; you could not look for blossoms on it, but there, instead, was the fruit full of seed. And with all their speed they were for the most part fine of stature, strong of limb and fair of face. The old nobility of their stock, including particularly the unnamed blood of her of the *lettre de cachet*, showed forth in a gracefulness of carriage, that almost identified a De Grandissime wherever you saw him, and in a transparency of flesh and classic beauty of feature, that made their daughters extra-marriageable in a land and day

which was bearing a wide reproach for a male celibacy not of the pious sort.

In a flock of Grandissimes might always be seen a Fusilier or two; fierce-eyed, strong-beaked, dark, heavy-taloned birds, who, if they could not sing, were of rich plumage, and could talk and bite, and strike, and keep up a ruffled crest and a self-exalting bad humor. They early learned one favorite cry, with which they greeted all strangers, crying the louder the more the endeavor was made to appease them: "Invaders! Invaders!"

There was a real pathos in the contrast offered to this family line by that other which sprang up as slenderly as a stalk of wild oats from the loins of Demosthenes De Grapion. A lone son following a lone son, and he another—it was sad to contemplate, in that colonial beginning of days, three generations of good, Gallic blood tripping jocundly along in attenuated Indian file. It made it no less pathetic to see that they were brilliant, gallant, much-loved, early epauletted fellows, who did not let twenty-one catch them without wives sealed with the authentic wedding kiss, nor allow twenty-two to find them without an heir. But they had a sad aptness for dying young. It was altogether supposable that they would have spread out broadly in the land; but they were such inveterate duelists, such brave Indian-fighters, such adventurous swamp-rangers, and such lively free-livers, that, however numerous their half-kin may have been scattered about in an unacknowledged way, the avowed name of De Grapion had become less and less frequent in lists where leading citizens subscribed their signatures, and was not to be seen in the list of managers of the late ball.

It is not at all certain that so hot a blood would not have boiled away entirely before the night of the *bal masqué*, but for an event which led to the union of that blood with a stream equally clear and ruddy, but of a milder vintage. This event fell out some fifty-two years after that cast of the dice which made the princess Lufki-Humma the mother of all the Fusiliers and of none of the De Grapions. Clotilde, the Casket-Girl, the little maid who would not marry, was one of an heroic sort, worth—the De Grapions maintained—whole swampsful of Indian queens. And yet the portrait of this great ancestress, which served as a pattern to one who, at the ball, personated the long-deceased heroine *en masque*, is hopelessly lost in some garret. Those Creoles have such a shocking way

of filing their family relics and records in rat-holes.

One fact alone remains to be stated: that the De Grapions, try to spurn it as they would, never could quite suppress a hard feeling in face of the record, that from the two young men who, when lost in the horrors of Louisiana's swamps, had been esteemed as good as dead, and particularly from him who married at his leisure,—from Zephyr de Grandissime,—sprang there so many as the sands of the Mississippi for multitude.

## CHAPTER V.

## A MAIDEN WHO WILL NOT MARRY.

MIDWAY between the times of Lufki-Humma and those of her proud descendant, Agricola Fusilier, fifty-two years lying on either side, were the days of Pierre Rigaut, the magnificent, the "Grand Marquis," the Governor, De Vaudreuil. He was the Solomon of Louisiana. For splendor, however, not for wisdom. Those were the gala days of license, extravagance and pomp. He made paper money to be as the leaves of the forest for multitude; it was nothing accounted of in the days of the Grand Marquis. For Louis Quinze was king.

Clotilde, orphan of a murdered Huguenot, was one of sixty, the last royal allotment to Louisiana, of imported wives. The king's agents had inveigled her away from France with fair stories: "They will give you a quiet home with some lady of the colony. Have to marry?—not unless it pleases you. The king himself pays your passage and gives you a casket of clothes. Think of that these times, fillette; and passage free, withal, to—the garden of Eden, as you may call it—what more, say you, can a poor girl want? Without doubt, too, like a model colonist, you will accept a good husband and have a great many beautiful children, who will say with pride, 'Me, I am no House-of-Correction-girl stock; my mother'—or 'grand-mother,' as the case may be—'was a *fille à la cassette*!'"

The sixty were landed in New Orleans and given into the care of the Ursuline nuns; and, before many days had elapsed, fifty-nine soldiers of the king were well wived and ready to settle upon their riparian land-grants. The residuum in the nuns' hands was one stiff-necked little heretic, named, in part, Clotilde. They bore with her for sixty days, and then complained to

the Grand Marquis. But the Grand Marquis, with all his pomp, was gracious and kind-hearted, and loved his ease almost as much as his marchioness loved money. He bade them try her another month. They did so, and then returned with her; she would neither marry nor pray to Mary.

Here is the way they talked in New Orleans in those days. If you care to understand why Louisiana has grown up so out of joint, note the tone of those who governed her in the middle of the last century:

"What, my child," the Grand Marquis said, "you a *fille à la cassette*? France, for shame! Come here by my side. Will you take a little advice from an old soldier? It is in one word—submit. Whatever is inevitable, submit to it. If you want to live easy and sleep easy, do as other people do—submit. Consider submission in the present case; how easy, how comfortable, and how little it amounts to! A little hearing of mass, a little telling of beads, a little crossing of one's self—what is that? One need not believe in them. Don't shake your head. Take my example; look at me; all these things go in at this ear and out at this. Do king or clergy trouble me? Not at all. For how does the king in these matters of religion? I shall not even tell you, he is such a bad boy. Do you not know that all the *noblesse*, and all the *savants*, and especially all the archbishops and cardinals,—all, in a word, but such silly little chicks as yourself,—have found out that this religion business is a joke? Actually a joke, every whit; except, to be sure, this heresy phase; that is a joke they cannot take. Now, I wish you well, pretty child; so if you—eh?—truly, my pet, I fear we shall have to call you unreasonable. Stop; they can spare me here a moment; I will take you to the Marquise; she is in the next room. \* \* \* Behold," said he, as he entered the presence of his marchioness, "the little maid who will not marry!"

The Marquise was as cold and hard-hearted as the Marquis was loose and kind; but we need not recount the slow tortures of the *fille à la cassette*'s second verbal temptation. The colony had to have soldiers, she was given to understand, and the soldiers must have wives. "Why, I am a soldier's wife, myself!" said the gorgeously attired lady, laying her hand upon the governor-general's epaulet. She explained, further, that he was rather soft-hearted, while she was a business woman; also that the

royal commissary's rolls did not comprehend such a thing as a spinster, and—incidentally—that living by principle was rather out of fashion in the Province just then.

After she had offered much torment of this sort, a definite notion seemed to take her; she turned her lord by a touch of the elbow, and exchanged two or three business-like whispers with him at a window overlooking the Levee.

"Fillette," she said, returning, "you are going to live on the sea-coast. I am sending an aged lady there to gather the wax of the wild myrtle. This good soldier of mine buys it for our king at twelve livres the pound. Do you not know that women can make money? The place is not safe; but there are no safe places in Louisiana. There are no nuns to trouble you there; only a few Indians and soldiers. You and Madame will live together, quite to yourselves, and can pray as you like."

"And not marry a soldier," said the Grand Marquis.

"No," said the lady, "not if you can gather enough myrtle-berries to afford me a profit and you a living."

It was some thirty leagues or more eastward to the country of the Biloxis, a beautiful land of low, evergreen hills looking out across the pine-covered sand-keys of Mississippi Sound to the Gulf of Mexico. The northern shore of Biloxi Bay was rich in candleberry-myrtle. In Clotilde's day, though Biloxi was no longer the capital of the Mississippi Valley, the fort which D'Iberville had built in 1699, and the first timber of which is said to have been lifted by Zephyr Grandissime at one end and Epaminondas Fusilier at the other, was still there, making brave against the possible advent of corsairs, with a few old culverines and one wooden mortar.

And did the orphan, in despite of Indians and soldiers and wilderness, settle down here and make a moderate fortune? Alas, she never gathered a berry! When she—with the aged lady, her appointed companion in exile, the young commandant of the fort, in whose pinnace they had come, and two or three French sailors and Canadians—stepped out upon the white sand of Biloxi beach, she was bound with invisible fetters hand and foot, by that Olympian rogue of a boy, who likes no better prey than a little maiden who thinks she will never marry.

The officer's name was De Grapion—Georges De Grapion. The Grand Marquis gave him a choice grant of land on that part

of the Mississippi river "coast" known as the Cannes Brûlée.

"Of course you know where Cannes Brûlée is, don't you?" asked Doctor Keene of Joseph Frowenfeld.

"Yes," said Joseph, with a twinge of reminiscence that recalled the study of Louisiana on paper with his father and sisters.

There Georges De Grapion settled, with the laudable determination to make a fresh start against the mortifyingly numerous Grandissimes.

"My father's policy was every way bad," he said to his spouse; "it is useless, and probably wrong, this trying to thin them out by duels; we will try another plan. Thank you," he added, as she handed his coat back to him, with the shoulder-straps cut off. In pursuance of the new plan, Madame De Grapion,—the precious little heroine!—before the myrtles offered another crop of berries, bore him a boy not much smaller (saith tradition) than herself.

Only one thing qualified the father's elation. On that very day Numa Grandissime (Brahmin-Mandarin de Grandissime), a mere child, received from Governor De Vaudreuil a cadetship.

"Never mind, Messieurs Grandissime, go on with your tricks; we shall see! Ha! we shall see!"

"We shall see what?" asked a remote relative of that family. "Will Monsieur be so good as to explain himself?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Bang! bang!

Alas, Madame De Grapion!

It may be recorded that no affair of honor in Louisiana ever left a braver little widow. When Joseph and his doctor pretended to play chess together, but little more than a half-century had elapsed since the *fille à la cassette* stood before the Grand Marquis and refused to wed. Yet she had been long gone into the skies, leaving a worthy example behind her in twenty years of beautiful widowhood. Her son, the heir and resident of the plantation at Cannes Brûlée, at the age of—they do say—eighteen, had married a blithe and pretty lady of Franco-Spanish extraction, and, after a fair length of life divided between campaigning under the brilliant young Galvez and raising unremunerative indigo crops, had lately lain down to sleep, leaving only two descendants—females—how shall we describe them?—a

Monk and a *Fille à la Cassette*. It was very hard to have to go leaving his family name snuffed out and certain Grandissime-ward grievances burning.

## CHAPTER VI.

## LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

THE little doctor tipped his chair back against the wall, drew up his knees, and laughed whimperingly in his freckled hands.

"I had to do some prodigious lying at that ball. I didn't dare let the De Grapion ladies know they were in company with a Grandissime."

"I thought you said their name was Nancanou."

"Well, certainly—De Grapion-Nancanou. You see, that is one of their charms; one is a widow, the other is her daughter, and both as young and beautiful as Hebe. Ask Honoré Grandissime; he has seen the little widow; but then he don't know who she is. He will not ask me, and I will not tell him. Oh yes; it is about eighteen years now since old De Grapion—elegant, high-stepping old fellow—married her, then only sixteen years of age, to young Nancanou, an indigo-planter on the Fausse Rivière—the old bend, you know, behind Pointe Coupée. The young couple went there to live. I have been told they had one of the prettiest places in Louisiana. He was a man of cultivated tastes, educated in Paris, spoke English, was handsome (convivial, of course), and of perfectly pure blood. But there was one thing old De Grapion overlooked: both he and his son-in-law were the last of their names. In Louisiana a man needs kinfolk. He ought to have married his daughter into a strong house. They say that Numa Grandissime (Honoré's father) and he had patched up a peace between the two families that included even old Agricola, and that he could have married her to a Grandissime. However, he is supposed to have known what he was about.

"A matter of business called young Nancanou to New Orleans. He had no friends here; he was a Creole, but what part of his life had not been spent on his plantation he had passed in Europe. He could not leave his young girl of a wife alone in that exiled sort of plantation life, so he brought her and the child (a girl) down with him as far as to her father's place, left them there, and came on to the city alone.

"Now, what does the old man do but give

him a letter of introduction to old Agricole Fusilier! (His name is Agricola, but we shorten it to Agricole.) It seems that old De Grapion and Agricole had had the indiscretion to scrape up a mutually complimentary correspondence. And to Agricole the young man went.

"They became intimate at once, drank together, danced with the quadroons together, and got into as much mischief in three days as I ever did in a fortnight. So affairs went on until by and by they were gambling together. One night they were at the Piety Club, playing hard, and the planter lost his last quart. He became desperate, and did a thing I have known more than one planter to do: wrote his pledge for every arpent of his land and every slave on it, and staked that. Agricole refused to play. 'You shall play,' said Nancanou, and when the game was ended he said: 'Monsieur Agricola Fusilier, you cheated.' You see? Just as I have frequently been tempted to remark to my friend Mr. Frowenfeld.

"But, Frowenfeld, you must know, withal the Creoles are such gamblers, they never cheat; they play absolutely fair. So Agricole had to challenge the planter. He could not be blamed for that; there was no choice—oh, now, Frowenfeld, keep quiet! I tell you there was no choice. And the fellow was no coward. He sent Agricole a clear title to the real estate and slaves,—lacking only the wife's signature,—accepted the challenge and fell dead at the first fire.

"Stop, now, and let me finish. Agricole sat down and wrote to the widow that he did not wish to deprive her of her home, and that if she would state in writing her belief that the stakes had been won fairly, he would give back the whole estate, slaves and all; but that if she would not, he should feel compelled to retain it in vindication of his honor. Now wasn't that drawing a fine point?" The doctor laughed according to his habit, with his face down in his hands. "You see, he wanted to stand before all creation—the Creator did not make so much difference—in the most exquisitely proper light; so he puts the laws of humanity under his feet, and anoints himself from head to foot with Creole punctilio."

"Did she sign the paper?" asked Joseph.

"She? Wait till you know her! No, indeed; she had the true scorn. She and her father sent down another and a better title. Creole-like, they managed to bestir

themselves to that extent and there they stopped.

"And the airs with which they did it! They kept all their rage to themselves, and sent the polite word, that they were not acquainted with the merits of the case, that they were not disposed to make the long and arduous trip to the city and back, and that if M. Fusilier de Grandissime thought he could find any pleasure or profit in owning the place, he was welcome; that the widow of *his late friend* was not disposed to live on it, but would remain with her father at the paternal home at Cannes Brûlée.

"Did you ever hear of a more perfect specimen of Creole pride? That is the way with all of them. Show me any Creole, or any number of Creoles, in a difficulty, and right down at the foundation of it all, I will find you this same preposterous, apathetic, fantastic, suicidal pride. It is as lethargic and ferocious as an alligator. That is why the Creole almost always is (or thinks he is) on the defensive. See these De Grapions' haughty good manners to old Agricole; yet there wasn't a Grandissime in Louisiana who could have set foot on the De Grapion lands but at the risk of his life.

"But I will finish the story; and here is the really sad part. Not many months ago, old De Grapion—'old,' said I; they don't grow old; I call him old—a few months ago he died. He must have left everything smothered in debt; for, like his race, he had

stuck to indigo because his father planted it, and it is a crop that has lost money steadily for years and years. His daughter and granddaughter were left like babes in the wood; and, to crown their disasters, have now made the grave mistake of coming to the city, where they find they haven't a friend—not one, sir! They called me in to prescribe for a trivial indisposition, shortly after their arrival; and I tell you, Frowenfeld, it made me shiver to see two such beautiful women in such a town as this without a male protector, and even"—the doctor lowered his voice—"without adequate support. The mother says they are perfectly comfortable; tells the old couple so who took them to the ball, and whose little girl is their music scholar; but you cannot believe a Creole on that subject, and I don't believe her. Would you like to make their acquaintance?"

Frowenfeld hesitated, disliking to say no to his friend, and then shook his head.

"After a while—at least not now, sir, if you please."

The doctor made a gesture of disappointment.

"Um-hum," he said grumly,—"*the only man in New Orleans I would honor with an invitation!—but all right; I'll go alone.*"

He laughed a little at himself, and left Frowenfeld, if ever he should desire it, to make the acquaintance of his pretty neighbors as best he could.

(To be continued.)

## A SIGH.

### I.

SOFT and low it stole on the silence of the night, distinct as a whisper; floating tremulously above the monotonous rush of the train and the breathing of sleeping passengers, as a bird floats over a swelling sea. Randolph Middleton, from his corner of the Italian railway-carriage, drew still lower his cap of brown seal-skin screening his face from the glare of the lamp in the roof, to dart a quick look of inquiry over its brim toward his *vis-à-vis*, a stout matron of forty, placid, rosy and fair; but her good-humored lips were smiling, even in sleep; her gently heaving breast rose and fell, unaided by sentiment or sigh; while the curly-pated

little fellow beside her nestled against the comfortable pillow of his mamma's plump shoulder, with undisturbed snores. Middleton's observant glance passed on to an amused study of a man's tightly closed mouth, surmounted by an aquiline nose; a brow ruffled by an invalid's fretfulness; a countenance distinguished, yet childish with petulance and pride. This gentleman was also soundly asleep, and hardly in a nightmare could have stooped to so tender a vent as a sigh, for either sorrow or joy.

Which of the two ladies, then, in the compartment next his own, had uttered that faltering cadence? Their dress told nothing but their sex; their ease of attitude, only

their station. The one nearest him was, indeed, unveiled; but her head was so turned, that only a profile of draped shoulder, and elbow, and knee, met the gaze of the baffled observer, who, vainly awaiting some movement or sound on which to fasten a conjecture, slowly resumed his attitude of repose.

Again, the soft zephyr of the melodious sigh fluttered forth over the silence, as a gauze-winged butterfly flutters over a quiescent flower. This time Middleton's cap fell from his hand to his knee, disclosing a handsome head; and so prompt was the look he turned on his fair neighbor, that it caught not only the sparkle of a jewel upon the finger, but also that of a tear-drop, slowly brushed from her cheek by an ungloved hand.

Deeply interested, Middleton slipped into the vacant seat beside him; as he did so, his hand grasped the arm of the division and was suddenly taken prisoner by the one he was inspecting, which came with a swift, nervous fall and settled palm downward upon the back of his own, clasping it even with a slight pressure, in the evident belief that its kidded breadth was but a tuft of the morocco-cushioned arm of a vacant seat.

Inexpressibly startled, he had yet the self-command not to stir a muscle of the imprisoned member, which might be released as suddenly and unconsciously as it had been captured. He scarcely dared breathe, lest, with the usual *mal apropos* of events, the face should turn toward him *now*, when he hoped it might not. But the head did not turn; and the white hand still lay clinging to his, as lightly as a snow-flake to the gray limb of a stalwart tree.

The nervous agitation of the long, slender fingers subsided into an occasional shiver, while transmitting a seductive thrill and tremor to his own rapidly increasing pulse; and he soon grew most uncomfortably happy (as men will) in the heightened action of his heart, the tumult of his veins, and in the uncalled-for disturbance which this pretty hand of an unknown woman could create in his breast. Gradually, the light clasp grew lighter, the head of bright hair sank back, and a measured breathing announced that whatever grief might have evoked the sighs was buried in the oblivion of sleep, leaving him to indefinite captivity, and the little hand to his keeping. He was fiercely beset with the temptation to make it prisoner in its turn, and it lay in his reversed palm before he could master the impulse to close his fingers around it.

The changed position brought a sense of right to control that which could, by so accidental a contact, flood his whole being with such serious emotion. His glance wandered from the round, tapering fingers to the blue veins traced under the exquisite skin, soft as eider-down, and a new temptation assailed him. How easily he could brush that smooth surface with the breath of a kiss! Would she awaken? Through that bold caress, might not something of his feeling pass into her dreams? He grew almost angry with the dainty little hand, unbidden but welcome guest of his own, destroying his peace while regaining its calm! Could he not compel it to share the emotion it caused? Was it so very unfair an advantage to take of this *distracted* lady, so unconsciously electrifying with her strange magnetism every nerve and fiber of his frame?

The gentleman in the opposite corner suddenly awoke; the linked hands disappeared under the convenient cap. With a petulant malediction on the slowness of these "miserable continental trains," he held his watch up to the light. From the cut of his clothes and his whiskers, his well developed frame and large amount of traveling paraphernalia, he was evidently an Englishman. He took a keen survey of Middleton, wound up his watch, and then transferred to his tongue, from a diminutive vial, several of those pigmy globules for which homeopaths claim miraculous powers. This ceremony restored his equanimity, and he maintained suspicious watch on the mysterious man who had resigned the coveted corner seat, aim (and attainment) of nearly every Englishman who enters a railway-carriage on the continent. The smooth current of the romance, concealed by Middleton's friendly cap, was checked. This sentinel had possibly some legitimate right to guard the little hand which, like Byron's "lone dove, without its mate," had flown down into his. Yes! such a dove possessed every species of guardianship,—father and brother to cage and caress it, brothers-in-law to patronize it, cousins to adore it; thank Heaven! the hand he held was the left, and no plain golden circlet enslaved the taper finger; at least, no brutal husband could drag it roughly from his! no stern necessity of honor or law command eternal separation! But a temporary parting he must accomplish, lest annoyance might reach her through this accident, so eventful for him!

During his episode with the aroused

Cerberus, a slight movement of the fair head had been followed by a gradual slipping of the soft fingers from his; he had ventured to check this with a gentle pressure, fearing the unconscious motion might displace the lightly poised cap, and thus provoke a climax more dramatic than comfortable. How was this to end? Was she never to learn the history of this hour? Had fate's caprice united them thus, only for the mockery of parting? He could not believe it. Every aim of his journey should be set aside to keep her in sight. At last the little hand, moved by slow stages, lay under her draperies. The crisis was past, and the cap was replaced on the head of its owner.

## II.

MIDDLETON retraced his emotions with mingled relief and regret, until he also slept. When he awoke, the train had entered Milan. The little Italian was rubbing his black eyes with the backs of his brown fingers while his mother brushed up his thick curls; and the stately invalid was taking his morning dose of white globules. The two ladies were also awake, and their preparations for descending at the station were completed. Gloved and veiled, they sat motionless as statues, their books and other trifles gathered in their hands. She in whom he was most interested was taller than he had thought, and gazed haughtily away from every one, himself included, with a bearing strangely at variance with the memories of the night. Her companion was neither so tall nor so haughty, glancing toward him, as they glided under the echoing dome of the station, with a pretty, shy grace, much more suggestive of mute tears and eloquent sighs than was the proud mien of his queenly heroine. Still, Middleton could not trust his impressions; women are full of incongruities, he thought: the wariest student of their bewildering subtleties cannot always be safe from running against a paradox, or pitching headlong over the precipice of a surprise.

The guards passed rapidly along the carriages, unlocking and throwing open the doors, through which the passengers poured forth, in a tidal wave of hurrying humanity, as if the train had taken fire, and life would be the forfeit of delay. The *signora* and her *figlio* quitted the carriage with a sweet "*Addio, signors! Addio, signorine!*" to their fellow travelers, receiving from the ladies an *addio* as musical as their own. The arrival of the Englishman's valet and courier,

the one redolent of patchouli, the other of cigars, was the signal for their master's departure. His offers of service, "if he could be of any assistance," were calmly declined by the two tranquil forms, leaning back in their seats as if they intended to remain in them a day or two longer. Their "apartments were engaged," they said, their maid "attended to everything."

"I may call to-morrow?" he asked.

"Is it worth while, Sir John? We shall be out all day," answered one musical voice.

"We must see what we can of the city during our short stay," added the other musical voice,—the two so melodiously alike as to be quite undistinguishable. ("Sisters!" was Middleton's mental comment, busy with the straps of his portmanteau.) Sir John hoped that they "might meet in Florence;" but the ladies did not echo his wish. They "would see him in Rome," when they "would be again with mamma, who would be glad to receive him." So Sir John sauntered away, with a cool "good-morning!" (Mental comment the second,— "Without legal or natural right to scowl at me, after all; only an acquaintance! Are they school-girls going home to mamma? Impossible! too self-possessed! But they whisper, they rise.") The soft draperies swept past his knees before he ventured to look up at the two graceful figures, now standing irresolutely upon the platform. The approach of a smartly dressed, middle-aged lady's-maid, relieved their indecision. The maid held a Skye terrier clasped in her arms, on whom, with French volubility, she laid the blame of her delay.

"Your pardon, mesdemoiselles!" she cried; "it was Gypsy's talent for escaping that kept you waiting and unattended; but the carriage from the hotel is there, you have only to enter."

Slightly caressing the struggling pet, the ladies walked on. Too well-bred to glance back, they did not see Middleton accost the Frenchwoman, to ask whither Gypsy should be sent, "if one chanced to pick her up, during some future straying."

"Monsieur was so thoughtful," said the maid; "the case might well happen. Hotel de la Poste: *et mille remerciements*," and she pocketed "monsieur's" gift.

But though Middleton passed the day and the following night under the roof of the Hotel de la Poste, neither his star nor her sister planet appeared in the firmament. He had, however, received no little infor-

mation as to the young ladies from Marie. "Monsieur had seen that Mademoiselle was beautiful as an angel, but ah, so proud, so haughty! *that* monsieur could not see. The other was *charmante*; but had been ill of fever, and had been ordered by the physician to remain at the baths, where Madame Fairfax, their mamma, had left the demoiselles Helen and Alice under Marie's care. Yes, monsieur was right; it was dangerous liberty; but *que voulez-vous? les mœurs Américaines!* Madame Fairfax was an American mamma, and her daughters must run their risks! They were on their way to Rome, where they would spend the winter. The young ladies were fatigued, and had dined in their *appartement* yesterday; to-day they would go out early." She wished, indeed, she could say at what hour they would be at the Duomo; but that was, alas! impossible. Our hero descended to the street, half-minded to turn back at the threshold, call for his bill, and resume his route for Paris. The fever of his exaltation, abated by twelve hours of daylight treatment, the opiate of a night's dreamless slumber, and the cooling draught of an evening at La Scala with friends, witty and mundane, was utterly subdued by the fly-blister applications of the Frenchwoman's shrugs and revelations. That his star-lit romance, possessing in its incipency the intangibility of a dream, the refinement of accident, and the charm of mystery, should sink to the level of a wax-candle intrigue, lighted by the vulgar medium of gold pieces, was disillusion enough, though one of his own making; but to figure among the gas-jets of an American beauty's conquests, its illumination turned on for the attraction of other moths, was even more distasteful. Still, he directed his steps toward the great cathedral, deciding to give one look at the "angel face," now less an object of sentiment than of curiosity.

Mass was being celebrated at the grand altar when Middleton entered the cathedral, and he joined the assembled congregation, in respectful sympathy with a faith so nearly resembling his own. By the light tap of a subdued step, the rustle of silk, and a slight scrape on the pavement, he knew that some late-comer now filled the vacant *prie-dieu* beside him. In Roman Catholic churches it is not the custom to notice others during mass; so he did not look around. Then, through the devout silence following the rich harmonies of the *Gloria*, came straight to his ear the sigh—tremulous, beseeching,

pathetic—of his unforgetten experience. She was again beside him! Lost in wonder, as at the repetition of a forcible dream, he stole one look toward the fair head bent low, the face hidden by the round, slender fingers he had clasped, through which tears were now forcing their way; and the spell evoked by the careless touch of a woman's hand was renewed. The echoes of the *Dona nobis pacem* died away, the gorgeously robed priests and acolytes filed out of the sanctuary, the altar lights were extinguished, the worshipers dispersed. The lover stationed himself near the great tomb of St. Charles Borromeo; but she whom he expected to see pass unveiled before him still knelt in absorbed devotion. That type of man, dubbed by the great modern essayist a "world-philosopher," has one supreme weakness—the dread of being observed or made ridiculous; so the inquisitive glance of a tourist and the whispers of a group of young women, compelled Middleton to make a nonchalant circuit of the massive Borromeon tomb. When he returned to his post, the kneeling figure was gone. Looking around, he caught sight of the two ladies just entering the distant archway, leading to the statue-peopled roof of the Duomo, accompanied by Marie. He followed; but not till he was rapidly descending the steep, winding stair of the topmost spire (in some risk of flying through the wide apertures of its carved stone-work upon the heads of the people below) did he confront the beautiful face he so eagerly sought, uplifted to his and surprised into a frank smile by the sudden encounter; but his answering smile gave instant and evident offense, and she passed haughtily and disdainfully on with the guide. "American beauty and belle, every inch of her!" was his discomfited comment. "Would any other civilized woman exact the right to resent with her frown the response she called forth by her smile?" and rapidly descending, he passed without a glance her sister, resting on a bench at the foot of the tower, with Marie at her side.

Middleton had once for all decided that the whole affair was a folly which should end there, when the Frenchwoman's rapid step overtook him, and her staccato accents explained that Mademoiselle had grown dizzy in descending the spire; would monsieur advise? Their guide could do nothing! Mademoiselle Helen was always self-willed, and now she would not move!

Not sorry to look again on the exquisite face, though with a little good-natured

malice in his heart at this downfall to such loftiness, Middleton remounted the stair and stood beside the scornful beauty with a pulse as calm as her own. She was seated on the steps, just at the turn where they had met so suddenly; one hand grasped the stone balustrade, the other covered her eyes. The guide gladly made way for the new-comer, who asked, in a cool tone of indifference, if he could assist her, and if she was faint.

"Not in the least," was the reply.

"Then your nerve fails; you tremble, do you not?—fearing to fall headlong?"

"How do you know?" and the violet eyes opened with surprise.

"Through much Alpine experience. Will you choose now from three alternatives, in lieu of my aid?"

"What are they?" The beautiful eyes looked away from him with a *distracted* expression.

"The first is to remain where you are, to be remarked on, perhaps trampled on, by climbing tourists, till a restorative is obtained from the city beneath us. The second is really too undignified to be suggested to so"—

The speaker paused.

"Oh! pray go on; let me hear them all."

"To descend backward (though you need not look over your shoulder) like a cat or a bear. The last you will think even worse, I fancy: To be *carried* down, without your leave, by the guide and myself."

A charming smile fairly illuminated her face, and a faint blush gave that tinge of feeling its loveliness needed, as she placed her gloved finger-tips in the hands courteously held out to assist her to rise.

"Keep your eyes steadfastly on mine," Middleton directed, as stepping carefully backward, his eyes raised to hers, he watched the blush fade from her cheek, and the smile die on her lips. Then all the proud reserve of her manner and look returned in full force. Quietly withdrawing from his support, she murmured

"Thank you; you are very kind; there is no further need to detain you."

Although Middleton rather plumed himself upon his knowledge of the world and of women, he could not quite master his surprise at this summary dismissal, which, though it amused him a little, piqued him much more, and he left her with a bow as cool as her own. When he emerged a second time upon the broad roof, he had leisure to notice that her sister Alice had withdrawn some distance from the tower,

as if to keep out of his way; but this may have been only his fancy.

### III.

MIDDLETON arose the next morning unrefreshed, though in a more decided frame of mind with regard to his graceful adventure. Certainly, he could not accept the poor figure he had cut in yesterday's *rencontre* as his exit from a stage upon which he had made so exciting a *début*. This thought, combined with a new interest he had formed for his dethroned heroine, settled him in the resolve to resign all idea of Paris; to take, instead, whichever train these young women might take for Florence, and even to go on to Rome. No longer of an age to contemplate that delight of inexperienced youth, a pursuit which should, in its final conquest, place this contemptuous beauty in his hands, for mercy or revenge; nor yet old enough to practice that indifference with which men past maturity punish feminine insensibility to their time-worn fascinations, he had stepped into the pitfall prepared for the mature philosopher, whose still youthful heart yet retains sensibility. This incomprehensible damsel was not to be worshiped as Love's fixed-star of hope, nor to be followed into the quagmire of disappointment as the bright *ignis fatuus* of disillusion, but to be studied as a curious meteor, with the telescope of philosophical analysis.

But while he had been uncomfortably dreaming of a leap from the spire of the cathedral with the wrong sister clasped to his heart, the sisters themselves were steaming safely away from him and his dreams, on the early morning train for Florence. There was nothing left but to follow, and to spend a day going the rounds of the hotels bordering the Arno, in ostensible search for an *appartement*; in reality for some trace of the Misses Fairfax, for whom his natural delicacy forbade him to make open inquiry, even had not the laws regulating continental etiquette required this caution.

His search was fruitless, and ended in the conviction that his wisest course was to trust to the chance of some more conventional meeting in the Roman city, rather than to these accidents of the highways, which, however romantic, were far from satisfactory. Two or three days in the Medicean city gave him time for his usual visits to the galleries, and he took a daylight train for Rome.

By a coincidence frequent in life, though unnatural in a novel, he had scarcely secured his corner for the journey to Rome when the guard ushered up to the door of the carriage the Misses Fairfax. For once, these extremely tranquil young persons were in a flutter, and much too preoccupied with Gypsy's well-being in the basket provided for her concealment to bestow a thought on the solitary figure whose head was so thrust out of the opposite window that not even a back view of it was possible. Marie was flustered and cross; they had come so near missing their train. Gypsy was rebellious; to smuggle live-stock in a lunch-basket is a grave undertaking. The queenly Helen's murmur, "Gypsy! lie still!" availed little against the terrier's necessity for fresh air. The quaint little muzzle would peep from the lid of its prison; two soft-haired gray paws would stretch over its edge, and the round, shining eyes looked plaintively forth from their steel-colored frizz in pathetic remonstrance, till, lulled by the rumble of the train, they closed in sleep. The fair guardians now resumed their usual traveling pose of indifference to their surroundings,—their inattentive eyes wandering from the books carelessly held in their gloved fingers to the landscape, but never for a moment resting on their fellow-passengers, whose interest in these young ladies was baffled by the thick folds of blue gauze shrouding their faces,—that feminine penance which only American and Oriental vanity and lungs seem able to endure. Middleton began to think that the sisters might possibly reach Rome without ever discovering him. But Gypsy prepared a most piquant climax and introduction, far surpassing in result any that he could have invented for himself.

They had reached a station within a few hours of Rome; Marie had brought her tired mistresses coffee and a few cakes from the *buffet*; and had then returned to her place *au seconde*. The presence of cake, or the stopping of the train, threw the animated lunch-basket into an internal convulsion, which sent it bouncing through the still unclosed door, and down under the wheels of the carriages; and the liberated prisoner scampered off up the platform. The soft cry of distress from the ladies was simultaneous with Middleton's leap to the rescue, which was followed by the bang of the closing doors of the carriages and the sharp whistle in signal for starting. As the train glided off, he ran alongside the carriage

for a moment, with his hand on the door, and with a smiling request for their little dog's address "when in Rome." It was eagerly and unblushingly given, "Fairfax, Hôtel de Russie." The ladies' protection for his portmanteau was hastily requested and promised, with inarticulate thanks, as the train tore away from his hold.

Gypsy scudded about in swift whirls of excitement, with sharp little barks of delight; and her newly appointed guardian had ludicrous difficulty in capturing his troublesome ward. Provided with a pocket edition of a favorite author, he cheerfully awaited the next train for Rome. With no little masculine satisfaction, his fancy depicted the Misses Fairfax deploring the inconvenience he had incurred in their service.

These ladies, however, were making a better use of their time. The few way-passengers had left the carriage at an intermediate station, and they had it to themselves for a while.

"How odd," observed Alice, removing her veil, "to have charge of this stranger's luggage!"

"And to sit staring at this portmanteau," exclaimed Helen, "as if it could bite, or go off like a pistol."

"I suppose there's no harm in reading over those labels," continued Alice, kneeling beside the portmanteau. "He has really been *everywhere*: Cairo and Athens, Constantinople, Jerusalem, and Rome, quite recently; then St. Petersburg—a long time back; do you think he is Russian?"

"No; his English is hardly precise enough. I wish I could compliment him, and exasperate Sir John, by mistaking him for an Englishman,—compliment dear to every American heart; for, do you know, though by his eyes, he might be Italian, and by his beard, the Grand Turk, I suspect him to be only an American, after all," answered Helen, laughing aloud.

"That would be very disappointing," murmured Alice; "he looks so unlike. Ah! here are initials—G. R. M."

Helen languidly rose, and bending over her sister, lifted the tall hat from the netting above.

"Since no one is here, and he never can know," she said, with a roguish smile. "It is so very exasperating to have only a pronoun for a man's title!"

A subdued little laugh broke from Alice.

"You hold it as if it were an adder."

"Who likes to touch a man's hat?" replied Helen; "but a name tells so much, I *must* know it!"

Both young faces peered into the hat; and the two soft voices read

"*George Randolph Middleton.*"

"American! I said so," said Helen; replacing the hat in the netting. "The idea of our having to take care of this hat; how provoking! What shall we do when we reach Rome?"

Alice suggested that Marie would be only too happy to look after its safety, "since this Mr. Middleton was having trouble with Gypsy." The train had stopped at a station; the door was thrown back by the guard, and a gentleman passing by stepped up to the ladies, lifted his hat, and expressed great pleasure at finding them on the train; there was so much "room in their carriage," he would have "his traps moved into it at once;" and soon they were journeying to Rome, as they had journeyed to Milan, with Sir John Farleigh opposite, conversing agreeably and being specially witty at the expense of the supposed loser of the ownerless hat. To this the young ladies replied only with smiles; and when, at the end of their journey, he saw Marie directed to take "particular care" of the forsaken hat; and to "send up that portmanteau" with their luggage to the hotel, Sir John felt a shock of consternation. The young ladies vouchsafed no explanation, and he drove off to his hotel much scandalized.

#### IV.

In a window-recess of the *salon* of the Fairfax family in the *Hôtel de Russie* (the day after their arrival in Rome), stood Sir John Farleigh, an edified witness of a struggle for American independence of maternal authority.

Miss Helen Fairfax had laid on the table by which Alice was seated, a visitor's card, and her sister's eyes rested on the engraved name of "Mr. G. Randolph Middleton," beneath which was written in pencil "Miss Gypsy." Mrs. Fairfax, enthroned in a commanding attitude on the sofa near the fire, lifted a detaining forefinger for the valet, whose hand still held the door-knob, while she pointed with the other to the tall folding-doors through which her daughters were to vanish before this stranger could be admitted to her presence. She was handsome and dignified, yet so youthful in appearance that her daughters seemed almost justified in their rebellion. But their mamma was in the right, and they were obliged to yield. Alice rose, with a cloud in her eyes, and gravely

walked out of the room. Helen with a frown on her fair face (quite as much for Sir John as for her mother) reluctantly followed. Mrs. Fairfax remained mistress of the field, but she found the victory more unmanageable than the struggle. Sir John came to her relief, offering to receive this embarrassing stranger, who had intruded an obligation upon her, yet could not be accepted as visitor or acquaintance without credentials of some kind. A sister of Mrs. Fairfax, it seems, had married an Englishman of rank, a near neighbor of Sir John's; at this brother-in-law's home, the Fairfax family had first known the baronet, whose fine estate and large fortune added greatly to his standing in English society; and now that he had been spending a part of the autumn at the baths of Lucca, in close and frequent attendance upon these ladies, he ventured to claim the position almost of friend. Mrs. Fairfax readily consented to Sir John's proposal, and her stately form passed out of the *salon* as her visitor was ushered over the threshold of the anteroom, with Gypsy, contented and subdued, at his heels.

The English baronet received Mr. Middleton without the dawning of a recollection of their having met not eight days before, on the train between Como and Milan. The freemasonry of good breeding enabled him, however, to recognize at once the man of good society and position, and he introduced himself courteously by name before entering upon the matter of the little animal's capture and surrender. Very certainly, had the ladies remained in the room, the captious and jealous baronet would have been far less amiable.

The low murmuring of their undertoned voices in continued conversation irritated the secluded fair ones in the adjoining chamber into a high-tide of American insubordination.

"He must think us so ungracious—so commonplace!" murmured Alice, leaning her dejected head against the tall mantel.

"What has Sir John Farleigh to do with it?" asked Helen of the painted ceiling, to which she lifted her indignant eyes. "The idea!—as if he was a member of the family! It is so disagreeable."

"What do regular introductions matter," continued Alice, raising her head, "when one sees and *knows* a man to be a gentleman?"

"How could you *see*? You never looked at him," answered Helen, bringing her pretty head down to a level with the look-

ing-glass before which she was sitting, and from which her eyes sought consolation. "How could you *know*? Mr. Middleton noticed Marie, or Gypsy, more than he did you! Still, if he is not a gentleman, he is a very good counterfeit. His name is a little too fine, I admit. Is that his card in your hand? Let us see how it looks stuck up in the mirror, beside these half dozen aristocrats. Ah! pretty well; unassuming and truly American, with that absurd initial our countrymen are so fond of—do you know, the hotel people here think it stands for some grand title!"

"Listen!" said Alice, "they are ringing the bell. Marie is sent for, I suppose. How Gypsy is barking!"

"Of course," laughed Helen, in recovered good humor, "she *hates* Sir John Farleigh. Shall we surprise them with a *coup d'état*—walk in and get Gypsy?"

"Oh no!" said the more conservative Alice, drawing her sister back from the door. "I wonder he stays so long!"

"So do I," answered Helen, "with no one but that prosy Sir John to entertain him. Marie, come in! Now, what is it?"

The lady's-maid was closing the door behind her with a mysterious excitement that needed no second bidding to break forth with the summons to the young ladies from *madame mère*, to return with madame to the *salon*; Sir John Farleigh wished to present Mr. Middleton as the brother of an old college friend of Sir John's; Marie "believed" (which meant she had listened) that Sir John said he considered it "an agreeable duty," and was much delighted to have a letter from "his old Oxford comrade," introducing this younger brother to Sir John as the writer's "superior in everything but age"—the very words of the letter, for Sir John read it aloud!

This great news was received with a calmness and reserve exasperating to the Frenchwoman's feelings, Helen only observing that "so prosaic an ending deprived the man of all interest."

Though to Helen Mr. Middleton's formal presentation was "a prosaic ending," to him it was an eventful ceremony. Mrs. Fairfax placed a hand within his, and after her Helen, and then Alice. Whose hand was this? *Hers!*—yet this was not *she*! The pretty hand trembled, the soft gray eyes fell, and the fair cheek crimsoned under the enlightened eyes bent on the face, now first unveiled to their gaze.

"What an inexplicable mistake to have

made! Where had it begun? Does *she* know that she blushes so deeply?" spoke his thoughts in his eyes, as their hands slowly parted. "You will find Gypsy quite well," spoke his words through his lips. Then was formed that oppressive circle, that formidable council of war, with which English and American people stultify visitors, making it equally awkward to be consciously stupid or conspicuously bright; the result—pointless remarks, silent intervals, leading questions, silly answers. Neither Mrs. Fairfax nor her daughters possessed the usual glib tongue of their countrywomen. Their new acquaintance also grew strangely silent, leaving the languid Sir John to shine as the life of the conversation.

In answer to questions, Middleton confessed himself of many countries and climes. His father, when a widower, turned his back on America, on his native state, and on the son of his first marriage; and investing a large fortune in the enterprise of building railroads in Russia, re-married in that country. Randolph Middleton was the only child of this marriage, as his American brother had been of the first. Though inheriting the title and estates of his mother, he preferred the independence of his father's nationality and name to the restraint and surveillance with which the Russian government honors the members of its national family. The hope having been expressed that "Gypsy had behaved well," Mr. Middleton related that during the tedium of awaiting their train, Gypsy had pounced on his cap as ferociously as though it had been her legitimate prey of a rat. In the scuffle for its recovery, the lining had been torn away, doing him the good turn of discovering a lost ring of much value, which had lain entangled for eight days in the lining. Alice answered his meaning emphasis with her shy, pretty smile, and Middleton took his leave, wondering how much she knew of it.

The life of English and Americans wintering in Rome is familiar to all: threading the long miles of the intricate Vatican galleries of antique art; visiting churches and views, pictures, palaces and ruins; excursions by daylight to Tivoli, by moonlight to the Coliseum; drives on the Appian way; hunts on the Campagna; rides to the neighboring villas; walks through the quaint squares and tortuous streets; their carriages pacing the narrow length of the Corso, or stationed on the Pincian height, surrounded by the loungers who are gathered

there only to talk and stare, while the really good band is playing music well worth their attention. These people were all leading the same lives, going to the same places; therefore meeting one another at every turn, as Randolph Middleton and Alice Fairfax met during the months following the discovery of his still inexplicable blunder. Alice could have given the clue to this mystery, had he found the opportunity he sought for an effective explanation, but Rome gives little chance for private interviews; where tourists were not swarming, there beggars cropped up. Vainly Middleton planned for a chance to replace the lost ring on her finger; vainly he rehearsed in a day-dream his tale of love and hope; they were never alone. When they stood in the moonlight, looking down from the topmost circle of the grim Coliseum, a dozen people stood with them; in the darkness of the catacombs, torch-bearing guides marched at their side; in the bowers of Borghese, or the groves of Pamphili, in gallery, studio, or church, under the dome of St. Peter's, in the grounds of the Capitol, some unconscious intruder forever haunted their steps.

One morning, these two had drawn apart from a gay picnic at the baths of Caracalla. Alice sat under a broken arch festooned with vines. Middleton leant against the wall at her side, and read "Casa Guidi Windows" aloud. A cool breeze tempered the sun's heat; the breath of spring softened the air.

"They met like crowned kings;"—

there the reading stopped; the hour had come—the book was closed.

"Months ago," began Middleton, in a whisper, "your hand lay accidentally in mine, taking possession of my heart; you did not know this, for you were sleeping all the while."

He was bending down over her drooping head, and could not see the faint smile which curved her lips at the masculine credulity of this positive assertion.

"Your ring remained in my keeping," continued he. "That fact you know; how you know it, I cannot guess. May my hand replace the ring on your finger, as some encouragement to go on with an explanation necessary to the happiness of my future life?"

Middleton drew forth his purse, in which the star-set diamond out-glittered the gold coins. Alas! the sight of that purse brought

from his lurking-place near them a stalwart beggar, crying "*Per l'amor de Dio!*" and before his clamor was appeased, Helen came gliding toward the disturbed couple. Everything was going wrong: with the coins, rolled out the ring, bounding to Helen's feet, who instantly picked it up, exclaiming:

"My lost ring!"

"Yours!" echoed Middleton. "Impossible!"

Helen appealed to her sister, who, though struggling with an inclination to laugh and an equally strong inclination to cry, answered,

"It is yours," and hastened away.

"Are we playing a 'Comedy of Errors'?" cried Middleton. "Miss Fairfax," he continued, impetuously, "permit me to place that ring on your finger."

"Thank you, no," was the cold reply; "I never wear rings."

Middleton's excitement was over. The hand was aristocratic, and intellectual, and fair; but ah! it was not the dimpled one that had nestled in his! He lifted the reluctant fingers to his lips, then gently released them; but not before Sir John Farleigh had been maddened by the sight of the apparent caress. Middleton disappeared in pursuit of Alice. Sir John, who was approaching, turned on his heel and departed. Helen stood quite speechless with indignation against both; then she quietly put the ring in her pocket, drew on her glove, and glided off to rejoin the gay picnickers. When Middleton led Alice back, Helen was gone, and they stood under the green-canopied arch, her hand in his, her eyes downcast, her head pressed to his breast, and her lips uttering once more the sigh he loved!

"Now," whispered the lover, "two questions! Those tears?"

"Life itself seemed a sin, and so vague," answered Alice. "I was trying to shut mine up in a convent."

"You dear little saint! and so you changed seats while I slept, with your unconscious sister? You sweet little witch! Is there anything else to confess!"

"Yes," she murmured. "Mr. Middleton, I was not asleep *all the time*; I woke to find our hands clasped, and was frightened; then you took such good care, and outwitted the watchful Sir John so cleverly, that somehow, I began to like you."

"Ah! since you *like* me, that is all that I can desire. And the ring?"

"I wore Helen's ring."

## WHIP-POOR-WILL.

THE Western sky blazed through the trees,  
 And in the East the dove-light shone;  
 Low fields of clover to the breeze  
 Gave out a fragrant monotone;  
 While sharp-voiced, whirring things beyond  
 Sent a faint treble through the air,  
 And discords of the hidden pond  
 Pulsed like an anthem, deep and rare.  
 Yet all the twilight range seemed still,  
 The tumult was so subtle-sweet;  
 When forth it burst,—clear, slow, complete,  
 The evening call of

“Whip-poor-will!”

The yarrow, crowding by the hedge,  
 Stirred not its specked, uncertain white;  
 The locust on the upland's edge  
 Stood tranced against the blaze of light.  
 For now the throbbing air was mute,  
 Since the wild note had pierced it through,—  
 That call so clear, so resolute,  
 So tender, dominant and true.  
 When, suddenly, across the hill,—  
 Long, low and sweet, with dreamy fall,  
 Yet true and mellow, call for call,  
 Elate, and with a human thrill,—  
 Came the far answer:

“Whip-poor-will!”

## THE STARS.

THEY wait all day unseen by us, unfelt;  
 Patient they bide behind the day's full glare;  
 And we who watched the dawn when they were there  
 Thought we had seen them in the daylight melt.  
 While the slow sun upon the earth-line knelt.  
 Because the teeming sky seemed void and bare,  
 But for light cloudlets in the dazzled air,  
 We had no thought that there all day they dwelt.  
 Yet were they over us, alive and true,  
 In the vast shades far up above the blue,—  
 The brooding shades beyond our daylight ken,—  
 Serene and patient in their conscious light,  
 Ready to sparkle for our joy again,—  
 The eternal jewels of the short-lived night.

## ILKA ON THE HILL-TOP.

MR. JULIUS HAHN and his son Fritz were on a summer journey in the Tyrol. They had started from Mayrhofen early in the afternoon, on two meek-eyed, spiritless farm horses, and they intended to reach Ginzling before night-fall.

There was a great blaze of splendor hidden somewhere behind the western mountain-tops; broad bars of fiery light were climbing the sky, and the chalets and the Alpine meadows shone in a soft crimson illumination. The Zemmbach, which is of a choleric temperament, was seething and brawling in its rocky bed, and now and then sent up a fierce gust of spray, which blew, like an icy shower-bath, into the faces of the travelers.

"*Ach, welch verfluchtes Wetter!*" cried Mr. Hahn fretfully, wiping off the streaming perspiration. "I'll be blasted if you catch me going to the Tyrol again for the sake of being fashionable!"

"But the scenery, father, the scenery!" exclaimed Fritz, pointing toward a great, sun-flushed peak, which rose in majestic isolation toward the north.

"The scenery—bah!" growled the senior Hahn. "For scenery, recommend me to Saxon Switzerland, where you may sit in an easy cushioned carriage without blistering your legs, as I have been doing to-day in this blasted saddle."

"Father, you are too fat," remarked the son, with a mischievous chuckle.

"And you promise fair to tread in my footsteps, son," retorted the elder, relaxing somewhat in his ill-humor.

This allusion to Mr. Fritz's probable corpulence was not well received by the latter. He gave his horse a smart cut of the whip, which made the jaded animal start off at a sort of pathetic mazurka gait up the side of the mountain.

Mr. Julius Hahn was a person of no small consequence in Berlin. He was the proprietor of the "Haute Noblesse" concert garden, a highly respectable place of amusement, which enjoyed the especial patronage of the officers of the Royal Guard. Weiss-beer, Bairisch, Seidel, Pilsner, in fact all varieties of beer, and as connoisseurs asserted, of exceptional excellence, could be procured at the "Haute Noblesse;" and the most ingenious novelties in the way of gas illumination, besides two military bands,

tended greatly to heighten the flavor of the beer, and to put the guests in a festive humor. Mr. Hahn had begun life in a small way with a swallow-tail coat and a white choker, and a napkin on his arm; his stock in trade, which he utilized to good purpose, was a peculiarly elastic smile and bow, both of which he accommodated with extreme nicety to the social rank of the person to whom they were addressed. He could listen to a conversation in which he was vitally interested, never losing even the shadow of an intonation, with a blank neutrality of countenance which could only be the result of a long transmission of ancestral vacancy. He read the depths of your character, divined your little foibles and vanities, and very likely passed his supercilious judgment upon you, seeming all the while the personification of uncritical humility.

It is needless to say that Mr. Hahn picked up a good deal of valuable information in the course of his career as a waiter; and to him information meant money, and money meant power and a recognized place in society. The diplomatic shrewdness which enabled him to estimate the moral caliber of a patron served him equally well in estimating the value of an investment. He had a hundred subterranean channels of information, and his judgment as to the soundness or unsoundness of a financial enterprise was almost unerring. His little secret transactions on the Bourse, where he had his *commissionaires*, always yielded him ample returns; and when an opportunity presented itself, which he had long foreseen, of buying a suburban garden at a bankrupt sale, he found himself, at least preliminarily, at the goal of his ambition. From this time forth, Mr. Hahn rose rapidly in wealth and power. He kept his thumb, so to speak, constantly on the public pulse, and prescribed amusements as unerringly as a physician prescribes medicine, and usually, it must be admitted, with better results. The "Haute Noblesse" became the favorite resort of fashionable idlers, among whom the military element usually preponderated, and the flash of gilt buttons and the rattle of swords and scabbards could always be counted on as the unvarying accompaniment to the music.

With all his prosperity, however, Mr.

Hahn could not be called a happy man. He had one secret sorrow, which, until within a year of his departure for the Tyrol, had been a source of constant annoyance: Mrs. Hahn, whom he had had the indiscretion to marry before he had arrived at a proper recognition of his own worth, was not his equal in intellect; in fact, she was conspicuously his inferior. She had been chamber-maid in a noble family, and had succeeded in marrying Mr. Hahn simply by the fact that she had made up her mind not to marry him. Mr. Hahn, however, was not a man to be baffled by opposition. When the pert Mariana had cut him three times at a dancing hall, he became convinced that she was the one thing in the world which he needed to make his existence complete. After presenting him with a son, Fritz, and three rather unlovely daughters, she had gradually lost all her pertness (which had been her great charm) and had developed into a stout, dropsical matron, with an abundance of domestic virtues. Her principal trait of character had been a dogged, desperate loyalty. She was loyal to her king, and wore his favorite flowers as jewelry. She was loyal to Mr. Hahn, too; and no amount of maltreatment could convince her that he was not the best of husbands. She adored her former mistress and would insist upon paying respectful little visits to her kitchen, taking her children with her. This latter habit nearly drove her husband to distraction. He stamped his feet, he tore his hair, he swore at her, and I believe, he even struck her; but when the next child was born,—a particularly wonderful one,—Mrs. Hahn had not the strength to resist the temptation of knowing how the new-born wonder would impress the Countess von Markenstein. Another terrible scene followed. The poor woman could never understand that she was no longer the wife of a waiter, and that she must not be paying visits to the great folks in their kitchens.

Another source of disturbance in Mr. Hahn's matrimonial relations was his wife's absolute refusal to appear in the parquet or the proscenium boxes in the theater. In this matter her resistance bordered on the heroic; neither threats nor entreaties could move her.

"Law, Julius," she would say, while the tears streamed down over her plump cheeks, "the parquet and the big boxes are for the gentlefolks, and not for humble people like you and me. I know my place, Julius, and

I don't want to be the laughing-stock of the town, as I should be, if I went to the opera and sat where my lady the Countess, and the other fine ladies sit. I should feel like a fool, too, Julius, and I should cry my eyes out when I got home."

It may easily be conjectured that Mr. Hahn's mourning covered a very light heart when the dropsy finally carried off this loving but troublesome spouse. Nor did he make any secret of the fact that her death was rather a relief to him, while on the other hand he gave her full credit for all her excellent qualities. Fritz, who was in cordial sympathy with his father's ambition for social eminence, had also learned from him to be ashamed of his mother, and was rather inclined to make light of the sorrow which he actually felt when he saw the cold earth closing over her.

At the time when he made his summer excursion in the Tyrol, Fritz was a stout blonde youth of two and twenty. His round, sleek face was not badly modeled, but it had neither the rough openness characteristic of a peasant, nor yet that indefinable finish which only culture can give. In spite of his jaunty, fashionable attire, you would have put him down at once as belonging to what in the Old World is called "the middle class." His blue eyes indicated shrewdness, and his red cheeks habitual devotion to the national beverage. He was apparently a youth of the sort that Nature is constantly turning out by the thousand—mere weaker copies of progenitors, who by an unpropitious marriage have enfeebled instead of strengthening the type. Circumstances might have made anything of him in a small way; for, as his countenance indicated, he had no very pronounced proclivities, either good or bad. He had spent his boyhood in a gymnasium, where he had had greater success in trading jack-knives than in grappling with Cicero. He had made two futile attempts to enter the Berlin University, and had settled down to the conviction that he had mistaken his calling, as his tastes were military rather than scholarly; but, as he was too old to rectify this mistake, he had chosen to go to the Tyrol in search of pleasure rather than to the Military Academy in search of distinction.

At the mouth of the great ravine of Dornauberg the travelers paused and dismounted. Mr. Hahn called the guide, who was following behind with a horse laden with baggage, and with his assistance a

choice repast, consisting of all manner of cold curiosities, was served on a large flat rock. The senior Hahn fell to work with a will and made no pretense of being interested in the somber magnificence of the Dornau, while Fritz found time for an occasional exclamation of rapture, flavored with caviar, Rhine wine, and *paté de foie gras*.

"Ach, Gott, Fritz, what stuff you can talk!" grumbled his father, sipping his Johannisberger with the air of a connoisseur. "When I was of your age, Fritz, I had—hush, what is that?"

Mr. Hahn put down his glass with such an energy that half of the precious contents was spilled.

"Ach, du lieber Gott," he cried a moment later. "*Wie wunderschön!*"

From a mighty cliff overhanging the road, about a hundred feet distant, came a long yodling call, peculiar to the Tyrol, sung in a superb ringing baritone. It soared over the mountain peaks and died away somewhere among the Ingent glaciers. And just as the last faint note was expiring, a girl's voice, fresh and clear as a dew-drop, took it up and swelled it and caroled it until from sheer excess of delight it broke into a hundred leaping, rolling and warbling tones, which floated and gamboled away over the highlands, while soft-winged echoes bore them away into the wide distance.

"Father," said Fritz, who was now lying outstretched on a soft Scotch plaid smoking the most fragrant of weeds; "if you can get those two voices to the 'Haute Noblesse,' for the next season, it is ten thousand thalers in your pocket; and I shall only charge you ten per cent. for the suggestion."

"Suggestion, you stupid! Why, the thought flashed through my head the very moment I heard the first note. But hush—they are again."

From the cliff, sung to the air of a Tyrolese folk-song, came this stanza:

Tell me, Ilka on the hill-top,  
While the Alpine breezes blow,  
Are thy golden locks as golden  
As they were a year ago?  
(Vodle) Hohli-ohli-ohli-ho!  
Hohli-ohli-ohli-ho! Hohli-oh!

The effect of the yodle, in which both the baritone of the cliff and the Alpine soprano united, was so melodious that Mr. Hahn sprang to his feet and swore an ecstatic oath, while Fritz, from sheer admiring ab-

straction, almost stuck the lighted end of his cigar into his mouth. The soprano answered:

Tell me, Hänsel in the valley,  
While the merry cuckoos crow,  
Is thy bristly beard as bristly  
As it was a year ago?  
Hohli-ohli-ohli-ho!  
Hohli-ohli-ohli-ho! Hohli-oh!

The yodling refrain this time was arch, gay—full of mocking laughter and mirth. Then the responsive singing continued:

Hänsel: Tell me, Ilka on the hill-top,  
While the crimson glaciers glow,  
Are thine eyes as blue and beaming  
As they were a year ago?  
Both: Hohli-ohli, etc.

Ilka: Hänsel, Hänsel in the valley,  
I will tell you, tell you true;  
If mine eyes are blue and beaming,  
What is that, I pray, to you?  
Both: Hohli-ohli, etc.

Hänsel: Tell me, Ilka on the hill-top,  
While the blushing roses blow,  
Are thy lips as sweet for kissing  
As they were a year ago?  
Both: Hohli-ohli, etc.

Ilka: Naughty Hänsel in the valley,  
Naughty Hänsel, tell me true,  
If my lips are sweet for kissing,  
What is that, I pray, to you?  
Both: Hohli-ohli, etc.

Hänsel: Tell me, Ilka on the hill-top,  
While the rivers seaward flow,  
Is thy heart as true and loving  
As it was a year ago?  
Both: Hohli-ohli, etc.

Ilka: Dearest Hänsel in the valley,  
I will tell you, tell you true.  
Yes, my heart is ever loving,  
True and loving unto you!  
Both: Hohli-ohli-ohli-ho!  
Hohli-ohli-ohli-ho! Hohli-oh!

For a few moments their united voices seemed still to be quivering in the air, then to be borne softly away by the echoes into the cool distance of the glaciers. A solitary thrush began to warble on a low branch of a stunted fir-tree, and a grasshopper raised its shrill voice in emulation. The sun was near its setting; the bluish evening shadows crept up the sides of the ice-peaks, whose summits were still flushed with expiring tints of purple and red.

Mr. Hahn rose, yawned and stretched his limbs. Fritz threw the burning stump of his cigar into the depths of the ravine, and stood watching it with lazy interest while it fell. The guide cleared away the remnants

of the repast and began to resaddle the horses.

"Who was that girl we heard singing up on the Alp?" said Mr. Hahn, with well-feigned indifference, as he put his foot in the stirrup and made a futile effort to mount. "Curse the mare, why don't you make her stand still?"

"Pardon, your honor," answered the guide stolidly; "but she isn't used to the saddle. The girl's name is Ilka on the Hill-top. She is the best singer in all the valley."

"Ilka on the Hill-top! How—where does she live?"

"She lives on a farm called the Hill-top, a mile and a half from Mayrhofen."

"And the man who answered—is he her sweetheart?"

"Yes, your honor. They have grown up together, and they mean to marry sometime, when they get money enough to buy out the old woman."

"And what did you say his name was?"

"Hänsel the Hunter. He is a garnet polisher by trade, because his father was that before him; but he is a good shot and likes roving in the woods better than polishing stones."

"Hm," grumbled Mr. Hahn, mounting with a prodigious effort.

## II.

It was in the autumn of 1863, only a few weeks after Mr. Hahn's visit to Ginzling and Dornauerg. There was war and rumors of war in the air. The Austrians and the Prussians were both mobilizing army-corps after army-corps, and all the Tyrolese youth, liable to service, were ordered to join their regiments. The Schleswig-Holstein question was being violently debated in the German and the English press, the former clamoring for blood, the latter counseling moderation. The Danish press was as loud-mouthed as any, and, if the battles could have been fought with words, would no doubt have come out victorious.

It had been a sad day at the Hill-top. Early in the morning Hänsel, with a dozen other young fellows of the neighborhood, had marched away to the music of fife and drum, and there was no knowing when they would come back again. A dismal whitish fog had been hovering about the fields all day long, but had changed toward evening into a fine drizzling rain,—one of those slow, hopeless rains that seem to have no

beginning and no end. Old Mother Uberta, who, although she pretended to be greatly displeased at Ilka's matrimonial choice, persisted in holding her responsible for all her lover's follies, had been going about the house grumbling and scolding since the early dawn.

"Humph," said Mother Uberta, as she lighted a pine-knot and stuck it into a crack in the wall (for it was already dark, and candles were expensive), "it is a great sin and shame—the lad is neither crooked nor misshapen—the Lord has done well enough by him, Heaven knows; and yet never a stroke of work has he done since his poor father went out of the world as naked as he came into it. A shiftless, fiddling and galavanting set they have always been, and me then, as has only this one lass, givin' her away, with my eyes wide open, into misery."

Ilka, who was sitting before the open fireplace mingling her furtive tears with the wool she was carding, here broke into a loud sob, and hid her face in her hands.

"You always say mean things to me, mother, when Hänsel is away," sobbed she, "but when he is here, you let on as if you liked him ever so much."

The mother recognized this as a home-thrust, and wisely kept silent. She wet her finger-tips, twirled the thread, stopped the wheel, inspected some point in its mechanism with a scowl of intense preoccupation, and then spun on again with a severe concentration of interest as if lovers were of small consequence compared to spinning-wheels. Mother Uberta was a tall, stately woman of fifty, with a comely wrinkled face, and large well-modeled features. You saw at once that life was a serious business to her, and that she gave herself no quarter.

"Humph!" she began after a while with that indefinable interjection of displeasure which defies all spelling. "You talk like the witless creature that you are. Didn't I tell the lad, two years ago, Michaelmas was, that the day he could pay off the mortgage on the farm, he should have you and the farm too? And eight hundred and fifty florins oughtn't to frighten a man as has got the right spirit in him. And there was Ruodi of Gänzelstein, as has got a big farm of his own, and Casper Thinglen with fifteen hundred a-comin' to him when his grandfather dies; and you sendin' them both off with worse grace than if they had been beggars askin' you for a shillin'. Now, stop your snivelin' there, I tell you. You are like

your poor sainted father,—God bless him where he lies,—he too used to cry, likely enough, if a flea bit him."

At this moment Mother Uberta's monologue was interrupted by a loud rapping on the door; she bent down to attach the unfinished thread properly, but before she had completed this delicate operation, the door was opened, and two men entered. Seeing that they were strangers she sent them a startled glance which presently changed into one of defiance. The fire was low and the two men stood but dimly defined in the dusky light; but their city attire showed at once that they were not Tyrolese. And Mother Uberta, having heard many awful tales of what city-dressed men were capable of doing, had a natural distrust of the species.

"And pray, sir, what may your errand be?" she asked sternly, taking the burning pine knot from its crack and holding it close to the face of the tallest stranger.

"My name is Hahn, madam," answered the person whose broad expanse of countenance was thus suddenly illuminated, "and this is my son, Mr. Fritz Hahn. Allow me to assure you, madam, that our errand here is a most peaceful and friendly one, and that we deeply regret it, if our presence incommodes you."

"Ilka, light the candles," said Mother Uberta, sullenly. "And you," she continued, turning again to Mr. Hahn, "find yourself a seat, until we can see what you look like."

"What a vixen of an old woman!" whispered the proprietor of the "Haute Noblesse" to his son, as they seated themselves on the hard wooden bench near the window.

"Small chance for the 'Haute Noblesse,' I fear," responded Fritz, flinging his traveling cap on the clean-scoured deal table.

Ilka, who in the meanwhile had obeyed her mother's injunction, now came forward with two lighted tallow dips, stuck in shining brass candlesticks, and placed them on the table before the travelers. She made a neat little courtesy before each of them, to which they responded with patronizing nods.

"*Parbleu! Elle est charmante!*" exclaimed Fritz, fixing a bold stare on the girl's blushing face.

"*Bien charmante,*" replied Mr. Hahn, who took a great pride in the little French he had picked up when he carried a napkin over his shoulder.

And indeed, Ilka was *charmante* as she stood there in the dim candle-light, her

great innocent eyes dilated with child-like wonder, her thick blonde braids hanging over her shoulders, and the picturesque Tyrolese costume—a black embroidered velvet waist, blue apron and short black skirt—setting off her fine figure to admirable advantage. She was a tall, fresh-looking girl, of stately build, without being stout, with a healthy blooming countenance and an open guileless expression. Most people would have pronounced her beautiful, but her beauty was of that rudimentary, unindividualized kind which is found so frequently among the peasantry of all nations. To Fritz Hahn, however, who was not a philosophical observer, she seemed the most transcendent phenomenon his eyes had ever beheld.

"To make a long story short, madam," began Mr. Hahn after a pause, during which Mother Uberta had been bristling silently while firing defiant glances at the two strangers, "I am the proprietor of a great establishment in Berlin—the 'Haute Noblesse'—you may have heard of it."

"No, I never heard of it," responded Mother Uberta emphatically, as if anxious to express her disapproval, on general principles, of whatever statements Mr. Hahn might choose to make.

"Well, well, madam," resumed the latter a trifle disconcerted, "it makes very little difference whether you have heard of it or not. I see, however, that you are a woman of excellent common sense, and I will therefore be as brief as possible—avoid circumlocutions, so to speak."

"Yes, exactly," said Mother Uberta, nodding impatiently, as if eager to help him on.

"Madam Uberta,—for that, as I understand, is your honored name,—would you like to get one thousand florins?"

"That depends upon how I should get 'em," answered the old woman sharply. "I should n't like to get 'em by stealin'."

"I mean, of course, if you had honestly earned them," said Hahn.

"I am afraid honesty with you and with me is n't exactly the same thing."

Mr. Hahn was about to swear, but mindful of his cherished enterprise, he wisely refrained.

"I beg leave to inform you, Madam Uberta," he observed, "that it is gentlemen of honor you have to deal with, and that whatever proposals they may make you will be of an honorable character."

"And I am very glad to hear that, I am sure," responded the undaunted Uberta.

"Three weeks ago, when we were traveling in this region," continued Hahn, determined not to allow his temper to be ruffled, "we heard a most wonderful voice yodling in the mountains. We went away, but have now returned, and having learned that the voice was your daughter's, we have come here to offer her a thousand florins if she will sing her native Tyrolese airs for eight weeks at our Concert Garden, the 'Haute Noblesse.'"

"One thousand florins for eight weeks, mother!" exclaimed Ilka, who had been listening to Hahn's speech with breathless interest. "Then I could pay off the mortgage and we should not have to pay interest any more, and I should have one hundred and fifty florins left for my dowry."

"Hush, child, hush! You don't know what you are talkin' about," said the mother severely. Then turning to Hahn: "I should like to put one question to both of you, and when you have answered that, I'll give my answer, which there is no wrigglin' out of. If the old woman went along, would ye *then* care so much about the singin' of the daughter?"

"Certainly, by all means," responded Hahn promptly; but Fritz was so absorbed in polishing his finger nails with a little instrument designed especially for that purpose, that he forgot to answer.

A long consultation now followed, and the end of it was that Ilka agreed to go to Berlin and sing for eight weeks, in her national costume, on condition that her traveling expenses and those of her mother should be defrayed by the manager. Mr. Hahn also agreed to pay for the board and lodgings of the two women during their sojourn in the capital and to pay Ilka the one thousand florins (and this was a point upon which Mother Uberta strenuously insisted) in weekly installments.

The next day the contract was drawn up in legal form, properly stamped and signed; whereupon Mother Uberta and Ilka started with Hahn and Fritz for Berlin.

### III.

THE restaurant of the "Haute Noblesse" was a splendid specimen of artistic decoration. The walls were frescoed with all sorts of marvelous hunting scenes, which Fritz had gradually incorporated in his own autobiography. Here stags were fleeing at a furious speed before a stout young gentleman on horseback, who was leveling his deadly aim

at them; there the same stout young gentleman, with whiskers and general appearance slightly altered, was standing behind a big tree, firing at a hare who was coming straight toward him, pursued by a pack of terrible hounds; again, on a third wall, the stout young gentleman had undergone a further metamorphosis which almost endangered his identity; he was standing at the edge of a swamp, and a couple of ducks were making somersaults in the air, as they fluttered with bruised wings down to where the dogs stood expecting them; on wall number four, which contained the *chef-d'œuvre* of the collection, the young Nimrod, who everywhere bore a more or less remote resemblance to Fritz Hahn, was engaged in a mortal combat with a wild boar, and was performing miraculous feats of strength and prowess. The next room,—to which it was, for some unknown reason, deemed a high privilege to be admitted,—was ornamented with a variety of trophies of the chase, which were intended, no doubt, as incontestable proofs of the veracity of the frescoed narrative. There were stuffed stags' heads crowned with enormous antlers (of a species, as a naturalist asserted, which is not found outside of North America), heads of bears, the insides of whose mouths were painted in the bloodiest of colors, and boars whose upward-pointed tusks gave evidence of incredible blood-thirstiness. Even the old clock in the corner (a piece of furniture which every customer took pains to assure Mr. Hahn that he envied him) had a frame of curiously carved and intertwined antlers, the ingenious workmanship of which deserved all the admiration which it received. Mr. Hahn had got it for a song at an auction somewhere in the provinces; but the history of the clock which Fritz told omitted mentioning this incident.

In this inner room on the 19th of April, 1864, Mr. Hahn and his son were holding a solemn consultation. The news of the fall of Düppel, and the consequent conquest of all Schleswig, had just been received, and the capital was in a fever of warlike enthusiasm. That two great nations like the Prussians and the Austrians, counting together more than fifty millions, could conquer poor little Denmark, with its two millions, seemed at that time a great and glorious feat, and the conquerors have never ceased to feel proud of it. Mr. Hahn, of course, was overflowing with loyalty and patriotism, which, like all his other senti-

ments, he was anxious to convert into cash. He had therefore, made arrangements for a *Siegesfest*, on a magnificent scale, which was to take place on the second of May, when the first regiments of the victorious army were expected in Berlin. It was the details of this festival which he and Fritz had been plotting in the back room at the restaurant, and they were both in a state of agreeable agitation at the thought of the tremendous success which would, no doubt, result from their combined efforts. It was decided that Ilka, whom by various pretexts Mr. Hahn had managed to detain in Berlin through the whole winter, should appear in a highly fantastic costume as Germania, and sing "Die Wacht am Rhein" and "Heil dir im Siegeskranz," as a greeting to the returning warriors. If the weather proved favorable, the garden was to be brilliantly illuminated, and the likenesses of King Wilhelm, Bismarck and von Moltke were to appear in gas-jets, each surmounting a triumphal arch, which was to be erected in front of the stage and at the two entrances to the garden.

"As regards that Tyrolese wench," said Fritz, as he lighted a fresh cigar, "are you sure we can persuade her to don the Germania costume? She seems to have some pretty crooked notions on some points, and the old woman, you know, is as balky as a stage horse."

"Leave that to me, Fritzchen, leave that to me," replied the father, confidently. "I know how to manage the women. Thirty years' practice, my dear—thirty years' practice goes for more in such matters than a stripling like you can imagine."

This remark, for some reason, seemed to irritate Mr. Fritz exceedingly. He thrust his hands deeply into his pockets, and began to stalk up and down the floor with a sullen, discontented air.

"Aha! you old fox," he muttered to himself, "you have been hunting on my preserves. But I'll catch you in your own trap, as sure as my name is Fritz."

"The sly young rascal!" thought Mr. Hahn; "you have been sniffing in your father's cupboard, have you?"

"Fritz, my dear," he said aloud, stretching himself with a long, hypocritical yawn, "it is ridiculous for two fellows like you and me to wear masks in each other's presence. We don't care a straw for the whole *Sieges* business, do we, Fritz, except for the dollars and cents of it? I am deucedly sleepy, and I am going to bed."

"And so am I, father dear," responded Fritz, with a sudden outburst of affection. "Yes, yes, father," he continued heartily, "you and I understand each other. I am a chip of the old block, I am—he, he!"

And with the most effusive cordiality this affectionate parent and son separated, with the avowed purpose of seeking oblivion in slumber, in their respective apartments.

"Perhaps I have been doing the old fellow injustice, after all," thought Fritz, as he clasped his father's hand once more at the bottom of the staircase.

"The young gosling hasn't ventured into such deep water as I thought," murmured the happy father, as he stood listening to Fritz's footsteps re-echoing through the empty corridors.

#### IV.

MR. HAHN, SR., having satisfied himself as to his son's sincerity, retired to his private chamber; not for the purpose of going to rest, however, but in order to make an elaborate toilet, having completed which, he hailed a droschke and drove to an obscure little street in the Friedrich-Wilhelm Stadt, where he ordered the coachman to stop. As he was preparing to dismount, to his astonishment he saw another droschke driving away from the door which he was intending to enter.

"Hm," growled Hahn, "if she has been making acquaintances, she isn't the girl I took her for. But there are other people living in the house, and the visit may not have been for her."

Clinging fondly to this hope, he climbed with wary steps two flights of dark and narrow stairs, which was no easy feat for an elderly gentleman of his bulk. As he reached the second landing, panting and breathless, he found himself in violent contact with another person, who, like himself, seemed to be fumbling for the bell-handle.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said a voice in the dark.

"What, you sneaking young villain!" cried Hahn in great wrath (for the voice was only too familiar to him); "I might have known you were up to some devilish trick, or you wouldn't —"

Here the senior Hahn choked, and was seized with a violent coughing fit.

"You miserable old sinner!" hissed Fritz; "the devil has already got his finger on your throat."

This was too much for Mr. Hahn; he made a rush for his rival, and in a moment he and Fritz were grappling furiously in the dark. It seemed about an even chance who was to be precipitated down the steep staircase; but just as the father was within an inch of the dangerous edge, the hall door was torn open, and Mother Uberta, followed by Ilka with a lamp in her hand, sprang forward, grasped the combatants in her strong arms and flung them against the opposite wall. They both fell on the floor, but each managed, without serious injury, to extricate himself from the other's embrace.

"You are a fine, well-behaved lot, you are!" broke out Mother Uberta, planting herself, with arms akimbo, in front of the two culprits, and dispensing her adjectives with equal liberality to both.

"It was a mistake, madam, I assure you," said Hahn huskily, as he pulled out his handkerchief, and began to whip the dust off his trowsers.

The wreath of thin hair which he had carefully combed, so as to make the nakedness of his crown less conspicuous, was bristling toward all the points of the compass. His tall hat had gone on an independent journey down the stairs, and was heard tumbling deliberately from step to step. Fritz, who had recovered himself much more rapidly, seemed to have forgotten that he had himself borne any part in the disgraceful scene; he looked at his father with kind of a pitying superiority, and began to assist him in the repair of his toilet, with the air of an officious outsider, all of which the crest-fallen father endured with great fortitude. He seemed only anxious to explain the situation to the two women, who were still viewing him with marked disapproval.

"It was all a mistake, madam—a great mistake," he kept repeating.

"A great mistake," ejaculated Mother Uberta, contemptuously. "This isn't a time to be makin' mistakes outside the door of two lonely women."

"It is fifteen minutes past nine," said Hahn meekly, pulling a corpulent gold watch from the pocket of his waistcoat.

"Madam," said Fritz, without the slightest air of apology, "I came here to consult you on a matter of business, which would bear no delay."

"Exactly, exactly," interrupted Hahn eagerly. "So did I, a matter of business which would bear no delay."

"Well, *Väterchen*, we are simple country

women, and we don't understand city manners. But if you want to see me on business, I shall be at home to-morrow at twelve o'clock."

So saying, Mother Uberta slammed the door in the faces of her visitors, and left them to grope their way in the dark down the steep stairway. It was highly characteristic, both of the senior and the junior Hahn, that without a word of explanation they drove home amicably in the same droschke.

Ilka's engagement at the "Haute Noblesse" in the autumn had proved a great success, and Mother Uberta, who was never averse to earning money, had without difficulty, been persuaded to remain in Berlin during the winter, on condition of the renewal of their contract for another six weeks in the spring. Ilka was in the meanwhile to take lessons in singing at Hahn's expense, possibly with a view to future distinction as a prima donna of the opera. Her *maestro* had told her repeatedly that she had naturally a better voice than Nilsson, and that, if she could dry up for ever her fountain of tears, she might become a great *artiste*. For Ilka had the deplorable habit of crying on very slight provocation. The *maestro*, with his wild hair, his long, polished nails and his frantic gesticulations frightened and distressed her; she thought and spoke of him as a kind of curious animal, and nothing could persuade her that he and she belonged to the same species. Nor did Mr. Hahn and Fritz seem to her more than half human. Their constant presents and attentions sometimes annoyed, and frequently alarmed her. She could not rid herself of the apprehension, that behind their honeyed words and manners they were hiding some sinister purpose. She could not comprehend how her mother could talk so freely and fearlessly with them. She thought of Hänsel, who was away in the war, and many an evening she stood outside the telegraph-office with a quaking heart, waiting for the bulletin with the names of the dead and the wounded; but Hänsel's name was never among them. And many a night she lay awake, yearning for Hänsel, praying for him and blessing him. She seemed to hear his gay and careless laugh ringing from Alp to Alp—how different from the polite smirk of the junior, the fat grin of the senior Hahn! She saw his tall, agile figure standing upon a rock leaning upon his gun, outlined against the blue horizon,—and she heard his strong clear voice yodling and

calling to her from afar. It is not to be wondered at that Ilka did not thrive in Berlin as well as her mother did; just as the tender-petaled alpine rose can only breathe the cool breezes of its native mountains, and withers and droops if transplanted to a garden.

Mother Uberta was by no means blind to the fact that both Fritz and his father had designs on her daughter, and having convinced herself that their prosperity rested on a solid basis, she was not disinclined to favor their suits. The only difficulty was to make a choice between them; and having ascertained that Fritz was entirely dependent upon his father's bounty, she quickly decided in favor of the father. But she was too wise to allow Mr. Hahn to suspect that he was a desirable son-in-law, being rather addicted to the belief that men only worship what seems utterly beyond their reach. Ilka, it is needless to say, was not a party to these speculations; to her the Hahns appeared equally undesirable in any capacity whatsoever.

As for the proprietor of the "*Haute Noblesse*," I believe he was suffering from an honest infatuation. He admired Ilka's face, he admired her neck, her figure, her voice, her ankles as displayed by the short Tyrolese skirt; he wandered about in a sort of frenzy of unrest, and was never happy except in her presence. That a certain amount of speculation entered into love's young dream, I cannot positively deny; but, on the whole, the emotion was as sincere as any that Mr. Hahn's bosom had ever harbored. Whether he should allow her to sing in public after she had become his wife was a point about which he sometimes worried, but which he ended by deciding in the affirmative. It was a splendid investment for the "*Haute Noblesse*."

Mr. Fritz's matrimonial speculations took a somewhat different turn. He raved to his friends about the perfection of Ilka's physical development; talked about her "points" as if she had been a horse. So much of cynicism always mingled with his ardor that his devotion could hardly be dignified by the name of love. He was convinced that if he could keep Ilka for some years in Berlin and persuade her to continue cultivating her voice, she would some day be a great prima donna. And Fritz had an idea that prima donnas always grew immensely rich, and married worthless husbands whom they allowed great liberties in financial matters. Fritz had no objection

to playing this subordinate part, as long as he could be sure of "having a good time." Beyond this point his ambition had never extended. In spite of his great confidence in his own irresistibility, and his frequent boasts of the favors he had received from the maiden of his choice, he knew in his heart that his wooing had so far been very unprosperous, and that the prospects for the future were not encouraging. Ilka could never rid herself of the impression that Fritz was to be taken very seriously,—that, in fact, there was something almost awful about him. She could laugh at old Hahn's jokes, and if he attempted to take liberties she could push him away, or even give him a slap on his broad back. But Fritz's talk frightened her by its very unintelligibility; his mirth seemed terrible; it was like hearing a man laugh in his sleep; and his touch made her shudder.

#### v.

THE return of the first regiments of the united armies was delayed until after the middle of May, and the *Siegesfest* accordingly had to be postponed. But the delay was rather in Mr. Hahn's favor, as it gave him ample time to perfect his arrangements, so that when the day arrived the "*Haute Noblesse*" presented a most brilliant appearance. Vividly colored transparencies, representing the most sanguinary battle scenes in more or less fictitious surroundings were suspended among the trees; Danish officers were seen in all sorts of humble attitudes, surrendering their swords or begging for mercy, while the Prussian and Austrian heroes, maddened with warlike fury, stormed onward in the path of glory and victory. The gas-jet programme, with the royal and military portraits, was carried out to perfection; and each new wonder was hailed with immense enthusiasm by the assembled multitude. Innumerable Chinese lanterns glimmered throughout the garden, and from time to time red, white and blue magnesium lights sent up a great blaze of color among the trees, now making the budding leaves blush crimson, now silvering them, as with hoar-frost, or illuminating their delicate tracery with an intense blue which shone out brilliantly against the nocturnal sky. Even the flower-beds were made to participate in the patriotic frenzy; and cunning imitations, in colored glass, of tulips, lilies and roses, with little gas-jets concealed in their chalices, were scattered among the

natural flowers, which looked like ghosts of their real selves among the splendid counterfeits. In order to tune the audience into perfect accord with the occasion, Mr. Hahn had also engaged three monster bands, which, since early in the afternoon, had been booming forth martial melodies from three different platforms draped in national banners.

The hour was now approaching when Germania was to lift up her voice to celebrate the glorious achievements of her sons. The audience, which consisted largely of soldiers and officers, were thronging forward to the tribune where she was advertised to appear, and the waiters, who had difficulty in supplying the universal demand for beer, had formed a line from the bar to the platform, along which the foam-crowned schooners were passing in uninterrupted succession. Fritz, who was fond of fraternizing with the military profession, had attached himself to a young soldier in Austrian uniform with the iron cross upon his bosom. They were seated amicably together at a small table near the stage, and the soldier, by liberal treats of beer, had been induced to relate some of his adventures in the war. He was a tall, robust man, with a large blonde mustache and an open, fearless countenance. He talked very modestly about his own share in the victories, and cooled Fritz's enthusiasm by the extreme plainness of his statements.

"It was rather an uneven game at the start," he said. "They were so few and we were so many. We couldn't have helped whipping them, even if we had done worse than we did."

"You don't mean to say that we were not brave," responded Fritz, with an ardor which was more than half feigned.

"No, I don't say that," said the warrior gravely. "We were brave, and so were they. Therefore the numbers had to decide it."

He emptied his glass and rose to go.

"No, wait a moment," urged Fritz, laying hold of his arm. "Take another glass. You must stay and hear Germania. She is to sing 'Die Wacht am Rhein' and 'Heil dir im Siegeskranz.'"

"Very well," answered the soldier, seating himself again. "I have furlough for to-night, and I can stay here as well as anywhere."

Two more glasses were ordered, and presently arrived.

"Listen!" began Fritz, leaning confiden-

tially across the table. "I suppose you have a sweetheart?"

"Yes, I have, God bless her," replied the other simply, "though I haven't seen her these six months, and not heard from her, either. She isn't much of a hand for writing, and, somehow, I never could get the right crooks on the letters."

"Here's to her health," said Fritz, lifting his glass and touching it to that of his companion.

"With all my heart," responded the latter, and drained the beer mug at one draught.

They sat for a while in silence, Fritz trying to estimate the pecuniary value of the audience, the soldier gazing, with a half-sad and dreamy expression, into the dark sky.

"Curious lot, the women," broke out the junior Hahn, chuckling to himself, as if absorbed in some particularly delightful retrospect. "There is the girl, now, who is to sing as Germania to-night,—and, between you and me, I don't mind telling you that she is rather smitten with me. She is as fine a specimen of a woman as ever trod in two shoes; splendid arms, a neck like alabaster with the tiniest tinge of red in it, and—well, I might expatiate further, but I won't. Now, you wouldn't think it of a girl like that; but the fact is, she is as arch and coquettish as a kitten. It was only the other night I went to see her—the old woman was in the room—"

A tremendous burst of applause completely drowned Fritz's voice, as Germania walked out upon the stage. She was dressed in white, flowing robes, with a golden zone about her waist and a glittering diadem in her hair. A mantle of the finest white cashmere, fastened with a Roman clasp on her left shoulder and drawn through the zone on the right side, showed the fierce Prussian eagle, embroidered in black and gold. A miniature copy of the same glorious bird, also in gilt embroidery, shone on her breast. She had been elaborately trained by her *maestro* as to how she was to step the stage, what attitudes she was to assume, etc., and the first part of the programme she performed very creditably, and with sole reference to her instructions.

The orchestra began to rumble something by way of an introduction. The soldier in the Austrian uniform at Fritz's table turned pale, and sat staring fixedly upon the stage. Ilka stood for a moment gazing out upon the surging mass of humanity at her feet; she heard the clanking of the scabbards and swords, and saw the white and the blue uni-

forms commingled in friendly confusion. Where was Hänsel now—the dear, gay, faithful Hänsel? She struck out boldly, and her strong, sonorous voice soared easily above the orchestral accompaniments. “Heil dir im Siegeskranz!”—she was hailing the returning warriors with a song of triumph, while Hänsel, perhaps, lay on some bloody battle-field, with sightless eyes staring against the awful sky. Ilka’s voice began to tremble, and the tears flooded her beautiful eyes. The soldier in the Austrian uniform trembled, too, and never removed his gaze from the countenance of the singer. There was joy and triumph in her song; but there was sorrow, too—sorrow for the many brave ones that remained behind, sorrow for the maidens that loved them and the mothers that wept for them. As Ilka withdrew, after having finished the last stanza the audience grew almost frantic with enthusiasm; the men jumped up on benches and tables, shouted, and swung their hats, and even the women cheered at the tops of their voices. A repetition was loudly called for, and Ilka, although herself overcome with emotion, was obliged to yield. She walked up to the footlights and began to yodel softly. It sounded strangely airy and far away. She put her hand to her ear and listened for a moment, as if she expected a reply; but there was a breathless silence in the audience. Only a heavy sigh came from the table where Fritz sat with the Austrian soldier. The yodel grew louder; then suddenly some one sprang up, not a dozen rods from the stage, and sang, in a deep, magnificent baritone:

Tell me, Ilka on the hill-top,  
While the rivers seaward flow,  
Is thy heart as true and loving  
As it was a year ago?  
Hohli-ohli-ohli-ho!  
Hohli-ohli-ohli-ho! Hohli-oh!

Ilka stood for a while as if stunned; her eyes peered in the direction whence the voice had come; her face lighted up with a sweet, serene happiness; but the tears streamed down her cheeks as she answered:

Dearest Hänsel in the valley,  
I will tell you, tell you true,  
Yes, my heart is ever loving,  
True and loving unto you!  
Hohli-ohli-ohli-ho!  
Hohli-ohli-ohli-ho! Hohli-oh!

Suddenly she made a leap over the edge of the stage, and in the next moment the gorgeous Germania lay sobbing on the soldier’s

bosom. It made a very touching tableau, and some of the male skeptics among the audience were inclined to view it in that light. Fritz Hahn, as soon as the idea was suggested to him, eagerly adopted it, and admitted in confidence to half a dozen friends, whom he had allowed to suspect the fair singer’s devotion to him, that it was all a pre-arranged effect, and that he was himself the author of it.

“Germania weeping on the breast of her returning son,” he said. “What could be more appropriate on a day like this?”

The maidens and matrons, however, would listen to no such theory; they wept openly at the sight of the re-united lovers, and have until this day maintained that the scene was too spontaneous and genuine to be a product of Mr. Hahn’s inventive genius.

The singing of “Die Wacht am Rhein,” although advertised on the programme, had to be indefinitely postponed, for Germania had suddenly disappeared, and was nowhere to be found. The Austrian soldier, however, was seen later in the evening, and some one heard him inquiring in a fierce tone for the junior Hahn; but the junior Hahn, probably anticipating some unpleasantness, had retired from the public gaze.

## VI.

Six weeks after this occurrence, it was St. John’s day—there was a merry festival in the village of Mayrhofen. Ilka and Hänsel were bride and groom, and as they returned from church the maidens of the village walked in the wedding procession and strewed flowers before them. And in the evening, when the singing and fiddling and dancing were at an end, and the guests had departed, Mother Uberta beckoned Hänsel aside, and with a mysterious air handed him something heavy tied up in the corner of a handkerchief.

“There,” she said, “is eight hundred and fifty florins. It is Ilka’s own money which she earned in Berlin. Now you may pay off the mortgage, and the farm is yours.”

“Mother Uberta,” answered Hänsel laughing, and pulling out a skin purse from his bosom. “Here is what I have been saving these many years. It is eight hundred and fifty florins.”

“Hänsel, Hänsel,” cried Mother Uberta in great glee, “it is what I have always said of you. You are a jewel of a lad.”

## SONNETS

## IN MEMORIAM OF THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL.\*

## I.

## TO THE EMPRESS.

Not that thou satest on a golden throne,  
 All sylph-like, grace-like, zoned with Cypria's charm;  
 Not that a rose uprooted by the storm—  
 Forth into exile, Empress, thou wert blown;  
 Not that thy beauty to all earth was known;  
 Not that thy Caesar lent us his right arm,  
 Is it alone that England, sound and warm,  
 Now feels thy mighty sorrow as her own.

A Widowed Mother art thou, placed apart,  
 Wailing thy lost one—thy own sole-born boy,  
 Thy lamb-like lion, thy young eagle dove.  
 'Tis this that stirs the universal heart,  
 And shakes the realm, amid the summer joy,  
 With a wild wind of pity and pure love.

## II.

## TO THE PRINCE.

No lovelier nestling of the Eagle race,  
 Hath yet flown forth before the eyes of men,  
 Than thou, young Prince, just wafted from our ken,  
 By God's veiled wisdom, God's especial grace.  
 We are the sufferers, we, who knew thy face;  
 Not thou, full-freed from this terrestrial den,  
 Thou, whose sweet selfless spirit, tongue and pen  
 Of years unborn with tenderness will trace.

Hadst thou but lived (who knows?) with wild acclaim  
 Thy France had voted thee o'er France to reign,  
 Smit with thy spotless worth, thy valor stanch;  
 And we had seen united in thy fame,  
 The aims, the acts, perchance, of Charlemain,  
 With his who was the son of good Queen Blanche!†

## III.

## TO HIS COMPANIONS-IN-ARMS.

"*The Love of Comrades!*" beautiful devise  
 (So fondly dwelt on by Manhattan's bard†),  
 The source wert thou, thou wert the cause ill-starred,  
 Which snatched our peerless prince from wistful eyes.  
 Beaming with kindness, beaming with emprise,  
 Fain would he offer (shelter spurn'd and guard)  
 Full sacrifice to friendship. Hard, O hard!  
 Lo! on the earth himself a victim lies!

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\* A companion sonnet by the same author appeared in the September number.

† St. Louis IX.

‡ Walt Whitman.

But ye his comrades, ye, who watched him oft  
 Spunging the gun, light-vaulting on the steed,  
 In ear-shot of his speech and laughter merry;  
 Recalling his high look and gestures soft,  
 Bear that pure memory—pure in thought, word, deed,  
 Next to your hearts, like some priz'd reliquary.

### PICTURESQUE FEATURES OF KANSAS FARMING.

THERE is no more enticing scene than the Kansas prairies in spring. The eye wanders out over gracefully swerving and unmonotonous lines to what seems the very limit of things; you dare not conjecture where the earth ends and the sky begins. If the grass were a bit more forward, and the atmosphere had only a hint of fog in it, you might liken the vision to a sea; and then those bluish curves would be waves, and that square of newly plowed furrows a shoal of fish, and yonder tall, oblique sycamore a snapped and floating spar, and the one little white house away off there by itself the vague sail of some approaching ship. But the grass is too short, and the air too crisp and dry, for such a simile. Besides, we know this slope of deeper green on our right is early wheat, just high enough for the slight breeze to stir it prettily, as it might stir a baby's hair; and here on our left is a quivering flame of peach-blossoms. There are laughing boys and girls ahead of us, too, on their way to school; and directly we shall be overtaking frequent wagons loaded with lumber, shingles and window-sash; and then will come the elementary in farm-making, and the latest of the arriving settlers. And so the picture goes on, repeating itself for two hundred miles or more,—and beyond that yet is the surveyor, with his spying and beckoning compass.

The farms are large, you will observe, and growing larger, as if they had caught something of the nature of those infinite skies; and at every turn rises that pervasive and undefinable odor of fresh-cut sod. What miles and miles of black overlapping lines, across the emerald prairie where the plows are going! But there are liberal intervals not yet "filed upon" or "opened up," as they name it out here, and the farmers have a keen eye for convenient "ranges" upon which their stock may graze,

and where plenty of hay may be secured in its season at the mere cost of reaping and stacking; it has been asserted that the Kansan would not care to go to heaven unless he could be guaranteed an ample range to the west of it. Indeed, it is only by resorting to figures that one can reach a comprehension of the aggregate extent of these long, narrow, black strips of "prairie-breaking." Not until you take your pencil and run over the footings of the assessors' returns, and find that in the last year almost a million acres were added to the cultivated area of the state, do you begin to realize what the busy plows are accomplishing; and when you come to supplement this with the fact that during the same period, fully a hundred thousand people came to Kansas to make new farms and homes, you will understand how numerous, after all, must be the buildings which look so sparse to you, and so venturesome.

These buildings, by the way, are sharply characteristic, not to say anomalous,—for, really, they seem to belong to a condition of things which it is difficult to reconcile with so much of grass, and wild larks' songs, and clear blue sky. The typical log-cabin of early days on the Wabash and Sangamon is seldom to be seen here, and it is used, when you do see it, as a stable or a cow-shed; the man who made it—he of the butternut garb and the famished aspect—left Kansas when the "keers" came, and went "back to his wife's folks" east of the Mississippi. The dug-out is here, it is true; but the dug-out is an indigenous affair, and an improvement upon the ancient log contrivance in this, that it is only a make-shift, and rapidly gives way to something better. And then it is modest, also (as the swaggering old log-cabin with its clay "chinking" and its obese and ridiculous outside "chimbley" never was), and has a pleasant effect of

shying at your approach; for it is simply an opening made into a hill-side or convenient slope, you must know, roofed over with turf several layers thick on a frame-work of poles, and having a front improvised from a few chance boards and scantlings and half a dozen panes of glass. Usually, canvas or brown sheeting (a wagon-cover, perhaps) is nailed to the poles inside for a ceiling, and the walls are rendered dry and smooth with whitewash; the floor is the mere hard earth, in most cases carpeted with gunny-bags or an odd matting of braided corn-husks. They are said to be very comfortable habitations, cool in summer and warm in winter; and often these rude interiors are arranged with ingenious and admirable taste. Sometimes, too, the fronts are set off with canny little porches, to which flowering vines are trained. I once saw one that was a mass of morning-glories, through which the sunlight leisurely sought the open door and changed the gunny carpet to cloth of gold—while out upon the sod roof, a child in scant calico frock, and barefooted, stood gazing with wide eyes at a great flapping hawk overhead.

However, most of the farm dwellings for a hundred miles or farther outward are patterned after the country houses of the better styles in the older states, the predominant type being the snug white frame with green window-shutters and a gracious touch of portico. The Kansans have a phenomenal genius for homes. They reverse the old order of pioneering, and make the home the foundation, instead of the outcome, of their struggle with nature; domestic comfort and convenience are in their plan the means, and not merely the end, of life. Hence, neat and substantial houses are generally built to start with, and judging Kansas by the usual test of farm residences, you would take her to be fifty years old at least, when in truth this test of age and development here contradicts itself; often the household gods are attractively enshrined in advance of the first of the plowing.

These people, you will readily perceive, are none of your plodding, thick-witted kind, "suckled in a creed outworn." They are a new race, with a new philosophy. Enter one of their homes, and you will find a parlor with three-ply carpet on the floor, lace curtains at the windows, pictures on the walls, a shelf of books, and, not unlikely, a piano in the corner. And they will talk to you—the farmer and his wife—about Emerson and Huxley, "Deronda" and "That

Lass o' Lowrie's"; about the Centennial Exhibition, especially the part which Kansas played in it; about the new school-house, the coming election, the last evening's sunset. Then if you stay to tea (as you will be pressed to do), you will discover that the latest tricks of cookery are here also, and some more pictures, and pots of house-plants, and possibly a coy glitter of silverware. But for the big vase of wild flowers in the center of the table—daisies, larkspurs and verbenas—and the wide, ambiguous vista of untenanted prairie from the west window, you might easily convince yourself you were in New England. In fact, this very family may be from New England, since New England invented Kansas, and has sent her thousands of citizens; but, more likely, they are from some state not farther east than Ohio; the chance that they are to the manner born is only one to five. It matters little. Wherever they came from, they are Kansans now; and to be a Kansan is to have an identity at once distinct and conspicuous.

But to return to the sod. The seeding follows hard upon the plowing,—goes along with it, I may say,—and frequently you will see plows, harrows, wheat-drills and corn-planters all at work together on a single farm, where twenty-four hours before there was only a green, untrodden waste. The sod crop being often the settler's main or only reliance for the first year, and requiring but little care, the ruling idea is to get as much planted as possible. Of course, large results are not reasonably to be expected from this initial process; but ordinarily the yield is good, better than you would guess, and in some instances quite astonishing. With timely seeding and a favorable season, it is not uncommon for sod-wheat in Kansas to make fifteen bushels to the acre (above the average annual yield of the older states), and sod-corn often reaches forty bushels per acre; I passed field after field of sod-corn in the Arkansas Valley the last autumn, which I am sure would exceed that—and a considerable proportion of it, they told me, had been planted as late as the fourth week in May. There are cases, not numerous, to be sure, but none the less authentic, where these new-fashioned farmers have actually paid for their farms with the proceeds of their first crop of wheat or corn, not to speak of the three dollars per acre which the mere first plowing adds to the permanent value of the land. Then, after this sod-crop is harvested, winter

wheat may be put in these same fields—drilled in between the corn-rows, if you wish; or it may be left until spring again, and planted in corn, and then will come the richest crop that the soil is capable of producing.

Corn is king in Kansas, so far as space is concerned. They plant it by square miles, one might fairly infer, the fields are so incredibly far-reaching; and if it did not grow very much of its own accord, it could not grow at all, as the sheer abundance of it forbids anything like thorough cultivation. They aim to plow it twice, though sometimes once has to suffice, and where it has been sod-planted it is left untouched till it ripens; and yet it thrives in a way that makes folly of all rule and precedent; the stalks attain a size and height which give them a resemblance to young forests of hickory, and the men with plows look lost among them; and as for the ultimate yield in ears and bushels, is it not proclaimed everywhere in those graphic and seductive land advertisements which tell how Kansas was ten years ago the twenty-fourth state in the production of corn, and is now surpassed by only three of all the thirty-eight? The small cost and labor of tilling is doubtless the chief inciting cause of this extensive recourse to a crop which, however bounteous it may be, offers but slender profit unless fed to live stock; but I suspect it is a crop that also has special favor with frontier people—perhaps without their exactly realizing the preference—because of the resolute, imperious, army-with-banners method it has of possessing and holding the country. For corn is by nature aggressive and determined. The smaller grains feel their way timidly in a primitive soil, and the aboriginal verdure disputes every inch of progress with them. But where this autocrat of the cereals takes root it scorns rivalry, and its sway is complete and enduring. And so these leagues upon leagues of Kansas corn, seen in the summer and in their glory of silked and tasseled and sunlit strength, convey a signally striking impression. They do not merely cling to the earth, but they seize it and make it their own; you know that those dense and advancing ranks can never be stayed, never turned back; and somehow the vast expanse of unconquered prairie yet spread out before them and all about them—ten acres to each one acre of theirs—seems overawed and contracted by their masterful influence. It is Birnam: wood come to Dunsinane.

The business of wheat-culture in Kansas is of leading importance, also, and especially picturesque. In the exclusive wheat districts, there are no fences, and the different fields are divided only by wagon-trails or little belts of furrowed earth similar to the border-lines of a map; and the fields embrace many hundreds, frequently more than a thousand, of acres, whole townships at times looking to be single farms. Standing in June upon a spot of elevated prairie near Abilene, for instance, you can view a tawny zone of waving, swaying wheat, five miles in breadth and over thirty miles long, with the Kansas River running midway through it (more like a shadow than a reality), and the incalculable uplands rising from it on either side, and falling away in gentle swells and curves to the distant horizon. The immensity of it, the strange billowy motion, the sorcery of color which designates the various stages of ripening, go to the making of a scene not easily forgotten. And less than fifteen years ago this was all a desolate and unblest extent of buffalo-grass, set down by the ironical geographers as a desert. It seems past belief; and yet the yellow, flexuous wonder is duplicated again and again, with slightly varying circumstances, through twenty counties, and compasses at last an aggregate of about two million acres.

The harvesting of these extensive areas of wheat presents a picture of unique and fascinating interest. The pastoral old "cradling" process is here superseded by an epic; the plentiful reaping-machines, with their glare of paint and burnished steel and their great overwhelming "reels," have a kind of Homeric character. There are probably a score of these machines in sight at one time; first the ordinary, original reaper, which leaves the wheat lying behind it in a swath, like mown hay; next the self-raker, which drops it in convenient little bunches, ready for binding; then the header, which clips off only the tips of the stems, emptying them into a large, uncouth box on an attendant wagon; and finally the self-binder, that perfection of farm machinery, that ghostly marvel of a thing, with the single sinister arm, tossing the finished sheaves from it in such a nervous, spiteful, feminine style. (I wonder what Solomon would have thought of the self-binder?) How rapidly and how deftly the keen sickles cut their way, and what straight, smooth openings they effect through the close and clinging stalks! Everywhere is eagerness, energy, urgent action,

for time is precious and foul weather may intervene; but how methodical it all is, nevertheless, and how small is the measure of wasted power! Each stroke counts; each step is a triumph. The fields change like shiftings of scenery in a pantomime. There are unexpected new lights and shades; boundary lines are abruptly transposed and confused; the landscape is momentarily made alien. Among the glistening stubble rise numberless shocks and bulging stacks; a steam threshing-machine is suddenly disclosed, half hidden in profuse and buoyant flakes of straw; and, if you look closely, you will discover that plowing and harrowing for another crop have begun in places where the harvesting is barely completed.

Those singular huts, made of rough pine boards, with canvas awnings, which you notice now and then, were set up yesterday, perhaps, and will be taken down to-morrow. They are the quarters of the men engaged in the harvesting, and very odd places they are, with their rude beds of straw, their long, narrow dining-tables, their clatter of dishes, their ludicrous mimicry of towels, combs, and looking-glasses. The harvesters out here, you soon learn, go in squads or companies, carrying their camp equipage with them from place to place, and boarding and lodging themselves. The owner of the wheat simply pays a stipulated price per acre for the harvesting, and is relieved of all the vexation and inconvenience of that sorest test of agricultural piety, the hiring and taking care of harvest hands. In many cases, he does not reside upon the land at all, but has his home in the adjacent town, where he probably also operates a grain-elevator, or holds a county office. The threshing is largely done upon the same plan, and sometimes the plowing and seeding as well. The smaller farmers secure all these advantages readily by clubbing together; so that only those who are remote from the settlements need to own reaping-machines or to do their own harvesting. Thus, one chief branch of farming—and the most remunerative one, when well managed—is shorn of the worst of its traditional toil and difficulty, and the result is seen in the significant fact that, in the last three years, Kansas has progressed from the eighth rank to the very foremost one, as a wheat-producing state, her crop for 1878 exceeding thirty millions of bushels, or about one-twelfth of all the wheat raised in the United States.

One noticeable feature of the wheat districts—the discarding of fences, namely—

is prevalent in most of the new counties, and not a few of the older ones, also, each county being authorized, by an act of the legislature, to settle the matter for itself. Upon the score of economy, the plan is manifestly a good one (statistics show that the cost of fences always exceeds the value of the live stock fenced against); and in the matter of appearance, a fenceless farm has much to commend it over a fenced one. Certainly, an utter absence of fencing is preferable to the staked-and-ridered rail absurdity which disfigures the natural scenery of some states, or to the insidious barbed-wire affair which a blunted public conscience permits in other localities. A neighborhood of farms divided from each other merely by a system of right-angled road-ways has a cheerful, confident, and hospitable look, and gives an impression that the people must be on cordial and trusting terms; where everything is left out-of-doors, as it were, suspicion of one's neighbors becomes a sort of self-reproach. There is a leaven of genuine, unspoiled veracity in such an outright renunciation of the main artifice by which man ordinarily asserts his sway over the earth; and it goes without saying that a people cannot be lacking in self-respect who keep their hogs from running at large. I am not sure but this fence question has a rudimentary relation to human nature, like original sin. They think so in Kansas, at least, where they will tell you that man is born either for or against the herd-law.

It was reserved for a quaint and unimaginative class of settlers from over the sea—the Russian Mennonites—to supplement the herd-law in Kansas with still another picturesque and excellent thing, to wit: the farm village,—an expedient by which the farmer secures all the benefits of society without sacrificing any of the utilities of life in the country. The Mennonite village is simply a single long, straight street, with houses on one side of it, twenty to sixty rods apart, and farms radiating from it in all directions; instead of twenty families (or more, as it may happen) who own twenty adjoining subdivisions of land living upon twenty aloof and separate estates, they establish their homes in a cluster at the center of the entire tract, where they have also a church, a school-house, a post-office, a blacksmith's shop, and sometimes a store and a grain warehouse. The buildings are, as a rule, of almost uniform size and appearance. The sides rise slopingly from the earth, like a wedge-tent, and are thatched with hay; the

ends are about eight feet high, and of home-made black bricks; in the middle of the room is a curiously swelled and tapered brick furnace, for heating purposes, in which straw is used for fuel; in the rear, a door opens into the stable where the cows and horses are kept. The church and the school-house, and perhaps the residence of the "head man" of the community, are in imitation of the usual Kansas framed pattern, and made of pine, accented at times by a coat of red paint, with a modulation of deep green for the solid board window-shutters. Each dwelling has its liberal front yard facing the street, encircled by young trees, and filled with primeval and flashy flowers; and not far off is the inevitable water-melon patch; for next, perhaps, to its unquestioning faith in baptism, the Mennonite heart hugs the water-melon above all things. The names of the villages, unlike the hap-hazard nomenclature of American towns, always have some distinct and suggestive meaning, as Ganadenau (place of grace), Bruderthal (vale of brothers), Hoffnungsthal (vale of hope), and so on; Hoffnungsthal, by a touching appropriateness, designates the homes of the poorest of the colonists. There are ten thousand of the Mennonites in Kansas, and they own in all a hundred and fifty thousand acres of land; so you come upon these fantastic villages quite frequently in traveling over the new counties. The architecture is gradually improving, too, as the latter-day devices of carpentry are slowly learned and accepted; and in course of time, no doubt, the houses will all be as big and snug as the "head man's"; and new stables will be built, a little farther away from the family parlor; and the front yards will become bright plots of blue-grass, with here and there an evergreen; and over the long, broad street, now so raw and so practical, the cotton-woods, growing in a thrifty row outside the gates, will throw a grateful and inviting shade.

As a contrast to the Mennonite village, nothing could be more marked than the random cabins of the "homesteaders." Miles apart they frequently are, as if trying to avoid one another; but in the aggregate there are very many of them (two thousand or more of them must have been built in Kansas during the last year alone), and they represent what is perhaps the most vivid and eventful, though the most fleeting, phase of Kansas farming. The homesteaders, you are to understand, are the pioneers of slender means, taking advantage of the beneficent law which gives a man (or

woman, if she be the head of a family) a home upon the public domain at the simple price of occupying and cultivating it for a term of years—and meanwhile it cannot be taken from him for any outstanding debts. The majority of them were soldiers during the late war, and they are therefore brave, self-reliant and fertile in expedients; and they have, besides, that gift of good spirits which is more than gold in any scheme of life. Their farms are small, comparatively speaking, and their homes too often mere places to eat and sleep; they have but few farming tools, and those of the rudest kinds; and in many cases their household furniture is entirely of their own clumsy manufacture. But they neither croak nor mope. They will all tell you they are "making it" steadily and surely; and some of their stories of what "making it" signifies out here are richly curious and impressive. One in particular I recall, which may fitly stand, in all essential respects, for the general average of them. It was related to me last October, in a cheery, half jocular mood, as I sat at dinner in the cabin of the narrator of it, a man who had carried a musket at Shiloh and Chickamauga, and been a color-bearer in the achievement of that milky-way of fame, Sherman's march from Atlanta to the sea.

"When I settled on my claim, three year ago last spring," the homesteader began, "and got the shanty built, I had just eight dollars and sixty cents left, and a sack o' flour; that was all, except a few dried apples Sarah had brought in the box with the dishes and bed-covers. We had no stove, and so we dug a hole in the ground to cook in; we hadn't any bedstead either, and I fixed up some bunks out of barrel-staves, like we used to do in the army, you know. Our nearest neighbor then was four mile off; when it was cloudy we couldn't see the house at all. We got along, though, and I broke twenty acres of sod and planted it in corn and garden-stuff. Then we had to wait for things to grow. The commissary stores dwindled mighty low toward the last, I tell you, but we stuck it out one way an' another till the lettuce and the first onions come—and one day I shot an antelope: I don't believe fresh meat ever tasted better than that did, not exceptin' secesh chickens. Then, finally, the roastin' ears got fit to pull, and when the corn hardened a little more, we grated it off on an old saw we had, and that way made meal. And all the time we'd be plannin' what we'd do next year. I think that helped a good deal

to keep us in heart; it's a lucky knack in anybody; when a man quits lookin' ahead I wouldn't give shucks for him. *We* didn't weaken once, did we, Sarah?"

"No, Dick," answered the wife,—a bright-eyed little body, with a flush of rose in her tanned cheeks,—“we didn't, not even when your tobacco gave out;” and an insinuating smile lurked about her mouth.

“Well, that *was* tough,” he returned; “if anything will make a man lose his gripe, it's takin' his tobacco away from him. But we had the fiddle left, Sarah. You wont believe it, sir, but actually I used to sit out on the grass in the moonlight, and play that fiddle for hours at a stretch,—dancin' tunes, mind you,—and I know it made me feel good, and made Sarah feel good, too, and the children. It don't take so everlastin' much to make folks feel good as you might s'pose.”

“Did your crop turn out well?” I inquired.

“Tiptop, for sod-corn. That was what carried us through the winter,—a friendly, open winter it was,—and the next spring I dickered for a cow and some shoats, and bought me a sulky-plow, and put in forty acres of corn; and that year's crop set me square on my feet. Since then, we've made it right along. Last year, I had twelve hundred bushels of corn to sell, and two steers, besides pork enough to pay for our winter's groceries. I count myself worth to-day at least two thousand dollars, with a good prospect; and this in less than four year, with next to nothin' for a start. But a man ought to have as much as three hundred dollars to begin with on a homestead claim; then he's all right, and he can make it every time, if he's got the sand to stick to it, and aint lazy. The worst of it, though, is the bein' so cut off from other folks. 'Taint nigh so bad now as it used to be, settlers are comin' in so much faster. It's wearin' on women, 'specially; men don't mind it so much after a while; but women—women are queer, you know.”

“And do *you* still long for the old life back in Ohio?” I said, turning to the wife.

“No,” she replied, with a shade of pathos in her face and in her voice,—“no, not now—not since the baby died, and we buried it out there in the garden. That was the sorriest time of all. The grave was so little and pitiful, and the prairie widened out from it so far; I hadn't ever mistrusted before how big the prairie was. And it seemed wicked like, too, not to have any

funeral. But after it was all over, I felt more settled and at home, you may say, and since that I've never once thought I'd care to live anywhere else in the world.” She paused in a meditative way, and presently she added: “I'm always glad, though, when the grass comes in the spring to cover up the grave and make it look less like it did that winter day of the buryin'.”

An entirely new and noteworthy phase has been recently given to homestead settlement in Kansas by the exodus of freedmen from the Southern states. The colored homesteaders, unlike their white congeners, seem averse to the remote and single-handed theory of farm-making,—perhaps from a lack of individuality of character, perhaps because the stress of necessity teaches them a laudable caution; and so you will find them located in little clusters of a dozen or more families, and sharing the use of one another's houses, teams and farming utensils. Sometimes there will be but one span of horses or yoke of oxen, and only one plow and one harrow, in the neighborhood, owned in common, usually, and employed a day at a time by different members of the community. Such a system of agriculture has evident and serious drawbacks; but the personal spirit of it is admirable and characteristic, and goes to show that all the weight and bitterness of slavery was not equal to crushing out, but more likely increased, the mutual sympathy and brotherly kindness of the enslaved. Their dwellings, as a rule, are of the rudest construction, mere eruptions of miscellaneous boards, most of them without floors or windows, and seamed with glaring cracks; but you will also see now and then a comfortable cabin of stone, with paneled door, some fruit-trees in the yard, and a tender attempt at hollyhocks and cypress-vines; and you cannot help hoping and reasoning that these occasional cabins indicate triumphs of toil and fortitude possible to the humblest who dwell in sight of them. For obvious reasons, the “claims” are small, few of them exceeding forty acres; the freedman, however, betrays little ambition for a big farm, even under favoring circumstances, and appears mainly anxious to make sure only of so much land as he can till with his own hands. To get a home, however simple, which he can call his own, and to secure a living for himself and family, fills his conception of ultimate jubilee.

For a people whose lives have been so bankrupt in domestic ties and opportunities,

these colored emigrants are wonderfully tenacious of the idea of home and ownership of the soil. It is not too much to assert, I think, that the real guiding motive of the exodus lies in this strong desire to achieve homes: it is as though a deep and masterful instinct of the race, repressed by long-continued and compulsory gypsying, had suddenly re-asserted itself with the force of inspiration. They will tell you moving stories, to be sure, of political and physical oppression endured at the South since the war, and some among them will declare with set teeth that they came North solely to escape these perils. But you will find the large majority of them saying that the one supreme cause of their migration is this consuming aspiration for a home, and a little patch of ground, with a chance to earn food and clothing, and educate their children; and this, they have come to believe, can easiest and most surely be reached where there are public lands, free schools, and a moral atmosphere, untainted by lingering influences of the old slave days. Their preference for Kansas over other Northern states appears to be very much a matter of sentiment, though possibly a species of introspective advertising peculiar to this best-advertised state in the Union has had some effect also. They recollect that Kansas was the home of John Brown, and that makes it consecrated territory to them, for the freedmen reverence the memory of the grim and spectral old captain above that of any other man in history, not excepting Lincoln; and so when they turn their faces northward, they seek Kansas through a feeling which to susceptible and imaginative minds like theirs is in some sense a superstition.

There are now (October, 1879) probably ten thousand of these people in Kansas, three-fourths of whom arrived during the past twelve months. They have made half a dozen or more settlements in as many of the frontier counties, and have procured and begun to improve three or four thousand acres of land; and all things considered, they have perhaps done as well so far as could have been reasonably anticipated. The climate, soil, crops and mode of life are all new to them; but they adapt themselves to their novel environment with less difficulty than one would suppose, and few of them manifest any disposition to retrace their steps. The exodus, however, is still an unsolved problem. It yet remains to be proved if this singular and pathetic

movement has in it enough of logic, and courage, and patience, and the enthusiasm of common sense, to make it a success. The burdens and sacrifices of founding homes in a new country, even on the part of those to such manner born and bred, have ever been heavy and exhausting, and these unaccustomed pilgrims must, from the nature of the case, expect to meet more than the usual obstacles. The result will depend, after all, upon themselves. Their chief hindrance, their irony of fortune, so to speak, is their general and extreme poverty. But poverty can be overcome, we know, by hard work and frugality; and it will not do for us to say that the freedman should stay away from a new country merely because he is poor; for it is by going to a new country that the poor man better his condition, and the homestead law was made for such as he. Neither will it do to draw a distinction of color against him, and warn him back because white men alone have heretofore subdued the frontier, lest he challenge the soundness of our laws, the sincerity of our religion,—or lest he turn upon us, as one of them was recently moved to do, with the half-mournful and half-scornful retort: "I am my old master's own son, sir!"

Next to calamities like that the homesteader's wife told of, the great besetting fear of the settlers on the border—in all the new and thinly peopled portions of Kansas, in fact—is the coming of the autumn prairie fire, which so frequently menaces their stacks and cribs, their helpless stock, their stables and cabins, and even their lives. Were it not for its known danger and power of havoc, this tempest and scourge of fire would be a spectacle of commanding force and beauty. First, you will catch glimpses of what you take to be gray wisps of haze away off on the horizon; and watching, you will see these vagrant particles deepen gradually, and gather into a definite volume of smoke, black like a rain-cloud, and bronze about the edges. Then the strange, somber bulk starts forward across the prairie, and you hold your breath at sight of the rapid progress of it. (A mile in two minutes is not an exceptional rate of speed for a fire once fairly under way.) It halts an instant, you note, over a broad swale where there is standing water; but it is for an instant only. The next moment it reaches the upland again and the dry grass; and directly it grasps a belt of the tall, thick blue-stem, and the flame leaps suddenly and madly out

above the smoke, then subsides again, and the black mass grows blacker than ever, and rolls higher and higher, and you can scent the burning grass, and hear the distant roar of the fire—an awful roar, resembling the sound of artillery in heavy timber. And it is so calm immediately about you that you do not so much as miss the ticking of your watch in your pocket; there is no breath of air stirring, and the sun is shining, and the heavens above you are blue and placid. But the stillness will be broken soon. The oncoming cloud is only a few miles away now, and you easily trace the scarlet and terrific energy at its base; the smoke begins to hurt your eyes, too, and the heat becomes heavily oppressive. And then, all at once, the wind smites and staggers you, that appalling roar deafens you, and the sun is blotted out, and you are in a darkness as of a midnight without moon or star. It is an experience of but a dozen seconds or so, this sudden plunge into darkness, though it seems an hour, and when you look out again, you find that the fire has passed you a mile or more to your right, and is still rolling desperately onward; and there in its track are charred and smoldering stacks of hay, and an occasional house aflame and tottering to its fall, and a group of men and boys beating back the outer line of the fire with brush and old clothes, and sending forward little counter-fires to meet it and if possible keep it at a safe distance. The creek may stop it and smother it when it gets there, though such a hope has mere chance for a warrant: sometimes these mighty conflagrations vault across streams twenty or thirty yards in width, so swift and resistless is their momentum; and as a rule they are effectually stayed only when they reach a wide extent of plowed land, and have to yield, sullenly, for lack of anything more to feed their inexorable fury.

In journeying on westward, past the farthest of the homesteaders, and the last of the surveyors, out of sight of the uttermost tokens of civilization, you will see the trampled and dingy places where many of these dismaying fires have their origin—transient camps of hunters or scouting soldiers, or miners going overland to the mountains. You will also find at intervals the ruins of an old fort or stockade to remind you of the Indian days; you will stumble upon numerous towns of the prairie-dogs, and put your vanity as a sportsman to shame with your impotent

attempts at shooting the absurd little creatures; you will be kept awake at night, and made afraid in spite of yourself, by the sharp, gaunt cry of the coyote; and then, finally you will come to the cattle-ranches, and the great herds lazily grazing on the level, hushed, and still interminable empire of prairie.

The ranch usually includes a dug-out for the herdsmen, a corral, into which the cattle may be driven, and a few awkward hitching-posts, or stakes for lariats. It is not an inviting place, and yet the first sight of it thrills you pleasantly; it is a hint of life, at least, and the presence of man, in the heart of this vast, enveloping stillness. For you can have no just sense of what solitude is, and remoteness, and height of sky, until you visit these frontier cattle-pastures. But for this accidental ranch, with its timid curl of smoke, its surrounding litter of cards, bottles and tin-cans, and the trail leading out from the corral to the grazing grounds, you would be tempted to think the cattle a part of the dreamy landscape, they blend so readily, a few miles off, with the verdure and the shadows. Nor do they quite forfeit their look of integrant relation to the scene when you draw near enough to view them distinctly. They are very different from the herds which you saw back in the settlements, and to which you have been all your life accustomed; these broad horns, thin nostrils and trim, sleek limbs came over from Spain with Cortez in 1510, more than a hundred years before the good ship *Charity* brought the first neat cattle to New England. And is this New Spain, then? Once it was, yes, and the cattle of the time are here yet to recall the vanished and well-nigh forgotten glory of Spanish conquest in America; even the herdsmen pay unconscious tribute to this aspect of the picture by arraying themselves in the old Castilian sombreros, and open-legged trousers with rows of buttons, and jackets gaudy with many-colored braid and Indian beads, and now and then a blood-red scarf like a *matador's*. But presently your ear catches the ornate and nimble blasphemies of these make-believe Spaniards—and then you know you are yet in Kansas. You heard and remarked that same peculiar picturesque form of profanity the morning you crossed the Missouri River at Atchison, and afterward, often and plentifully, among the wheat-harvesters, the teamsters hauling corn to Wichita, and the horse-traders plying their dexterous art at

Ganadenau. The faces are unmistakable Kansas faces, too, when you come to scan them closely; and the talk around the ranch, in the mellow evening, with the moon transfiguring everything after the fashion of the mirage, is all of Kansas affairs and Kansas people, ranging by easy gradations from the governor's chances for the senatorship down to the idle gossip about some pert-lipped village Rosalind.

Thus the sunburnt and isolated herdsman, flourishing his lasso out upon the very rim of the scene, is still a congenerous character,—“one of our things,” as the Kansans have a habit of saying,—and serves in his way to complete and connect the various scattered signs of that common impulse which shapes and impels the life of the state. And what a throbbing, hastening, fluctuating life it is! and yet how each separate phase of it, the crude as well as the matured, fits into the general plan with unerring accuracy; not even the morning-glories on the dug-out porch could be spared, nor the baby's grave in the homesteader's garden.

To-day here becomes to-morrow as if by a miracle; prophecy is so swiftly succeeded by fulfillment that the two may almost be said to move hand in hand together. The railroad creates traffic instead of being created by it; farms are multiplied with a rapidity that confounds reckoning; the school-master and the minister, the milliner and the music-teacher, come in with the first crop; the newspaper is printed under a tree while the town-site is being staked off. A period of less than fifteen years (the present Kansas dates only from 1865) has sufficed to pro-

duce results which formerly required half a century of toil and trial and waiting. In the last year alone, nearly six hundred and sixty-seven thousand acres of wild land were redeemed and made productive in the single matter of wheat—a fact without a parallel; and it is estimated that not less than fifteen thousand dwellings were erected by new settlers: certainly there were three hundred and fifty-four school-houses built during the year, at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars, for the official records avouch it, while also showing that the total expenditures of the year for public schools were a million and a half of dollars; and the present number of churches in Kansas, in proportion to population, is larger than can be claimed by any other state of the Union.

What more remains to be said? Nothing; everything. Kansas is yet in the sunrise and the spring-time of her development. The marvelous exhibit of the past fifteen years is but the prologue to the swelling theme. Only a trifle above one-seventh of the state is under cultivation; there are still over forty millions of tillable acres to be transformed into farms; and the alert and potent influences that have already done so much are in no danger of exhaustion. This strange intense life which has given a quickened impetus, an enlarged and propitious meaning, to the national talent for immigration is not a mere spasm. It comes nearer to marking an epoch of civilization. It is the new crowding out the old; it is progress declaring afresh that the earth is man's, and the fullness thereof. And may we not say there is destiny in it? Or shall we salute it by a better name, and call it Providence?

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### ODE TO DROWSINESS.

BREATHER of honeyed breath upon my face!  
 Teller of balmy tales! weaver of dreams!  
 Sweet conjurer of palpitating gleams,  
 And peopled shadows trooping into place  
 In purple streams,  
 Between the drooped lid and the drowsy eye!  
 Moth-winged seducer, dusky soft, and brown,  
 Of bubble gifts and bodiless minstrelsy  
 Lavish enough! Of Rest the restful crown!  
 At whose behest are closed the lips that sigh,  
 And weary heads lie down.

Thee, nodding Spirit! Magic comforter!  
 Thee with faint mouth half speechless I invoke,—  
 And straight up-looms through the dead centuries' smoke  
 The aged Druid in his robe of fur,  
 Beneath the oak  
 Where hang uncut the paly mistletoes:

\* \* \* \* \*

The mistletoe is changed to Indian willow,  
 Glassing its red stems in the stream that flows  
 Through the broad interval; a lazy billow,  
 Flung from my oar, lifts the long grass that grows  
 To be the Naiad's pillow:

The startled meadow-hen floats off, to sink  
 Into remoter shades and ferny glooms;  
 The great bees drone about the thick pea-blooms;  
 The linkéd bubblings of the bobolink,  
 With warm perfumes  
 From the broad-flowered wild parsnip, drown my brain;  
 The grakles bicker in the alder boughs;  
 The grasshoppers pipe out their thin refrain  
 That with intenser heat the noon endows;—  
 Then thy weft weakens, and I wake again  
 Out of my dreamful drowse.

Ah! Fetch thy poppy-baths, juices exprest  
 In fervid sunshine, where the Javan palm  
 Stirs scarce awakened from its odorous calm  
 By the enervate wind that sinks to rest  
 Amid the balm  
 And sultry silence, murmuring, half asleep,  
 Cool fragments of the Ocean's foamy roar,  
 And of the surge's mighty sobs that keep  
 Forever yearning up the golden shore,  
 Mingled with songs of Nereids that leap  
 Where the curled crests down-pour.

Who sips thy wine may float in Baïæ's skies,  
 Or flushed Maggiore's ripples, mindless made  
 Of storming troubles hard to be allayed.  
 Who eats thy berries, for his ears and eyes  
 May vineyard shade  
 Melt with soft Tuscan, glow with arms and lips  
 Cream-white and crimson, making mock at Reason:—  
 Thy balm on brows by care uneaten drips,—  
 I have thy favors, but I fear thy treason;  
 Fain would I hold thee by the dusk wing-tips,  
 Against a grievous season.

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

## "The Reign of Peter the Great."

AN INTERESTING ENTERPRISE.

It is a curious fact that literary men, in search of material upon which to exercise their gifts and with which to associate their names and reputations, should, for so long a time, have passed by untouched one of the most important and dramatic careers that have ever entered into the records of history. Mr. Bancroft chose to present the annals of his own country, Mr. Prescott to paint the beginnings of civilization in Mexico and still more southern regions, and Mr. Motley to write of Holland, though his brief monogram on "Peter the Great" shows how much he was attracted to that theme. A thousand times, probably, in this country and England, the life of Peter the Great has presented itself to the ambitious historian as a theme quite worthy of his pen,—perhaps as the most attractive theme left unworked; but great difficulties confronted all born out of Russia who should undertake its elaborate treatment. The difficulties of distance and of language were so nearly insuperable, that all have turned to easier fields; and it has been left to Mr. Eugene Schuyler to undertake the history of one of the most remarkable personages of modern times.

Peter the Great was the father of an empire. Whatever of true greatness Russia possesses, she owes more to him than to any other man. Coming to his throne as a child, imperfectly educated as a young man, marrying at the age of seventeen, he found, at length, that he needed to learn the art of government. He entered the army and served through all grades, that he might learn how to reorganize it. Finding his country without a navy, he became a practical seaman and ship-builder, living for months in hired service and in disguise. Seeing that his nation was half savage, and that it was not in communication, on even terms, with other nations, he traveled and came into contact with more polite civilizations. He studied, attended lectures, and cultivated himself in all possible directions, sent youth out of his country to be educated among the western peoples of Europe, and introduced such reforms among his subjects, and so added by conquest to his territory and possessions, that when he passed his government into the hands of his Queen he left a strong and comparatively homogeneous people and a powerful throne, in place of the heterogeneous mob and divided and childish power which he found, or which rather found him, on his elevation to the sovereignty.

The opening period of Peter's reign was one of great disturbances among the people. The chapters in which Mr. Schuyler tells the story of these disturbances read more like the records of a wild imagination than those of sober history. The superstitions associated with Christianity, the murders instigated by party spirit as between the two orthodoxes,—the old and the new,—the court and class

intrigues,—all these, acting and reacting upon a common people, equally ignorant, fanatical, and brutal, make up a mass of details of tremendous interest, and of a character almost or quite unexampled.

Well, it is proposed to publish throughout a period of two years the history of this man's eventful reign, and a detailed account of the events of his personal life. We have entered upon this great enterprise, believing that no novel can be half so interesting to our readers as this unique book, though we expect to keep up the usual supply of serial fiction of the best character. We expect, by establishing bureaus of illustration in Paris and St. Petersburg,—the city which Peter himself founded as one of the most brilliant and permanent records of his great career,—to secure for illustrations copies of a great number of historical pictures of the highest character. These, to which we have full access, will be more dignified and valuable than any designed by less skillful masters for a temporary purpose through lighter inspirations.

We have sought the world over for the best thing we could find with which to please and benefit our constantly increasing army of readers, and here it is. It has been purchased, literally, without regard to cost, and is presented as the best achievement of our enterprise. The first installment will appear in our January number, and the work will be continued from that number until its completion. We do not know of any intelligent American who can afford to be without SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY until "The Reign of Peter the Great" shall be completed, and we do not intend that he shall afford to be without it then.

## "Is Life Worth Living?"

MR. CURTIS once asked Mr. Greeley, in response to a similar question put to him by the great editor, "How do you know, Mr. Greeley, when you have succeeded in a public address?" Mr. Greeley, not averse to the perpetration of a joke at his own expense, replied: "When more stay in than go out." Mr. Mallock's famous question, answered by himself in a weak way, and repeated by Professor Mivart, and answered in a stronger way, is practically voted on every day, by the entire human race, and decided in the affirmative. "More stay in than go out," for reasons very much less important than those considered by Mr. Mallock and Professor Mivart. There are great multitudes of men who possess neither the Roman Catholic faith nor rightness of life nor love, who yet live out their lives in the firm conviction that it pays them to live—men who are open to no high considerations, such as would have weight with the Mallocks and Mivarts.

There is a great pleasure in conscious being. So universal is this that, when a man occasionally takes his life, it is considered by those whom he leaves behind him as presumptive proof that he is insane.

We say of a man who designedly ends his life that he is not in his right mind. One of the most pathetic things about death is the bidding good-bye to a body that has been the nursery and home of the spirit which it has charmed through the ministry of so many senses.

"For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?"

Men find their pay for living in various ways. Hope may lie to them, but they always believe her, nevertheless. The better things to come, of which she tells all men, become, indeed, the substance of the things desired; that is, expectation is a constant joy and inspiration. The pay for this day's trouble and toil is in the reward which is expected to-morrow. That reward may never come, but the hope remains; and so long as that lives, it pays to live. It pays some men to live, that they may make money, and command the power that money brings. To what enormous toils and sacrifices the love and pursuit of money urge a great multitude of men! The judgment of these men as to whether life is worth living is not to be taken at life's close, when they sum up their possessions and what they have cost, but while they are living and acting. A man whose life is exhausted may well conclude that what he has won is vanity; but it was not vanity to him while he was winning it, and, in the full possession of his powers, he believed that life was worth living.

Who shall estimate the inestimable? Who shall weigh the value of the loves of life? There are very few who do not see a time in life when all their trials would be considered a cheap price to pay for the love they exercise and possess. The lover who wins and possesses his mistress, and the mother who carries a man-child upon her bosom, drink of a cup so full and so delicious that, whatever may be the ills of life, they sink into insignificance by its side. A single year of a great satisfying love spreads its charm over all the period that follows, and often sweetens a whole life. We have said that there is great pleasure in conscious being, and the statement covers more ground than at first view appears, for all pleasures are simply augmentations of the consciousness of being. The pleasure that comes of wine is of this character—it raises and intensifies the consciousness of being, and makes the treasure of life itself for the moment more abundant. It is so not only with all sensual delights, but with all mental and spiritual pleasures. They stimulate and enlarge the sense of life,—the consciousness of living existence,—conferring upon it only new forms and flavors.

The pursuit of money is only one of the pursuits of life. Fame, power, literary achievement, art in a hundred forms, social eminence—all these and more are objects of pursuit, so absorbing and delightful that men find abundant reward in them. Life is quite worth living to all those who find engaging objects of pursuit, and especially to those who win success in their pursuits. We repeat,

therefore, that, by almost a unanimous vote, the human race practically decides every day that life is worth living. Mr. Mallock thinks it is worth living provided a man has faith in a great church; and Professor Mivart—a Catholic himself—thinks life's highest values are in the doing of duty and in love. We should be the last to claim that happiness is the highest aim of life, and that, unless that is secured, life is a failure, and not worth living. To do right, to sacrifice one's self for love—these are better things than pleasure. To love and to be loved—these are things that pay. To be conscious of nobility of character and unselfishness of life; to be conscious that our lives are brought into affectionate relations with other and harmonious life—what are these but life's highest values? What are these but the highest satisfactions of conscious being?

If this be true,—that character and duty and love are better than pleasure and better than any success without them,—then there is no human being who needs to say that life is not worth living. But the people who do not succeed, who are unloved, who live lives of pain and want and weakness—what is there for these? A chance for conscious nobility of character and life; and if this be not enough, as it rarely is, a faith, not in a great church, but in a good God, and an immortality that will right the wrongs and heal the evils of the present life, and round into completeness and symmetry its imperfections and deformities. Is it not foolish, after all, to raise the question of success or failure in treating a life that is only germinal or fractional?

#### The Nation's Doctors.

WHEN a patient is convalescent, we discharge the doctor. When the processes of nature are building up the wasted frame, and re-enforcing the vital power, we bid good-bye to pill, powder, and plaster. We eat, sleep, and exercise and grow strong, and the fact that we grow strong is taken as proof positive that nature is enough for all our wants, and that any interference of the doctor is not only superfluous but dangerous. We suppose nothing can be more certain, or more apparent, than that the American nation, so long sick and feeble in its material interests, is convalescent. Our paper lie has become an honest dollar. Our exports exceed our imports. We have great crops of the essential supplies of human life, which the world wants, and is willing to pay for. Our manufactures are slowly winning back prosperity to themselves. There is increasing demand for labor, and the number of the unemployed is growing less every day. Indeed, we seem to be in a very fair way to prosperity, with only one danger that menaces us,—namely, Congress, and its little army of political doctors.

Strange as it may appear to people of common sense and common political observation, there are still those in the country who think that there can be something better than an honest dollar. Against the judgment of the whole practical world of finance, they would, even now, interfere with the healthy progress of the country toward recovery, by tinkering

ing the currency. To them, the resumption of specie payments is a grievance; and they desire to go back to the time when a dollar was not a dollar, when money was cheap, and the commodities of life were dear. Even the "fiat money men" still live—the most idiotic of all the financial doctors. All, or most, of the schemes of these men are for the benefit of "the debtor class." Practically, they demand that poor money be furnished to pay debts with. Practically, too, they demand that, solely for the benefit of the debtor class, the currency shall be degraded, and the finances of the country disturbed, and chaos again introduced into the nation's business. The schemes of these men cannot be stated in any way that is not disgraceful to the schemes themselves and to their authors. They demand a cheap and degraded dollar to pay debts with. They do not even pretend that it will buy what an honest dollar will buy, because they know better. Of course, the only apology for this rascally looking plan is found in the fact that the debtor class became debtors when money was degraded, and that they ought to be allowed to pay in the same kind of money. Whatever of seeming justice there may be in this plea, it is a sufficient answer that no class has a right to degrade a nation's money, or upturn the only sound basis of currency, for its own convenience. Besides, the experience of the world proves that people do not pay debts when money is cheap. That, of all times, is the one when they contract debts. Nothing can be prophesied with greater certainty than that people will run in debt when money is poor and cheap. The direct way to a great extension of credit, and the indefinite increase of the debtor class, is through an expansion of the currency. Expansion fans all schemes of speculation, stimulates the desire to live without labor, overdoes all kinds of business, and leads by the directest of roads to financial ruin. This is what all experience teaches; and it is really marvelous that men can be found who are seriously discontented with the present status. During the month of thanksgiving, it seems to us that one of

the special subjects of gratitude for which thanks should be given to Almighty God is the honest dollar which it is now our privilege to give and receive in the interchanges of our daily business.

But our financial doctors are not the only ones whose intermeddling we have reason to fear. We have seen, during the year that is past, the operations of the party doctors, in a way to disgust all honest men. We have seen our national legislation handled with sole reference to its effect upon the power of parties. In Washington, during the past year, there has hardly been a question of any kind up for discussion and action that has not been decided by its bearing upon party politics. Republican and Democrat alike have been managing for power through legislation. We are aware that the politician laughs at all rules of action higher than his own, and regards as of small account to the country the squabbles in which he engages for supremacy; but to the great, honest, simple crowd who do the voting, their recklessness is revolting. They are patriots and not politicians, and believe there is such a thing as statesmanship, or ought to be. When Congress shall come together again, the unworthy and undignified strife to secure the next Presidency will be recommenced. The questions that will arise between the two parties will not be decided on patriotic grounds. Nobody expects it. Every question that is started in Congress will be voted on, on the two sides, with regard to the effect of the vote upon the next Presidential nominations and election. Little account will be made of the fact that the country is becoming prosperous and ought not to be meddled with. Little account will be made of the fact that we are doing well enough, and desire to be let alone. If party emergencies demand the doctoring of the national policy, it will be doctored, even if it bring a relapse. The fight between the ins and the outs is waged without scruple; and, in the meantime, if the patient is vigorous, he may live and get thoroughly well if he can, in spite of doctors who seem bent on disturbing all the natural processes of cure.

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## COMMUNICATIONS.

### The "Infant Hercules" Again.

A REJOINDER FROM THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEW MUSEUM AT ROME."

ROME, June 9th, 1879.

EDITOR OF SCRIBNER.

Dear Sir:—While admiring the ingenious and learned study of your correspondent, Mr. Henry W. Haynes, on the subject of the statue called "The Infant Hercules," engraved for my paper in the May SCRIBNER on the New Museum of Rome, I cannot agree with his conclusions in naming it "Love disguised with the attributes of Hercules."

That it is not "*Commodus* as the Infant Hercules" is true, as is evident from the text of my article.

For this I am only so far responsible that in preparing my manuscript, I neglected to write the title of each statue under the picture. However, I am glad to say something more about this charming little statue and its companion, the "Mother Earth," which were found together in the year 1872 in the beautiful cemetery of Rome called Campo Verano. Like the cemetery of Bologna, this of Rome was fixed by chance on the site of a very ancient one. These two works of art were statues of mythological deities, who were supposed to communicate with and care for the departed, to visit them in the regions whither they had gone, or to receive their bodies and their spirits for the long repose. The characters

of the "Mother Earth" and of Hercules express this longing for some news of the beloved ones laid in the cemetery. They were entrusted to the care of the "Mother Earth, of whom all were born and to whose bosom all returned," and to Hercules, who had returned unharmed from the dreaded shades.

Cupid, according to mythology, was not the god of the dead, but of the living. He danced on the earth, flew through the air, mounted on the trees, sported with gods and men, and shot the latter with golden darts. He rides upon a lion or a centaur, or is perched on the shoulders of Hercules, his dominion over all being thus symbolized. But he is never represented as visiting the domain of the dead or in connection with Pluto, or Proserpine, or Cerberus, or any of those monstrous beings or gods with whom the ancients peopled it. It is Hercules who descends to the infernal regions to bring back Alceste to her husband Admetus, for whom she had just offered her life. He defeats Cerberus, the dreadful guardian of the place, who permits him to enter, but not so easily to escape. He presents Proserpine, the queen of the infernal regions, with a golden branch. When Pluto carries off Proserpine, Hercules, covered with the skin of the Nemean lion, precedes the car. No pagan divinity is more frequently mentioned in connection with Tartarus, Hades, Hell, Erebus, Elysium—the divisions of the future world, where, according to the ancients, the good as well as the bad were gathered.

The type of Cupid was a winged infant form of soft, voluptuous grace, and even if he borrowed the club, the lion's skin, the golden apples or the serpent of Hercules, he would still retain some traces of his identity. But the figure of this child hero, "The Infant Hercules," has the strength of muscle and the masculine grace always attributed to the god of force. The neck is short, the head small, the hair short and crisp, as is usual in the statues of Hercules. The smiling face expresses strength of will superior to his age and prophetic of the great deeds afterward accomplished. The artist has perhaps attempted to show this by placing in his hand the golden apples of the Hesperides courageously won. His youth, which is not the tender grace of babyhood such as would become a Cupid, may represent the eternal youth of the blessed immortals, and he

smiles on the living to prove that although he has descended to Hades and fought with Cerberus he has returned conquering and triumphant. The bow and arrows in the quiver refer to that part of his fabled history which says that he was taught the art of shooting by the Scythians, who were skillful archers, his quiver being such as was used by that nation. I see no reason, therefore, for calling this figure a Cupid. It has no wings as a Cupid should have, and the emblems are entirely appropriate to Hercules and to the place in which the statuette was discovered.

Neither is it a Mercury, or Hermes, as is suggested by Welcker in regard to the similar statuette in the Vienna Museum, mentioned by Mr. Haynes. This god would have more affinity with a cemetery than Cupid, as he sometimes visited the infernal regions. But he would still retain, I think, some indication of his own character even under his borrowed plumes. Mercury is lithe and light of limb and carries a purse in the hand, or is furnished with wings on the feet, or on the caduceus he carries in his hand, or on his head. Often, as is seen in a statue in the New Museum, he has wings on the top of a close-fitting cap.

But the "Infant Hercules" has no wings on the little feet, or on the hands or in the hair. Suspecting that the two points on the head under the lion's skin indistinctly seen in the picture might be wings, I went over to the Museum to-day, and found that they were unmistakably the front teeth of the lion's mouth thrown over the head of the figure. These two long front teeth are seen also in the engraving of "Commodus as Hercules" in my paper on the New Museum (although one is broken off), and in the chubby green basalt Boy Hercules, found on the Aventine hill and now in the Capitoline Museum. They are generally seen also in the statues of Hercules when the lion's skin is on his head.

It has been universally agreed by the learned archæologists of Rome, that this statue is an Infant Hercules. I have here only sought to amplify that idea, and I believe I am not wrong in refusing to agree with Mr. Haynes, when he calls it "Love disguised with the attributes of Hercules."

Very truly yours,  
SOFIA BOMPIANI.

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### Light, Heat, and Power for the Householder.

THE demand for light, heat, and power in the household has always attracted the attention of inventors, and within the past year or two efforts have been made to bring science to the aid of the householder, to cheapen the cost and extend the application of these three domestic necessities. For the householder, the subject presents a bewildering ar-

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ray of new means and new appliances, and it is worth while to consider briefly what has been done, and what seems likely to be done, in these fields of domestic economy.

### LIGHT.

Light is supplied to our houses by two methods,—by burning oil or gas. Which is the better? To

understand any question of commercial values, we have to consider two elements,—the first cost, and the time and labor spent in the care of the things bought, which makes a second cost. A lamp, an oil-can, and a quart of oil cost so many cents delivered at the house. The lamp must be filled, the wick adjusted, and the lamp transported to the room where it is to burn, and this makes the second cost. Every human being's time and labor has some value. It may be low, but it is worth, at least, the cost of the food he eats. A householder who earns six dollars in a day of ten hours knows well enough that, if ten minutes a day must be spent in trimming lamps, she is out of pocket just ten cents, or sixty cents a week. In the case of gas, the fixtures and the price of the gas make the first cost; but there is practically no second cost, except the labor of lighting, which is really less than in lighting oil. On comparing these two, we find that the first cost of oil is less than gas, and the second cost more; and to get at a fair estimate of the value of each, the first and second costs must always be added together. This point is here noticed because, in examining the proposed methods of supplying our houses with light, heat, and power, these two costs will be found to vary greatly. It will be impossible to give exact figures in regard to the total values of the new sources of supply for these things, because the second cost varies with the value of the individual householder's time and labor, and each must consider the matter carefully for herself. More than this, each has a different estimate of the value of her time. A woman having a number of children to care for will object to the second cost of oil lamps; her time is too precious for such things. Another, with a small household and few duties, may wisely save the first cost of gas at the expense of the second cost of oil.

The present position of the light supply is very far from satisfactory. In the case of oil, the first cost is low, but the second cost, including the danger from explosion and fire, is very high. Candles, which are simply solidified oil, are cheaper in appearance than oil; but, measuring the total cost by the light actually given, they are much dearer. The second cost of gas is low; the first cost is very high. What, now, may we expect from these sources of supply in the future? and is there any new source? In the case of oil, there have been very great improvements in the methods of burning it; but these improvements seem now to have reached their best results, and it is doubtful if any better forms of oil lamps will be introduced. So far as human reason can estimate, the sources of oil supply are practically inexhaustible, and the price seems likely to remain low. Candles are also probably as good as they will be. Concerning gas, there is very great room for improvement in the quality of the gas, the methods of burning it, and in its price. Already, there are greatly improved methods of making it, very decided improvements are being made in the methods of burning it, and the price is falling, and likely to go very much lower. It is very doubtful if it will be supplanted by any other form of do-

mestic light at present. Its second cost is so low that it will be more and more used as the first cost is brought more and more within reasonable figures. When it is delivered at fifty cents per thousand feet, it will, in improved lamps, be used with even more freedom than now. For communities seeking a light for their town, the aim should now be to obtain the latest and most scientific methods of making gas. For the individual householder, the aim should be to find the best and most improved burners.

Perhaps there never was at any time so much scientific research, skill, and capital applied to one invention as is now being bent to the improvement and introduction of the electric light. This source of light is comparatively new, and it is still in the experimental stage. In its various forms, it is on trial in nearly all the large cities of this country and Europe, and, so far, it has given a large measure of satisfaction. Like all new things, it is changing almost weekly; new styles of lamps, new and improved methods of obtaining the light, are announced continually. For lighting streets, halls, public buildings, docks, workshops and pleasure grounds, it far exceeds gas in pliability, convenience and power. Its second cost is quite low, and its first cost is claimed to be less than gas; but concerning this, an absolute opinion cannot be given, because the experiments are incomplete. For the householder, the electric light has so far proved unavailable; but it would be presumptuous to say it will never become a domestic light. The prospect is decidedly in its favor, and its rivalry to gas seems to be merely a question of time. Its position, in spite of all its defects, is secure as a means of lighting large spaces, both without and within; and, as soon as its first cost is definitely settled, it will assume a recognized position as a source of light-supply.

#### HEAT.

In no other country is there to be found better or cheaper fuel than in the United States, nor do any other people employ better means of burning their fuel to advantage. Our wood and coal stoves, ranges and furnaces are the best to be found, and improvements are being made continually. The householder, looking for some one to help her in the search for cheap heat, has looked too long to the stove man, and lately she has been drawn to the oil-stove and gas-stove. The trouble with our present method of obtaining heat is not in the stove but in the fuel. The first cost of heat from coal is low, but the second cost is very high. This includes bringing the coal from the cellar to the fire, making the fire and removing the ashes. In the case of cooking,—boiling water, for instance,—the waste of time, labor and fuel in bringing the fire up to a proper heating point, and the great waste of heat, after the actual work of boiling is over, raise the cost of the heat to a most ruinous and extravagant price. Added to this is the fact that even the best stoves only use a very small percentage of the actual heating power of the coal. So wasteful and extravagant is our present system of obtaining heat, that the

attention of inventors has been drawn to the matter, and several new methods of obtaining heat for domestic purposes are now proposed. One of these new systems employs steam laid on in pipes precisely like gas or water. The householder has only to turn the valve to warm her house and assist in cooking the dinner. When she has finished she shuts off the supply and pays for only what she has used. The first cost by this method is somewhat less than when fuel is burned in the house and the second cost is very much less, as there is no coal to be carried upstairs, no dust and ashes to be removed, and no heat wasted after it has done the required work in cooking or heating. For the householder this method presents many advantages and it is already in use in several places. Next to this system is another presenting more advantages, both to the individual householder and the community, and one that seems destined to modify our whole system of domestic economy. In place of bringing coal to each house and removing tons of ashes from every door, or even of burning coal in central stations and distributing steam heat, it is proposed to turn the coal into gas outside the town, at a distance of perhaps miles, and to supply the entire town with gas-fuel laid to every man's door. In place of smoking chimneys to every house there would be only slight shafts to carry off the productions of combustions from gas cooking stoves and furnaces. This plan is already perfected, and in time it seems likely to be adopted universally. The first cost of a non-luminous gas-fuel would be less than any fuel we have, as now used, and its second cost would be less than steam. If a gas-fuel can be delivered for 20 cents per thousand feet, the question of heating and cooking is practically settled, and such a fuel would undoubtedly supplant coal in all our cities. The moment the valve is turned the fire is ready at its fullest heat. When the kettle boils, or the room is warm, the valve can be closed. There is no dust, no ashes, no waste heat. As an evidence of the great value of such a system of domestic heating it may be observed that even at the present high price of luminous gas the second cost of cooking by gas is so low that it pays to use it in every family where the time of the house-mother is worth more than the wages of an ordinary servant. It must be constantly kept in mind that it is the second cost of things like light and fuel that makes the price so high. Heating and cooking by a cheap gas-fuel is the perfection of domestic economy, and is without doubt to be the universal method in all our large towns. The prospect in this direction is most promising. A cheap gas of high heating power can be made, and when the people understand its superiority they will demand it, and the gas companies will wake up from their chronic state of inactivity and give it to us.

## POWER.

With the increasing education of a community comes the necessity of reducing in some way the amount of mere manual labor that must be performed in every house. Work there will be, but

who can afford to do it? Life is worth too much to drudge over a wash-board or needle. Needles and wash-boards there must be or the higher life is a failure, and machinery must take the place of hands. A motor of some kind is becoming essential to domestic happiness. There must be a wind-mill or a hydraulic engine, a gas, electric or steam motor in every house. Power cannot be easily distributed and if we must have it in every house the motor must be under the roof. Power, light and heat are convertible, and if we have one, it is easy to have the others. Heat we may have in the form of steam, and the same steam may drive an engine. Light may come from gas and the gas may also drive a gas engine, or it may come as electricity delivered by a wire, giving light by night and running a sewing machine by day.

Placed in the order of their highest cost (first and second costs) the sources of domestic power are as follows: the steam engine, gas engine, and hot-air engine. Other motors useful in certain situations are the wind engine and hydraulic engine. The steam-engine for domestic use is cheap in first cost and very expensive in second cost. No power is obtained before or after the water ceases to boil, it requires skilled attention and is dangerous and unsuited for domestic life. If the steam is bought by measure from a company the cost will be materially reduced, but not sufficiently to make it cheap. The hot-air engine is less troublesome and consequently cheaper in second cost. The gas engine is, even with the present prices of gas, the best domestic motor we have, because its second cost is so low. Full power is obtained at the start and when not in use it costs nothing. If we had cheap gas both the hot-air engine and gas motor would immediately rise in value and become most useful servants in every household. The gas motor particularly would be the one thing needed, an indispensable feature in every dwelling, to turn the wringer and washing machine, run the elevator and sewing machine, a faithful servant, silent, safe and easy to manage and costing nothing when idle. When electricity becomes a domestic light we shall have at once light and power. A slender copper wire will supply all the power demanded in an ordinary household, always ready to do any work needed; a hewer of wood and drawer of water by day, a light for the feet by night. Of the cost of this motor no figures can be given at present, but there is every reason to hope that it will be the cheapest and best form of power obtainable with the present resources at hand.

Summing up the field, we may look with confidence to the future for cheap light from gas and electricity, cheap heat from gas-fuel, and cheap power from gas-fuel and electricity.

CHARLES BARNARD.

## Weaning the Baby.

"YES, I know I ought to wean her." How many mothers say this, and say it with a sad consciousness that they are neglecting a duty to themselves

and the child by putting off the evil hour,—the mother-heart shrinking from what she feels must be pain to her darling. With tender prescience she sees the week of weeping and baby agony she will have to encounter. And so time goes on, and the child, who should have been weaned at between nine and twelve months, is unweaned at fifteen, indeed, among working women I have known them to be unweaned at two years!

Of course there are babies and babies—it may not be possible to prescribe a rule for all cases; the best age for weaning baby may come just as it is suffering from some infant trouble, in very hot weather, on the eve of a journey,—a dozen things in short may make it advisable to defer the time; but for healthy children, there is no age at which weaning is so easy to mother and child, as from nine to twelve months of age, and the later it is after such age the more difficult.

Yet need it be such a painful time? I think not. I know that in the case of a healthy baby, accustomed to being nursed at regular hours, there actually need be no trial to the child, provided the mother has patience and firmness—not even a tear. Foolishly fond mothers, who have used nature's food as a solace for every woe, will not perhaps find a tearless weaning possible; but I write for those tenderly wise ones who have observed as regular hours for baby's meals as for their own; or, for those about to become mothers. To these last I would say,—as you value your baby's health and comfort, your husband's ease, and your own nerves, *begin with the first day* and accustom the baby to nurse only at certain hours.

Infants have no natural depravity, no inevitable tendency to squall and rage; yet so renowned are they for their exploits in that way, that many men smile cynically—and fathers of families too—at the mention of a "good baby." Nay, mothers of babies who make their life a weariness to them, have been known to smile pityingly at the parents of a happy sleepful child, attributing the restlessness of their own tormentor to its superior organization!

Cleanliness, order, and punctuality are the mother's charms; with these, and plenty of fresh air, most healthy children will sleep twenty out of the twenty-four hours for the first three months of their being.

I would here say, be very careful of waking a sleeping child; one authority says, never do so unless the house is on fire. Accustom it to go to sleep on its bed; lay it down immediately after nursing *from the first*, and you will never find it necessary to rock it to sleep.

A newly born baby will require food oftener than when older; but constitutions differ so much that it is best to consult your doctor as to the number of meals it will require during the day, and then adhere *strictly* to his rules. This point is so often neglected, or, the necessity for some rule for feeding being acknowledged, it is so often considered time enough to begin "when baby gets older," when it is a difficult matter to break habits formed, that for the sake of mother and child, it cannot be too

strongly urged. Physicians say, half the colicky babies are made so during the first month of their life, by the old school of monthly nurses or foolish mothers overfeeding them, or keeping them so warm that every breath of fresh air afterward chills them.

As the child gets older, gradually diminish the number of meals, letting it, however, take as much food as it cares for at each one, until at six months it has but four meals during the day from its mother and one at night. At that age it is well to begin feeding with a little oatmeal porridge, or prepared barley food; begin with a tea-spoonful, gradually increasing the quantity till at nine months or thereabouts it will take a hearty meal of it. Of course every mother must be guided by the constitution of her child in the choice of food; for one child will starve on what another will thrive on; but avoid feeding entirely, or even principally, on cornstarch. The best hour for giving this extra food will also depend on circumstances. A good plan is to nurse the baby at eight A. M. and at noon, at four and at seven P. M.; and at 10 A. M. give the oatmeal or barley gruel. The first step in weaning will be to break off one meal. The four-o'clock meal is the best to wean from first: when the baby comes in from its airing a cup of warm food may be ready for it. It is well, if convenient, for the mother to disappear the first time the substitution is made. Wait a week before weaning from a second meal; then break off the noon nursing in the same way, having the food quite ready when baby comes in hungry. In mild weather, the young child should be out every sunny hour of the day; modern carriages enable it to sleep as restfully as in bed. Let it get quite used to this change before proceeding to another. The weaning from the evening meal it is best to leave till last. When it becomes time for this, give simply as much warm new milk as the child cares to take, then put it to bed as usual. There is now but the night nursing left. This may be broken off by giving a cup of warm milk the moment it wakes, for a few nights, gradually decreasing the quantity till it will no longer wake for it, but sleep till morning, when it is well to give it as much milk as it wants. This may seem a slow and tedious plan in the telling, but it is not so in practice; to a tender-hearted mother, it is at all events preferable to the week of tears and struggles that follows weaning by the short and sharp method.

One word more about feeding the baby. By giving its meals at certain hours and those only, one meal has time to digest before another is taken. You thus avoid a fruitful cause of colic. A baby, too, who is fed regularly only craves food at certain times, and then it will take a hearty satisfying meal, while one nursed every half hour is ever craving and restless; its stomach cannot digest the food so constantly introduced, and crying, wakefulness, and general misery are the result. There will be plenty of elderly women, mothers of large families, to tell you that you can't bring a baby up by book, and that you *must* feed it when it is hungry. And it is hard for a weak young mother, with her one little lamb, to set her

opinion against that of an elderly matron with half a dozen grown children to attest her motherly success. It is hard to do this, even when they tell you, as one such mother told me, that nothing but Winslow's Soothing Syrup saved the lives of all her children! Another point which will have much to do with baby's comfort and your success in effecting the "weaning without tears" is, that it shall not have been rocked to sleep.

I never had any trouble—and never met with any one who had—in making babies go to sleep in bed instead of in the arms, when they have been so laid down from the first. Never accustom a baby to a quiet house or a darkened room when it sleeps: let everything go on just as usual, talking, laughing, music; it will sleep through all. Who has not been met at the door of a room with a finger on the lip, a "Hush! Baby's asleep," and seen the wretched father on tip-toe, afraid almost to rustle his paper? However easy it may be to secure quiet, is it worth while, for a false idea of necessity, to make your husband a martyr, your visitors and friends victims to baby?

So it is with baby putting itself to sleep; it may appear very unnecessary for it to do so to the young mother with plenty of time on her hands, and plenty of love to lavish on the sweet little thing. What so pleasant as to sit and watch it as you rock, slowly drifting into dream-land! To have her baby

in her arms is a delight to a tender mother, and if she were sure of having but the one, perhaps she might safely indulge herself; but most women have household affairs to attend to during the day, and in the evening the child's father—unimportant a member of the family as he may have become since baby's advent—will still be more happy if his wife can spend her evenings with him cozily, as in early married days, than if she is upstairs from seven to nine rocking, walking, singing to the little Molock above. For be sure baby will abuse its privileges, and instead of quietly dropping off to sleep in a few minutes, as it would if put snugly into bed, it will have wide-open sleepless eyes for at least an hour or two; then every time it wakes—and children so used wake pretty often—the same rocking and singing process must ensue, and soon the poor young mother's life is a long weariness. But it is when another little one comes, that the training of the first becomes a matter of importance. Those who do not believe in good babies—that is to say, in healthy, happy ones—goodness in a baby means comfort—will tell you that with all the care and punctuality in the world, babies will be cross: I have not found it so, but I have found that the outrageous, cross, sleepless children, are those who are rocked and carried about, and for whose pacification the whole house caters.

CATHERINE OWEN.

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

### Haeckel's "Evolution of Man."

THIS work is intended to show that man, like all other organic forms, has come into existence through the operation of natural laws. Its title and its general character recall Darwin's "Descent of Man." But the two works are really as unlike as their authors: the one, a general naturalist, and especially an observer of outward forms and habits; the other, chiefly a zoölogist, who has done most in the direction of embryology. Naturally, therefore, the space which Darwin gives to sexual selection is devoted by Haeckel to an elaborate account of the development from the egg of man and of other forms through which human evolution may be illustrated or explained. The English "founder of modern evolution" is like a judge, calm and impartial. His German disciple is a fiery young advocate, so sure of the justice of his cause that he can hardly see antagonistic facts, or ascribe common sense to his opponents. In his first work Darwin avoided direct reference to the origin of man, while Haeckel, like Huxley, insisted at once upon our

ape-ancestry as one of those "logical conclusions, which are the scare-crows of fools, but the beacons of wise men." For more than twenty years after his return from the "Beagle" voyage the author of "The Origin of Species" patiently accumulated facts and ideas respecting Natural Selection, and the publication of that "epoch-making" volume might have been delayed yet longer but for the author's age and poor health, and the appearance of Wallace's independently formed conclusions. Haeckel, on the contrary—then in his thirtieth year—appeared before the German Association of Naturalists in 1863, as the most decided advocate of the "New Gospel of Science" as put forth by Darwin only four years before. Indeed the contrast in the time occupied by the two minds in reaching maturity of conviction may almost be adduced as an illustration of what Haeckel regards as the fundamental principle of Biogeny, viz.: that a later and derived species manifests within a short period the changes for which a much longer time was required by its predecessors. Nor is this suggestion of an intellectual relationship without foundation. The younger naturalist gives frequent expression to his admiration for the elder, while, in the preface to "The Descent of Man" Darwin says, "If 'The Natural History of Creation' had

\* The Evolution of Man: A popular exposition of the principal points of human ontogeny and phylogeny. From the German of Ernst Haeckel. Two vols. 12mo. pp. 971, 15 plates, 330 wood-cuts, and 44 genetic tables. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1879.

appeared before my essay had been written, I should probably never have completed it."

The keynote of the present work, struck on page six, and reiterated throughout, is in the following propositions:

"The series of forms through which the Individual Organism passes during its progress from the egg-cell to its fully developed state, is a brief, compressed reproduction of the long series of forms through which the ancestors of that organism (or the ancestral forms of its species) have passed from the earliest periods of the so-called organic creation down to the present time. \* \* \* The History of the Germ is an epitome of the History of the Descent. \* \* \* Ontogeny (development of the individual) is a recapitulation of Phylogeny (development of the race). \* \* \* Phylogeny is the mechanical cause of Ontogenesis."

To take an example among familiar forms: the frog of to-day, in its development, successively resembles the gilled salamander; the salamander having gill-slits but no external gills; those wholly fitted for breathing air, but with compressed fish-like tails; and finally those which have cylindrical tails and well-developed legs. According to the principle above stated the ancestors of the frog, which lived in successive geological epochs, more or less closely resembled the forms above enumerated; the two series are parallel, differing mainly in the fact that the individual develops from the egg in a few weeks, while the evolution of the race may have extended over thousands of years.

Where the correspondence of the two series is approximately close, as in the case above cited, the development of the individual is called by Haeckel *Palingenesis*; while *Kenogenesis* designates the result of a modification or abridgment of the process or even the suppression of some of the stages. Our author does not deny that *Kenogenesis* is by far the more common form of *Ontogenesis* among the higher animals; but that the imperfection of the embryological record is not conclusive proof of its non-existence is urged upon two grounds of legitimate analogy, *viz*: the development of language, and the imperfection of the geological record. Upon the latter point he indulges in a bit of grim pleasantry as to the "logical" inference that the isolated lower jaws of the earliest fossil mammals would prove these to be the only parts of the skeleton developed.

Darwin traces man's ancestry through the apes, lemurs, etc., to some fishlike animal, and concludes that the early progenitor of all vertebrates "seems to have been more like the larvæ of existing marine ascidians than any other known form." Haeckel constructs (pl. xv) an ancestral tree, and enumerates (vol. II. p. 44) the presumed stages in the direct line from the moner to man. In the following abstract of this list the names of the living forms most closely allied to the several stages are given in parentheses: 1. Moners (Protameba); 2. Oldest Amœbæ (Automeba); 3. Amœboid societies (Morula larvæ); 4. Ciliated planulæ (Blastula larvæ); 5. Primitive, Intestinal animals (Gastrula larvæ); 6. Primitive worms (Turbellaria); 7. Soft worms (uncertain); 8. Chordonia (Appendicul-

aria and Ascidians); 9. Acrania (Amphioxus); 10. Cyclostomes (Lampreys); 11. Selachian (Sharks); 12. Dipneusta (mudfishes); 13. Gilled Amphibia (Proteus); 14. Tailed Amphibia (Triton); 15. Primitive Amniota (uncertain); 16. Primitive Mammals (Ornithorhynchus); 17. Marsupials (opossums); 18. Lemurs; 19. Tailed narrow-nosed apes (Semnopithecus); 20. Man-like apes (Gorilla, etc.); 21. Speechless ape-like men, or alali (Cretins and microcephali); 22. Papuans, etc.

Great importance is ascribed to the fact that Amphioxus, a vertebrate as to its adult structure, in its mode of development is almost identical with the Ascidians, forms nearly related to, if not members of, the great group of Worms. While, therefore, man is structurally akin to Amphioxus, embryologically, through "that invaluable lowest vertebrate," he is connected with the worm. Our author quotes Goethe in poetic confirmation of our vermin ancestry; but we may suppose that he was either unfamiliar with the Psalmist's humble confession, "I am a worm, and no man," or underestimated the impression it would be apt to produce upon many of his readers. Considerable space is given to an effort to prove that the *archigastula* of man and many other vertebrates may have been derived from the bell-gastula of Amphioxus, but so much of technical detail is involved in this subject, and in the account of the formation of organs from the primary germ-layers, that we fear nine out of ten unprofessional readers will omit them, notwithstanding their importance, and that the tenth will wish he had done so.

In addition to the "missing links" acknowledged by our author, there are several other imperfections in his human genealogical tree; and, without going into detail, our impression is that, were all the stages represented by forms differing no more from one another than do stages 13 and 14, their number would be nearer one hundred than twenty-two.

In respect to man, Professor Haeckel is fully justified in calling attention to the temporary gill-arches of the human embryo, and to its possession of a distinct tail at one period; but should he not also note that none of the lower mammals have a *chin*, and tell us whether his *alalus* presented that peculiarly human feature? In this connection it is worth remarking that neither Haeckel nor any other evolutionist believes that the existing anthropoid apes are among the direct ancestors of the human race.

But with all its defects of detail, it is probable that few will undertake to improve upon Haeckel's ancestral tree in the present state of our knowledge; for it must be borne in mind that we have little or no information respecting the early stages of some most interesting forms, as the mud fishes, the gar-pikes, the alligators, the marsupials, the lemurs and anthropoid apes.

The present work displays all of its author's characteristics; his varied information as to facts, and his wonderful apprehension of their significance; his clearness and directness in contrast with the slovenly style too common with German nat-

uralists; his aptness in comparison, as of the embryo chick to an inverted canoe, of an articulated animal to a railway train, and of rudimentary organs to "worthless primæval heirlooms"; the brilliancy and even eloquence of his language, as when he apostrophizes Love as, in its origin, "the elective affinity of two cells," and when he compares the rejection of our ape-ancestry in favor of an Adam degraded by the Fall with the preference of most people for a decayed baron to a peasant as their immediate progenitor. On the other hand, his admission of ignorance upon a few points, and his doubt as to whether the object of the work will be accomplished cannot atone for occasional errors of statement, for the addition of a new set of terms to the already overburdened nomenclature of the brain, and for his overweening positiveness respecting many matters upon which there is fair ground for a difference of opinion; so far, indeed, is this habit carried that he allows himself to speak of some of our purely hypothetical ancestors with as much assurance as if he had dissected them or at least examined their photographs.

We can hardly expect Professor Haeckel to refrain from railing at all ecclesiastical authority, but after the intolerance described by him as shown by Haller toward Wolff, and by Cuvier toward Lamarck and Saint-Hilaire, he would have done well to say less concerning the *odium theologium*, and to display less of the *odium scientificum* in referring to those who have differed with him in opinion, resented his assumption of infallibility, or ventured to doubt or deny the truth of evolution. Most of his opponents are alive and able to protect themselves, and revealed religion has many and able defenders. But all true Americans who love and honor the memory of Agassiz will feel as a personal imputation the words upon page 116 of vol. I.: "Crafty calculation, and well-judged reliance on the want of understanding of his credulous followers can alone have given him courage to pass the juggler's pieces of his anthropomorphic creator as true coin." It is true that Agassiz was sometimes dogmatic,—as are most people of strong convictions, even the author of these volumes,—equally true that he made some mistakes, and that most of his own students are now believers in evolution; but it is false—cruelly false—to suppose him capable of hypocrisy or deceit. Those who watched the last year of his life—literally shortened by devotion to a public interest, the Summer School of Natural History, and who perceived his reliance upon an overruling Providence, whatever their own religious belief, will feel that the most charitable way of accounting for Professor Haeckel's expressions is to suppose him ignorant of what Agassiz did in this country, and incapable of appreciating his motives.

Professor Haeckel frequently refers to the need of investigation of the evolution of functions and habits as well as of organs and forms, and thus suggests an almost unexplored field of research. In this connection he insists that the human mind is likewise the result of natural and mechanical laws

wholly independent of supernatural agency. Indeed, while holding that evolution implies a constant improvement in the moral and intellectual development of the race, he appears to be a confirmed disbeliever in a Creator and a future life. To discuss the ground of his unbelief would lead us too far, but that his doubts respecting the other world have not rendered him insensible to the more tender human experiences is shown by the following paragraph:

"The gradual development of the child's mind is such a wonderful and beautiful phenomenon that every mother and father [note the order of these two words] with eyes to see, takes unwearied delight in observing it. The text books of Psychology alone are ignorant of any such development, and we are almost forced to the conclusion that their authors themselves never had any children."

In short, whatever may be thought of evolution itself, and however little it may please those who have assumed themselves to be "only a little lower than the angels" to be ranked in the zoölogical scale as "only a little higher than the monkeys," few will deny the merits of the present work both as a summary of the main facts in the development of animals, and as a consistent argument based thereon.

Turning to less essential though not unimportant matters, the illustrations are numerous and graphic, although more or less diagrammatic, and the author has too often omitted to name their sources, and state the alterations he has made. The notes which are given together at the end include a useful glossary of terms, references to authors, and occasional qualifications of the text. Upon the whole the translator has done his part well, though we wish his name had been stated, that he had occasionally given the German words in parentheses, and that he had been able and willing to make some additions and corrections, and to render the Index more complete. There are numerous misprints in the volume, and the execution of the woodcuts is not what it should be.

#### Mrs. Burnett's "Haworth's."\*

FEW writers in this country have taken so strong a hold on a good public at a single dash as did Mrs. Burnett in "That Lass o' Lowrie's." The good feeling, the humor, the fine perception of character, and the sincerity of her studies from life, were sure to meet a cordial recognition from a public weary of second-hand pictures, and always glad to receive something genuine. In "Haworth's," Mrs. Burnett works the same Lancashire lead, and with excellent results. There is no character in the book so attractive as Joan, the heroine of her former novel; and, by consequence, what may be called the epic interest of the narrative is not so great. The real

\*Haworth's. By Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

center of this story is Murdoch, who is an interesting character, and—barring his occasional over passionateness, which he shares with most of the people in the book—he seems to us a thoroughly real person. But the strongest figure is the burly Jem Haworth, the vulgar, but successful, man, who has worked his way from pauperism to proprietorship, and whose boastful vanity and coarse pleasures all give way before a passionate love of an aristocratic woman. The contrasts of character show us the true artist. How well Haworth shows off against Ffrench, against the proud Miss Ffrench, against Murdoch! What a gap between the vulgar energy of Haworth and the vulgar thriftlessness of Briarley! The latter also contrasts admirably with his wife, and she with Granny Dixon. This eye for color and love of contrast in character is a charming trait; it is the lack of it that makes many of Mrs. Oliphant's books so insipid. As yet Mrs. Burnett is far more successful in sketching low life than that which is higher. This is due in part to her love of what we have called strong color, and in part, no doubt, to the difficulty which every young novelist finds in escaping from the types already set forth by novelists whose works are popular. Janey Briarley is real flesh and blood, a creation that would be impossible to a second-rate writer. There is not a weak point in the drawing of the whole Briarley family. Even the supernumeraries in the story, that cross the stage but once or twice,—Haworth's mother, Floxham, the engineer, the roughs of the "Who'd ha' Thowt it," and the rest of the class,—are all well individualized. But Rachel Ffrench, the lady of the tale, needs exegesis; we never get any clue to her strange character, and she works too much fascination for one whose manners are not winning. Christian Murdoch is almost as elusive as Rachel Ffrench. When we have pointed out this and the excess of emotion, with the lack of periods of repose, we have told its faults. But its excellence is the one supreme excellence of novel writing—it gives us just and charming pictures of interesting human character, and it discloses to us men and women wrought upon naturally by common motives and under new conditions. While the book lacks some of the elements that gave interest to the story of Joan Lowrie's life, it is in some regards decidedly better than its predecessor. Mrs. Burnett grows in the mastery of her material, and we look forward most hopefully to the maturing of her powers with use, and to the steady increase of artistic repose which maturity brings with it. So keen an observer and so racy a writer as she will yet give us strong and well sustained novels of American life.

**Bartlett's "From Egypt to Palestine."**\*

THERE are two methods of making modern books upon the lands of the Bible. One is this: the

author becomes a tourist, and records with more or less enthusiasm his personal adventures in going over the usual and, perhaps, some unusual routes. The other is this: a thoughtful student prepares himself with all diligence for his eastern journey, so that he may know what to see and what to try to see; then he pursues his course, pushing off as widely upon original paths as is possible under his circumstances, and assiduously observing and carefully recording all he finds. Afterward, the notes he has made on the spot are borne into the coolness and rest of his home, where, with the aid of all kinds of literature at his command, they are reduced to a narrative, which is at once a story and a disquisition, worth putting on the shelf for any one's reading and reference.

The book before us is made in this latter way, and so is one of the most valuable and interesting of all the new publications which have come under our examination. Dr. Bartlett has given a graphic account of his travel through Egypt, over the peninsula of Sinai, and across the Holy Land from Beersheba to Beyroot. Everywhere on its pages he shows himself the earnest and discriminating scholar, as well as the devout Christian; and in the quiet of his study he has compared his acquisitions with those recorded by others,—French, English, and American,—and has frankly given his conclusions. It is evident that he has enjoyed the widest range of reading, and knows thoroughly what he is talking about.

Some of the results he reaches are worth noting at the present stage of Oriental exploration. He hardly plants his foot in Egypt before he summarily rejects the showy theories of C. Piazza Smyth concerning the great pyramid of Ghizeh, insisting that all those huge structures near Memphis are tombs, and the celebrated "coffer" is only an empty, and now lidless, sarcophagus. He corrects the loose phraseology of tourists, which pronounces Egypt a "rainless region," by instancing occasions and dates of copious storms. Rameses II. is admitted by him to have been a most powerful and not over-virtuous monarch; but he insists on identifying Menephta, one of his fifty-nine sons, as the Pharaoh of the Exodus and the oppressor of Israel. He disputes Dr. Robinson's site of Etham, and locates that important town not far from the northern end of Lake Timsah. So, farther down in the peninsula, he thinks the mysterious inscriptions of the Wady Mukatteb were cut in the rocks by a mixed multitude of heathen and Christians belonging to a people now extinct, whose very language has disappeared. Of course he surrenders Serbal and Jebel Mousa, and accepts Ras Sufsafah as the true Sinai. The discussions concerning the entire region of the Exodus and the Wandering are singularly interesting.

Arriving in Palestine, he pursues the ordinary itinerary of travel; but his narrative glances in every direction, in order to touch customs and rites, field and flower, costume and climate. For one thing, he declares unequivocally that, after a diligent inquiry, he could find knowledge of no such thing as a "wine" unfermented or unintoxicating;

\*"From Egypt to Palestine." By S. C. Bartlett, D. D., LL. D., President of Dartmouth College. New York: Harper & Brothers.

and he asserts that, even during Passover, the Rabbins themselves use ordinary liquor.

In Jerusalem he seems to share the usual comical bewilderment of those who try to trace the course of the ancient walls; and, though he turns abruptly from the traditional church of Jesus's sepulcher, he does not go with Ferguson to Mount Moriah for it, nor, so far as we can find, does he assert that he thinks Calvary was on the knoll close by the Damascus gate. He gets into the Dome of the Rock on payment of two francs, which certainly shows progressiveness on the part of the authorities; but he could not even look into the mosque at Hebron without being stoned, which shows that Mohammedan bigotry has still reserved one spot in which to make a stand. Farther to the north, he takes Tell Hum for Capernaum as against Khan Minyeh, and cannot tell at all whether Kana el Jellil or Kefr Kenna is the true Cana of the first miracle.

**Mrs. Dorr's "Friar Anselmo and Other Poems."\***

MRS. DORR might have won reputation in poetry if she had been the contemporary of Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Brooks, Mrs. Osgood, and other ladies who figure in Dr. Griswold's "Female Poets of America." She shows more taste than they exhibited in their productions; is a better and more finished artist, and is not inferior to them in imaginative power. Her choice of words is larger than theirs, leaving little to be desired, except the one quality which is absent from most modern poetry,—originality. She writes carefully, but not individually—not in a way that one instinctively feels is her own. We should not say that she had a more genuine gift of song than some of her sisters, but that she was truer to the gift that she possessed, and less anxious to keep it in perpetual exercise. She does not strike us as seeking subjects upon which to write, but rather as waiting until they seek her, the exceptions being her story poems, if we may call them such, in which she is not at her best. Whether they are versions of old legends, or are creations of her own, we are left to conjecture; but in either event they are not remarkable, nor particularly well told. There is a class of subjects, however, in which Mrs. Dorr appears to advantage, and which she handles skillfully. They come under the head of domestic poems, and concern themselves with events and emotions of daily life,—

"The narrow cares that cluster round the hearth."

They read like records of actual experience, and as such authenticate themselves by the sincerity of their feeling.

Belonging to the same class of personal poems as these are "A Secret," "The Kiss," "This Day," "At the Last," and "Twenty-one"; and related to them, in that they deal with homely, simple,

human themes, are "What She Thought," and "Two," which are perhaps the most dramatic poems in the volume. Mrs. Dorr compares favorably with any of her sister poets as a writer of sonnets. She has something to say in them, and she says it, her conceptions being well thought out, and her expression at once artistic and compact. The most notable of the number (there are some twenty in all) is dedicated to the memory of the young Spanish Queen Mércèdes, whose early death was lamented the world over, and nowhere so touchingly as in republican America. We find in these poems, and others that might be mentioned, a sincerity and earnestness of feeling which we are glad to see in this age of artificial writing; we find as much originality of diction as we could expect; and we find in the Ode entitled "Vermont," which was written for the Centennial Celebration of that State (August 15th, 1877), a remarkable justice of thought and largeness of language. It is Mrs. Dorr's most intellectual poem, and the one by which she will be longest remembered.

**A New Translation of the Odyssey.\***

IN their preface to this prose translation of that Homeric poem which best deserves to be known to modern readers, the English scholars who have translated it modestly waive all question of comparative merit in their chosen work. "There would have been less controversy," they say, "about the proper method of Homeric translation, if critics had recognized that of Homer there can be no final translation." Each age must therefore have its own version,—the Elizabethan age, Chapman's "daring and luxurious conceits;" the age of Queen Anne, Pope's "dazzling rhetoric, his antitheses, his command of every conventional artifice;" in the present more romantic age, Mr. Worsley's "masterly translation, which does all that can be done for the Odyssey in the romantic style." They do not mention, and perhaps do not know, that Mr. Bryant has made a translation better than Worsley's, and answering to the modern demand for the gravely melodious blank verse, which in some respects is better suited to Homer than the rhyming couplets of Chapman and Pope, or the Spenserian verse of Worsley. If Tennyson, for instance (who could best have done it), had translated the Odyssey, he would have used the verse which so fitly falls into cadence in his own "Ulysses." All these good translations, the preface goes on to say, "must always live as English poems,"—which seems to be giving Mr. Worsley more than his due. But, to quote Matthew Arnold, "in a verse translation no original work is any longer recognizable." Therefore these new Oxford translators once more attempt the story in simple prose,—seeking "to transfer not all the truth about the poem, but the historical

\**Friar Anselmo and Other Poems.* By Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

\**The Odyssey of Homer, done into English Prose,* by S. A. Butcher, M. A., and A. Lang, M. A. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

truth, into English." This is a creditable undertaking, and it has been creditably performed. The version is close, spirited, and shows itself forth as the work of men imbued with the author translated. For the reading of those who wish to know exactly what Homer said, it is, of course, far better than a poetical version.

It has one defect, however, and what is worse, the translators regard this blemish as a beauty. They claim as one of the privileges of a prose version, "that close adherence to the archaisms of the epic, which in verse become mere oddities." And then they proceed, as we must suppose, archaically, but in fact most awkwardly, to call the versatile wanderer Odysseus, "that man of many a shift,"—when as we all know he was often without a change of raiment or even a shirt to his back; they call Calypso "the lady nymph," and speak of "the Ethiopians that are sundered in twain, the uttermost of men." In one place we find this passage: "So these twain stood bandying hard words, but the goodly-greaved Achæans sprang up with a wondrous din, and twofold counsels found favor among them;" in another this: "I had thralls out of number, and all else in plenty, wherewith folk live well." This is not English, archaic or modern,—it is a medley of old and new such as William Morris much affects, and by which he has injured his own style and that of his imitators. Homer was quaint, but it was a quaintness of thought more than of language, and as far removed from pedantry as from other affectations. If an archaic style were to be sought in translating him, it would be rather that of Chaucer than the bastard antiquities which Morris delights in, and of which his translation of Virgil furnishes, perhaps, the most grotesque specimen.

In spite of this blemish, we can seriously commend the book before us. It is much to have the story of Ulysses so clearly told, by men who love the task, and who have profited by the copious erudition of Mr. Gladstone, Matthew Arnold, Professor Newman, and all who in this generation have revived the study of Homer in England. The book is neither large nor costly, and is adorned with two curious illustrations from the antique,—a head of the Cyclops, and an outline of Ulysses and the ram of Polyphemus, passing out together from the monster's cave.

#### Dickens's "Life of Charles James Mathews."\*

A RECAPITULATION of the leading incidents of Charles Mathews's life will show the kaleidoscopic changes which gave it variety. He was born in 1803, the day after Christmas, just as the annual pantomime was produced, and was intended for the church, a calling he abandoned in youth to study architecture under Pugin. It was as a sort of consulting archi-

tect to put into practical shape his patron's suggestions, that he went to Italy in 1823 with Lord and Lady Blessington. He just missed fighting a duel with Count d'Orsay, who seems to have been conceited but good-hearted. In 1827 (after a visit to Wales), he went to Italy again to study, spending much of his time, however, acting at Lord and Lady Normanby's private theatricals at Florence, where he was the architect of the theater and the scene-painter, as well as actor and author. In 1831, having received the appointment of district surveyor, he began professional work in earnest. After four years of this uncongenial work—his office was in Cut-throat Lane!—he gave it up to go on the stage permanently and professionally. He made his first appearance on the public stage in 1835, at the Olympic Theatre, then managed by Madame Vestris. Two years and a half later, he left England for a tour in the United States, bringing with him Madame Vestris, who was six years his senior, and whom he married suddenly before setting out. Returning to England, he managed the Olympic Theatre, and then Covent Garden, and then he went into bankruptcy and was imprisoned for debt. In 1847, he managed the Lyceum, with the same lamentable result,—imprisonment and bankruptcy. In 1858, twenty years after his first visit to this country, he came again and got another wife, who supplied the strength of will hitherto wanting, and resolutely put his affairs in order and kept him out of debt. In 1863 and 1865 he acted in Paris, in French. In 1870, when nearly three-score and ten years old, he started off for a trip around the world, and acted in India, Australia, the Sandwich Islands, and again in the United States, reaching home in 1872. After this little trip, he acted frequently in England, but with somewhat failing force; and in June of last year he died, leaving behind him the reputation of having been by far the best "light comedian" of his generation or ours. He was as light-hearted and as airy off the stage as on, if we may believe his autobiography, not the least curious thing in which is his evident inability to see that his constant financial misfortunes came from causes easily within his own control; he always seems to look on debt as the direct visitation of an otherwise merciful providence.

In this hasty glance over his career no mention has been made of his facility in writing semi-extempore verses of the Theodore Hook kind,—specimens of them are given by Mr. Dickens; or of his extraordinary faculty of "patter" singing; or of his having written the well-known Welsh song, "Jenny Jones"; or of his having more than once exhibited pictures at the Royal Academy; or of his very many successes as a dramatist,—to which we cannot but think the editor has paid scant attention, much less than they deserved. As a writer for the stage he generally relied for his plots, and sometimes for a little more, on some French predecessor; but his dialogue was always noticeably light and lively. And in return for his borrowings from France he enriched it with a play of his own. When he went to Paris in 1863 to act, it was in "L'Anglais timide," an adaptation into French of Mr. Blan-

\* The Life of Charles James Mathews, chiefly Autobiographical, with selections from his Correspondence and Speeches. Edited by Charles Dickens. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. New York: Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square Library.

chard Jerrold's "Cool as a Cucumber," made by Mathews himself.

Many of the anecdotes scattered through the biography deserve quotation; and room must be made for one or two. When five years of age, Mathews "ate his terms," "as it is classically denominated," he says,— "that is, learnt my A B C by the ingenious means of gingerbread letters, which I was allowed to devour on correctly naming them, and thus I was tempted literally to 'read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.'"

Mathews tells a good anecdote of "little Knight," as he was called, an actor at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. "He was traveling in Lancashire with four large trunks, with 'E. Knight, T. R. D. L.' on each. He gave sixpence to the guard who unloaded them. The guard surveyed him and his trunks, looked at the direction, and exclaimed: 'T. R. D. L. ! You are no more a T. R. D. L. than I am.'"

As might be imagined, Mathews was not afraid of a practical joke, and he tells of a jest of this sort, less stupid and more amusing than such generally are. He and his fellow-traveler, d'Egville, were living on the shores of Lake Lemane, near the Castle of Chillon:

ONE scorching, hot morning on our first arrival we had taken one of the lumbering boats belonging to the hotel, and, in spite of the baking sun, had rowed ourselves out to the middle of the lake to enjoy a swim. I happened to be undressed first; and, eager for a header, I plunged into the water with the intention of a long dive. But oh! ye gods! I shall never forget it. It was a bath of ice, and I was almost paralyzed with the shock. As quickly as I could manage it, I was out of the refrigerator again.

"How is it?" said d'Egville. "Warm?"

"Delicious!" said I. "Milk, positive milk!" while at the same time I was clambering as fast as I could up the side of the boat.

"What are you coming out for?" said he.

"I want another header," said I. "Let's see who can dive longest."

"Very well; here goes!" and in he went with a joyous shout.

In an instant I saw an arm with a clenched fist at the end of it protruding from the surface of the water, and in a second more a face appeared red as a lobster.

"You blackguard!" he gasped; "I'm petrified. It's pure ice. I'll pay you off for this."

"My dear fellow," said I, "you know all our enjoyments were to be in common, and I didn't feel justified in robbing you of your share on this occasion."

An improbable tradition declares that Sheridan once borrowed money from a sheriff's officer who came to arrest him. Mathews records something not more improbable; an entry in one of his diaries under date of Jan. 1843, reads: "Called on L. Levy to pay him £30; borrowed £20 instead."

## THE WORLD'S WORK.

### Important Advance in Metallurgy.

SOME recent researches into the behavior of metals under the influence of heat, as in annealing, have led to discoveries that may bring about important changes in the present methods of obtaining commercial shapes of metals, wires, rods, bars, etc. The search for a metal that might be used in electric lamps giving light by incandescence led to experiments on platina wire under repeated heating and cooling by electrical currents. A piece of platina wire was brought to a white heat and kept there for some time, when it was cooled and then examined under a powerful microscope. It may here be observed that this heating was practically annealing and the result throws a new light upon this old and important process. To the touch the wire was soft and yielding—practically annealed wire. Under the glass the wire was seen to be full of cracks, chiefly of an arborescent form, branched and running into each other in every direction. The heating results in a kind of rupturing or cracking open; and in seeking an explanation of this it was thought that in bringing the wire suddenly to a white heat, the air held, both physically and mechanically, in the wire was expanded and exploded, tearing its way out and leaving fissures and cracks all over the surface. These fissures are plainly

visible and assume the torn and ragged appearance that might come from such explosions of the contained air. The wire, before stiff, is now soft and yielding, simply because it is cracked, and bends readily at every break on its surface. To illustrate this we have only to paint a sheet of paper with a gum like dextrine or even mucilage. When the paper is stiffened, draw it over a sharp edge and crack the gum and the sheet will bend freely in every direction. Here the cracks are visible and it is easy to see that they allow the gum to bend. It may, from this, be seen that annealing is a rupturing or cracking of a metal, and that its softness and pliability result from the free play given by the cracks. This discovery at once led to a more important step—the repeated annealing of metals in a high vacuum. A strip of platina was placed in a small glass tube by melting the glass over the wire at each end of the tube and thus enclosing a portion while the two ends were left exposed. This wire was then connected with a battery, and when a high vacuum had been obtained by means of a Sprengel pump, the wire was brought to a dull heat by means of the battery. It was allowed to remain heated for a few seconds and then cooled. This heating and cooling was repeated many hundred times in the course of ten minutes. Though the

process through which the wire passed is not visible it can be imagined to be somewhat like this: The sudden heating of the air held in the wire caused it to expand and tear its way out, leaving the wire cracked in every direction. The cooling of the metal produced a contraction tending to close up the ruptured fissures and, as it were, to knead together the particles of the metal. The vacuum assisted the air to escape from the metal by making a difference in the internal and external pressure and undoubtedly hastened the process. At the end of ten minutes the power of the battery was increased slightly and the heated wire showed a pale red. The alternate heating and cooling at this temperature was kept up for ten minutes and then another advance was made in the temperature. In this way the wire was heated and cooled (practically annealed) for five hours till it was raised to a vivid white heat. As the process went on it was found the metal passed beyond its melting point and remained intact in temperatures far above those at which in free air it had melted. On the completion of the process the wire was found to be intensely hard and elastic and of a silvery brightness. Under the glass it showed an absolutely unbroken surface, polished like glass and smoother than any wire obtained by the usual processes. It would seem as if this repeated annealing in vacuum had kneaded and compacted the metal, making it more dense than any known metal, changing its character entirely and materially raising its melting point. It is now as elastic as steel, and, coiled in a spring, retains its elasticity even when at an extreme white heat; furthermore, it can no longer be annealed. The metal appears now to be in a new state of which we had no previous knowledge, and for electric lighting purposes it is practically a new metal with new properties. Experiments with iron and other metals in the same manner produced like results, though, of course, in a varying degree. All the experiments that have led to these valuable discoveries have been performed upon a limited but practically commercial scale because the pieces of wire treated are only required to be very short. For treating iron rods and bars it is proposed to carry on the annealing in wrought-iron tanks from which the air is exhausted by steam power. For small wires and short rods a current from a Faradic machine (this is the new name proposed for dynamo-electric machines) would be sufficient. For larger masses of metals heating in a furnace would be required, the metal being raised to a temperature a little short of melting and then allowed to cool in a vacuum. Even one annealing would tend to compact and harden the metal, but repeated heatings would, undoubtedly, give iron new properties of which we can now have no adequate conception. It may here be observed that annealing in free air tends to soften metals, for the reason that has been given, *i. e.*, cracking; whereas this new method of annealing produces in time an exactly opposite effect. Metals are harder and entirely changed in density and appearance and in their behavior under heat.

#### Improved Builders' Platform.

A NEW form of suspended platform designed to take the place of staging and scaffolding in erecting chimneys, towers and brick buildings of all shapes, employs screws as a means of support, and is so arranged that the platforms carrying the brick-layers and all their material may be raised with the walls as they are built up. In the case of a square or round chimney of moderate dimensions the foundations are laid and four long iron screws are placed upright on the foundations, a split nut being fastened, or clasped, round the bottom of the screw as a base or means of support. The positions of the screws are decided by the shape of the chimneys, it only being required to distribute them at equal distances and within a few centimeters of the inside or outside of the wall. The brick-work is then built up round the screws leaving each in a well till the wall is raised about 75 cm. (2½ feet). Another nut is clasped on each screw and rests on the top of the wall. The wall is then raised an equal distance, and when it becomes too high for convenient work the four screws are turned till the tops are level, and then beams are laid on the top of the screws and bolted together, making a square frame. On this frame are laid larger timbers and from these are hung, by means of iron straps, platforms, both outside and inside the chimney, on which the workmen are to stand. Guards are put up round the outside and, if desired, the timber-work overhead may be covered with canvas, making a shelter for the workmen against sun and rain, and enabling the work to proceed in all weathers. From the suspended platforms the men now raise the wall another 75 centimeters and clasp a third nut on each screw at the top of the wall. The screws are then turned simultaneously by the workmen, raising the platform and themselves about 75 cm. The first nuts drop off and are left in the brickwork, and may be pulled out through holes left in the wall for the purpose. The nuts thus recovered are clasped on the screws above and the walls are built up to them as before. It will be seen that by this arrangement each screw always rests on two nuts, the third nut dropping off below and being moved to the top each time the platform is raised. The device has the merit of cheapness, security for the men against the weather and readiness of adjustment to any form of building, as the number of screws may be increased indefinitely and the suspended platforms made to conform to the shape of the structure. When the walls are up, the holes where the nuts were extracted and the wells left by the screws may be filled up by men working on platforms suspended by ropes from the scaffold, and on the completion of the work the whole structure may be taken to pieces and sent down.

#### Novel Application of the Pendulum to Useful Work.

IN pressing, stamping, and shearing machines the power required to do the work is used at intervals, the time between each period of useful work being employed in feeding a new piece of metal,

or other material to be punched, pressed, stamped or sheared and in adjusting the press or stamp to the next blow. The time required to readjust the machine is always less than the time required to feed it and a loss of time follows in which the machine does no useful work. In power machines this loss is small and not of much consequence. In hand or foot power machines the loss is great, and in a new class of stamping machines this unspent time is used to store up power. To a press of the usual pattern for shearing and punching, is attached a pendulum having a heavy weight, and so arranged that it will swing freely in either direction, or turn a complete revolution on its point of support. By means of a clutch operated automatically, or by hand, the pendulum may be connected with the press at any desired part of its swing. The pendulum is set in motion by means of a hand or foot lever, and made to swing from side to side, or even to make a complete revolution. Just as it begins to fall in each swing it is connected with the press and the fall of the heavy weight does useful work in punching, pressing or shearing. The power needed to start the pendulum is comparatively slight, and, stored up in the pendulum, is spent to advantage, giving better results than can be obtained from any other form of hand-powers. The power spent in operating the machine nearly exhausts the power of the falling pendulum and it almost stops; but if properly adjusted to the work, there is enough momentum left to make it pass the center, and a slight push with the hand or foot sends it into a position for the next blow. The time spent in swinging the pendulum back to an effective position is also spent by the operator in feeding the machine. It is reported that presses of this pattern enable one man to develop an amount of power equal to the power of two men working at the levers of an ordinary press. The machines are made in a variety of forms for different classes of work, and the weights on the pendulum are made in sections so that the power of the press may be changed at will. The

lengths of the pendulum may also be varied to increase the power at a slight decrease in the speed of the machine.

#### Memoranda.

IN compounding engines the latest device is to make the smaller, or expansion, cylinder serve as a slide valve for the larger cylinder, the piston being very thick and opening and closing the ports while traversing its own cylinder. Extra slides and ports are introduced for reversing. The design is ingenious and is said to work with economy.

The ordinary farm harrow is an inconvenient machine to transport, and various attempts have been made to fold it or make it of flexible chains to reduce its shape when being moved from field to field. The latest notion in this direction is to make two sides in the form of sled runners and to split it in two in the middle, and to secure the two parts together by an iron brace pivoted at the ends and latched. In use, it lies flat on the ground, in transporting it the two halves ride on edge with the points turned in, the same latch serving to keep it rigid in either position.

Dephosphorizing, or extracting the phosphorus from iron, still attracts very great attention among metal works, as was observed in the last two numbers. A later experiment on pig iron that gave, on analysis, 1.44 per cent. of phosphorus was blown in a Bessemer converter, and just before the end of the blow 3 per cent. of the weight of the iron of pulverized hammer scale was introduced through the blast pipe, or blown into the converter in the form of dust. The resulting steel was drawn into a bar that appeared to have the properties of malleable iron, standing as high a heat in the forge as the best iron and welding readily. The steel was made without the aid of lime, magnesia, spiegel or ferromanganese, and on analysis showed only .015 per cent. of phosphorus. The experiment is regarded as promising important results.

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#### BRIC-À-BRAC.

##### Love-Song.

(AFTER THE ANTIQUE.)

CALL the facets of the dew!  
 Bid them sparkle for thine eyes!  
 Rob the violet's tender blue,  
 Borrowed from less azure skies!  
 And charm the Rose, that softly glows,  
 To lend thy cheek its changing dyes!

But deem not, Maid, an honest mind  
 Such fickle toys as these may win;  
 The painted rind may charm and blind,  
 Yet dare not show the cheat within.  
 Dear Maid, a sweet, shy Rose thou art  
 Ah—tell me! hath the Rose a heart?  
 W. M. BRIGGS.

##### Rev. Biddlecomb Ingersoll Vindicates himself.

[The following letter is received too late for insertion in our department of "Communications," and our regard for a very worthy, and, we are sure, an entirely innocent man, leads us to insert it here rather than defer it for another month.—Ed.]

EDITOR SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE:

DEAR SIR: Though subjected to an examination by my church and fully acquitted of all that was charged against me, there are still thousands of the outside public who have not heard my defense. I write this explanation, therefore, that I may prevent the evil which would arise from the example of the apparent falling from grace of an upright man and particularly of a minister of the Gospel.

That I may not afterward be obliged to refer to them I will now mention a few circumstances and particulars relating to myself that are necessary to a full understanding of my story.

Several years after I had been graduated from the theological seminary I received a call from the Presbyterian Church in the little village in which I have preached for the last five years. My congregation was small, but I was not dissatisfied as most others would have been, for I recognized the great fact that energy and talent, like steam, though infinitely circumscribed, will make themselves felt sooner or later. I have always been an advocate of the most rigid and uncompromising orthodoxy, glorifying in the very difficulty with which the incidents of the Mosaic history are comprehended as literal facts. I found time, while not neglecting my clerical duties, to denounce the weak and harmful fallacies of modern science in a series of articles in our weekly paper. I will say nothing further about these articles except that they have doubtless produced in some measure the effect for which they were written.

And now, leaving these preliminaries, I come at once to the matter in hand. It was in the fall of 1878 that business connected with my church called me to that town in which I became a victim to such a chain of unfortunate and incomprehensible circumstances. The distance between the two places, as every one knows, is from eighty to ninety miles. Arriving at my destination about noon I took up my abode at the hotel which had been recommended to me. On registering my name I was quite agreeably surprised by the cordial and gracious manner of the hotel clerk, for I had always been led to believe him a very offensive and impertinent individual. After obtaining some refreshment, of which I stood in considerable need, I intended to proceed at once to the business for which I came, but was informed that Mr. Timothy Wheeler, the secretary of the literary association, awaited me below. If there is in all the world an excusable feeling of egotism and self-esteem, it is that thrill of pleasure that fills our hearts when we find that our writings, unknown to ourselves, have stolen forth from the narrow limits in which they first saw the light, and that we are known outside of our apparently circumscribed field of action.

Mr. Wheeler seemed very much pleased in making my acquaintance, and said that, hearing of my arrival, he had at once come over to pay his respects and to see that I was in every way comfortable. He expressed his satisfaction on learning that I was, and then there ensued a very interesting conversation in which he assured me that he was entirely of my belief and manner of thinking. He said several things of which I could not exactly catch the meaning,—one of which was something about a certain rib story which by some mistake he persisted in attributing to me. But upon the whole I thought him very polite and entertaining.

I was absent from the hotel attending to the affairs of which I have spoken until about five o'clock in the afternoon, and on my return found

that several clergymen of different denominations had called on me in my absence. It would be an untruth to say that I was not pleased, nay, flattered at this intelligence. A Presbyterian divine had left a package of tracts, doubtless for my approval and criticism. I was now pondering upon the advisability of returning his call in the evening, when the card of Dr. Jonah Bloodgood was brought to my room with word that the gentleman was waiting for me in the hotel parlor. Realizing now more than ever before the constant demands and cares to which a career like mine is subjected, I descended to meet him. He was a short, stout old gentleman who looked at me through his spectacles with an air of great veneration and complacency; but I did not perceive this until afterward, as on entering the parlor I was surprised at the presence of a young and beautiful girl who was introduced to me by the doctor as his niece, Miss Eugenia Dyer. He said that she was visiting with his family at the hotel and having expressed a wish to make my acquaintance he had taken the liberty of sending up his card, and now that he had explained himself he would leave us and go about his business. My habits of reading and meditation had unfitted me to a certain extent for the society of the fairer sex, and I must own that the seclusion of my study had never before seemed so safe and pleasant. However, after a short conversation about the weather and the healths of the different members of her family, at the close of which she requested me to inscribe my name in her autograph album, I had recovered my natural equipoise. She was all that was interesting and gentle; and yet there was in her composition an undefined incoherence, an inclination bordering upon levity, which, seek to banish it as I would, still intruded itself upon my thoughts. I was discomposed, to say the least, when she asked me a certain profane question about Adam and Eve. And when finally she made a very pointed remark about the temperature of the infernal regions in its relation to myself, I was completely unnerved and withdrew from her presence with as much haste as gentlemanly demeanor would permit.

Shortly after supper I was informed that the carriage was waiting. This surprised me not a little, for though I had given notice of my intention of calling on the Presbyterian divine, I had not ordered a carriage, and at first decided not to avail myself of the kindness. But on second thought, as my host had been so attentive and so thoughtful of my welfare during the short stay which I had made with him, I concluded to accept of his civility. But first, as I intended to take the night train for home and could not pay for my lodgings after making my call, I determined to do so before I went; but here another agreeable surprise awaited me, for I was informed that Mr. Wheeler, on behalf of the association, had already paid my bill. I have never had any scruples in accepting the hospitalities which are generally offered to clergymen by the world. I therefore made no objection, and now, preparing myself with the package

of tracts, I left the hotel. I was undecided in my choice of two carriages drawn up before the entrance, until the driver of the one nearer me got down and opened the door. "All right, I know the place," said he, as I attempted to explain where I wanted to go. Then, banging the door after me, he sprang upon the box and the carriage rolled away over the pavement. The rapid motion of the vehicle communicated itself to my thoughts. I felt an increased confidence in my powers of logic and persuasion, and visions of oratorical success, wider fields of usefulness and largely increased emoluments mingled with dreams of a softer nature, the subject of which, as being irrelevant to my story, I will not dilate upon. Suddenly we came to a standstill, and stepping from the carriage, I precipitated myself against Mr. Wheeler, who was, singularly enough, waiting for me on the sidewalk, and who said, pleasantly, "You are just on time;" then, turning to a gentleman who stood beside him, "This is Mr. Bird, who will have the pleasure of introducing you." I wondered that such a formality should be necessary, but had passed that point where I could be very much astonished, and in fact I was so completely dazed from that time forward that I have but an indistinct recollection of all that happened. While we were engaged in conversation the carriage was driven away, but I was too much preoccupied to attach any importance to this incident, though I recalled the fact to mind later in the evening.

I followed my companions up a long stairway, then through a hall which opened into a small ante-room, where we found another gentleman who, being introduced to me as Mr. Miller, remarked that it was the finest house he had ever seen. I did not exactly agree with him in this opinion, as the walls were very dingy and there was an unfinished look about the apartments quite at variance with my ideas of what it should be. I acquiesced, however, and he then proceeded to hand me an envelope, saying that this was the way they did things there. I had an indistinct feeling that they had a very queer way of doing things, but as I knew little of city ways and as Mr. Bird asked me if I was ready, I thrust the envelope, which was rather thick and heavy, into my pocket and followed him through a little door which opened about opposite to the one we had entered. At once I was almost blinded by a brilliant light, and at the same time deafened by a terrible noise which I can liken to nothing but the loudest thunder. Then, as I gradually recovered my sight and hearing, I became aware of a thousand upturned faces and the clapping of hands and stamping of feet. Like lightning, the vision of a vast practical joke flashed through my brain. It was too much! I remained, for one moment, the objective point of two thousand piercing eyes, and then found myself rushing like a madman down the stairway by which I had entered. My carriage was before the door. I knew it by the gray horses and the small negro coachman. I ordered him to drive me to the depot, and upsetting a short, stout old gentleman who stood in my way, jumped in and slammed the

door. The carriage rattled away down the street; the strange events which had happened seemed like some wonderful and disagreeable dream. But coming more to myself, I became aware of a delicate and peculiar perfume which pervaded the vehicle, reminding me of my interview with the fair Miss Eugenia. A curious sensation arose within me, —a sort of an intuitive consciousness,—developing from a presentment into a conviction. The sweat stood out upon my forehead as there burst forth in close proximity to my ear an appalling scream, followed in rapid succession by several others of equal intensity and shrillness. The driver stopped; we were immediately surrounded by an excited crowd, and I was dragged forth and suffered great damage both in my person and my habiliments, until I was taken from the clutches of the mob by the officers of the law.

Conscious of the rectitude of my character, I bore without a murmur the treatment which is accorded by the law to the commonest criminals. I could afford to laugh when I was accused of personating the lecturer and absconding with the three hundred dollar lecture fee. In fact, the lecturer himself, though indulging in much levity at my expense, was the first to pronounce me innocent in the matter. The charge of attempted abduction was so ludicrous and so at variance with every principle of my life, that I could regard it with indifference.

But there is a thought which continually fills me with the deepest annoyance and chagrin. It is that I—a champion of the truth—should have been mistaken so easily and by so many people, through the similarity of my name, for a man whom I have learned to regard as the very representative of evil.

B. INGERSOLL.

NO. WARE, MASS., October 4, 1879.

#### The Lory-Lye.

[One of our readers sends us the following translation of Heine's famous poem. It was printed alongside of the original text in a piece of sheet music by a German composer.]

I KNOW not what may be the reason

That I am full of dole.

A tale of long by-gone season

Fills all my heart and my soul.

The air is cool and nighted,

And silent flows the Rhine;

The top of the hill is brighted

With setting sunny shine.

The fairest maid is sitting

On yonder point of rocks,

Her golden jewels are flitting,

She combs her gold-colored locks—

She combs them; her comb is gold-wiry;

She sings a song of boon;

It has a bewitching, fiery

And mightily charming tune.

An ardent wofulness seizes

The ferry-boy in his skiff,

He looks above and he freezes,

He sees not the threatening cliff.

Ah! round him the waters are canting.

The skiff, the boy sinks hard by;

This has, with her lays enchanting,

All done the Lory-Lye.

## A Microscopic Serenade.



O COME, my love, and seek with me  
A realm by grosser eye unseen,  
Where fairy forms will welcome thee,  
And dainty creatures hail thee queen.  
In silent pools the tube I'll ply,  
Where green conferva-threads lie curled,  
And proudly bring to thy bright eye  
The trophies of the protist world.

We'll rouse the stentor from his lair,  
And gaze into the cyclops' eye;  
In chara and nitella hair  
The protoplasmic stream descry,  
Forever weaving to and fro  
With faint molecular melody;  
And curious rotifers I'll show,  
And graceful vorticellidæ.

Where melicertæ ply their craft  
We'll watch the playful water-bear,  
And no envenomed hydra's shaft  
Shall mar our peaceful pleasure there;  
But while we whisper love's sweet tale  
We'll trace, with sympathetic art,  
Within the embryonic snail  
The growing rudimental heart.

Where rolls the volvox sphere of green,  
And plastids move in Brownian dance,—  
If, wandering 'mid that gentle scene,  
Two fond amœbæ shall perchance  
Be changed to one beneath our sight  
By process of biocrasis,  
We'll recognize, with rare delight,  
A type of our prospective bliss.

O dearer thou by far to me  
In thy sweet maidenly estate  
Than any seventy-fifth could be,  
Of aperture however great!  
Come, go with me, and we will stray  
Through realm by grosser eye unseen,  
Where protophytes shall homage pay,  
And protozoa hail thee queen.

JACOB F. HENRICI.

## The Wail of the "Personally Conducted."

CHORUS HEARD ON THE DECK OF THE LAST RHINE  
STEAMBOAT OF THE SUMMER OF 1879.

INTEGRAL were we, in our old existence;  
Separate beings, individually:  
Now are our entities blended, fused and  
foundered—  
We are one person.

We are not mortals, we are not celestials,  
We are not birds, the upper ether cleaving,  
We are a retrogression toward the monad:  
We are Cook's Tourists.

All ways we follow him who holds the  
guide-book;  
All things we look at, with bedazzled optics;  
Sad are our hearts, because the vulgar rabble  
Call us the Cookies.

Happy the man who, by his cheerful fireside,  
Says to the partner of his joys and sorrows:  
"Anna Maria, let us go to-morrow  
Out for an airing."

Him to Manhattan, or the Beach of Brighton  
Gaily he hieth, or if, fate-accursed,  
Lives he in Boston, still he may betake him  
Down to Nantasket.

Happy the mortal free and independent,  
Master of the mainspring of his own volition!  
Look on us with the eye of sweet compassion:  
We are Cook's Tourists.

H. C. BUNNER.

## Ballad of Blue China.

THERE's a joy without canker or cark,  
There's a pleasure eternally new,—  
'T is to gaze on the glaze and the mark  
Of china that's old, and that's blue:  
Who'd have thought they would come to us,  
who  
That o'er loot of an empire would hang  
A veil of Morrisian hue,  
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang?

These dragons,—their tails you remark,  
Into bunches of lotus-flower grew,—  
When Noah came out of the Ark,  
Did *these* lie in wait for his crew?  
They snorted, they snapped, and they slew,  
They were mighty of fin and of fang,  
And their portraits Celestials drew,  
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

Here's a pot with a house in a park,  
In a park where the peach-blossoms blew,  
Where the lovers eloped in the dark,  
Lived, died, and were turned into two  
Bright birds that eternally flew  
Through the boughs of the May, as they sang;  
'T is a tale was undoubtedly true  
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

## ENVOY.

Come, snarl at my ecstasies, do,  
Kind critic, your tongue has a tang,  
But a sage never heeded a shrew  
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

ANDREW LANG.